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Gay.

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T A L E S
A N D
H I S T O R I E S.

THE FORCE OF LOVE.

THE countess of Freval was left a widow with one daughter, about sixteen years of age, and one son, about a year younger. She was possessed of a very large fortune, but chose rather to retire and superintend the education of her children at a remote country-seat, than expose them to the danger of habitual luxury, and seducing examples in public life.

It happened, that in the neighbourhood there was a young lady of a good family but small fortune, whose name was Adelaide. She was about the same age with the countess's daughter, extremely beautiful, of a most engaging manner, and uncommon sprightliness and understanding.

B

This

This young lady the countess received into her family, as a companion for her daughter, without considering that she had also a son, whom she thus exposed to temptations which few have resisted.

The young gentleman soon became enamoured of Adelaide, and soon made her acquainted with a passion, which he diligently concealed from every one else. She was far from being insensible to his merit, but was so much mistress of her passion, that she concealed it even from *him*.

She knew the countess to be an haughty woman, who, having enriched the gentleman whom she married by an immense fortune, had formed great projects for her son, and would resent, with implacable bitterness, his marriage with a person so much his inferior. She therefore diligently avoided all opportunities of being alone with the young count, and for many months succeeded. Her eyes, however, had involuntarily encouraged him to persist in his assiduities, and, at last, having stole upon her, as she was musing in a retired part of the garden, he conjured her to hear him, with such tenderness and importunity, that she could resist no longer.

She heard him with a visible emotion, and at last told him, with a most amiable blush, and decent confusion, that if she was his equal in rank and fortune, he would have no reason to be displeased with her answer; but that, as she was
so

so greatly his inferior, she hoped he would not so far injure her as to attempt the gratification of an unlawful passion, and added, with a sigh, that she could not so far injure him as to accept any proposal of marriage. "I should not," said she, "deserve the affection you profess, if I did not urge you to surmount it. I will therefore assist you in the attempt, by constantly avoiding an interview; and thus, while my obscurity prevents me from accepting your love, I shall at least reflect with pleasure, that I deserve your esteem."

The count was now more enamoured with her prudence and virtue, than he had before been with her person. He urged her to marry him with yet greater importunity; but she still refused, and breaking away from him, persisted in her resolution to avoid him for the future. He was not able to elude her vigilance during many months; but his attempts to express his sentiments in the presence of others were now so often repeated, and her apparent insensibility made him go such lengths to attract her notice, that his mother at length discovered his passion, and rallied him upon it. The count, upon this occasion put on a serious air, and began to expatiate on the virtues of Adelaide; but the countess prevented the declaration which she saw he was about to introduce, by charging him, in the most peremptory terms, to think of her no more. But

she did not stop here, for the campaign being then opened, she sent him to the army, as a volunteer, the next day. As the whole fortune of the family was at her disposal, he was compelled to comply, after having assured Adelaide, that whatever should be his fortune, his love would be the same for ever.

During the absence of the young soldier, a neighbouring gentleman became enamoured of his mistress; and as he considered her as under the countess's protection, he made his first proposal to her. The countess was so pleased at this opportunity of putting her son out of danger, that she not only consented, but promised to augment her fortune, upon this marriage, with a very considerable sum.

The young count, who was just then entered into winter-quarters, got intelligence of this match, and immediately taking post-horses, he arrived while they were pressing Adelaide, by every possible motive, to consent. He threw himself at his mother's feet in an agony of tenderness and grief, avowed his desire to espouse Adelaide, which he urged her to permit, as that which alone could prevent him from being superlatively wretched.

The countess answered this importunity only with reproaches; but the expostulation became so warm, and was so long continued, that it could not be kept a secret from the new suitor, who,

who, in point of honor, desisted from his addresses, and declared he would not marry an angel under such circumstances. This disappointment made the countess yet more angry, and Adelaide was immediately dismissed. The count, who before delayed his marriage in deference to his mother, now thought it his duty to defer it no longer. To repair, therefore the loss of fortune and protection, of which he had been the cause, he made Adelaide his wife, and still hoped that time and assiduity would produce a reconciliation. In these hopes, however, he was deceived. The countess was inexorable. She withdrew the count's allowance, and abandoned the young couple to all the wretchedness of want, aggravated by the remembrance of habitual plenty.

After four years, having buried a little girl, which they had offered to their mother's protection, without effect, they found it impossible longer to procure the necessaries of life, and were therefore at last, compelled to part. After many ineffectual efforts, the count proposed to his wife, that as the only expedient to prevent their perishing of want, *she* should enter into a nunnery, and he into a convent. To this proposal, which was made and received with tears, reluctance, agony, and confusion, the unhappy lady consented, and it was immediately put into execution. Some few trinkets, which, during all their distress, *she* had preserved, as presents from

the count, were now converted into money, the whole of which he insisted she should keep; and after such a scene of tender distress, as no imagination can paint, they parted. The lady took the veil under a lady abbess, to whom her family and misfortunes were known, and the count went into a monastery at Paris.

But though these wretched lovers had now forsaken the world, they were still persecuted by fortune. The story of Adelaide having been much talked of in the convent, some of the sisters, either jealous of the praises she received, or moved by some secret malignity, caballed against her, and succeeded so well in their machinations, that after the death of the lady abbess her friend, they procured her to be expelled the house.

She was now again driven out to sea, and exposed to the storms, by which she had already suffered shipwreck. However, she had in the monastery some friends, though the majority were her enemies; and one of the sisters gave her a letter of recommendation to her father, who was an officer at court. With this letter she went to Paris, and while the gentleman, to whom she was recommended, was busied in seeking to procure her another retreat, she sent word to the count her husband, of her arrival, and requested, that she might be admitted to another interview, though but of one hour.

This unexpected request of a wife so tenderly beloved,

beloved, threw the count into another agony. He did not, however, dare to see her; and therefore, when he was sufficiently recovered, he entreated that she would not think of an interview, which might be fatal at once to his peace and her own.

Adelaide, whose love was still too delicate and too ardent, to take this refusal, however reasonable, without pain, became yet more impatient to see him. She therefore went to the convent, and upon entering the church, the first object she beheld was her husband, who was engaged with the rest of his community, in the solemn exercises of devotion to God. She was struck with his posture, his appearance, and his employment. She waited till he rose from his knees, and then went up and looked upon him with an eager tenderness, which might well have compelled a return. But the moment his eyes caught hers, he cast them to the ground, and, notwithstanding her utmost endeavours to attract his notice, he passed on with a solemn and slow pace, concealing his emotions with the appearance of insensibility and neglect.

She knew that he disguised the sentiments of his heart, and she knew also that it was not less for her sake than his own; yet the appearance only of neglect or unkindness, for whatever reason assumed, was more than she could bear; and after a short struggle with the passions that swelled in her bosom, she sunk down in a swoon. She was im-

mediately carried off, and her first enquiry, after she recovered, was for her dear count.

Some who were present ran immediately, and told him his wife was dying, and his superior commanded him to make haste and console her; but before he came the conflict had put an end to her life. At this moment all the fortitude of the count forsook him, and he burst into tears. It was with difficulty that he was separated from the body, and being at last carried back to his convent, he spent the remainder of his days in austerities, which hastened his death.

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP REWARDED*.

THE beautiful Elvira, whose surprizing adventures are the subject of this history, was born in Avilia, one of the most famous cities of Castille. Her parents were descended from illustrious families, who had signalized themselves in the field, and were sufficiently endowed with the gifts of fortune. They loved Elvira, with the most tender affection, not so much because she was their

* The substance of a Spanish novel.

only child, as that her amiable qualities justified the excess of their parental tenderness. Together with an uncommon beauty, she possessed a modesty, which commanded respect, wherever her charms created love. At the same time, she was blessed with an understanding, superior to most of her sex.

It is not to be wondered, that with these qualifications, several young cavaliers looked upon her with passionate eyes. She was, however, deaf to all their pursuits, and avoided their addresses with as much earnestness as others of her age would have sought after them. A secret passion, which had grown up with her from her infancy, where she had no hopes of success, made her reject all proposals of marriage.

Her father had a brother, who for some time lived in affluence; but, by an unforeseen series of misfortunes, was reduced to such an extremity, as to leave his country, and solicit a licence from his majesty to go to the Indies, in hopes that fortune might be more propitious to him in another climate.

He had been for some time a widower; and, before his departure, he recommended his only son, named Henriquez, to the friendship and protection of his brother, who received him with as much pleasure as if he had been his own, and expressed the greatest joy, because Heaven had given him one who was as dear to him as a son;

that, when Elvira was happy in the arms of a husband, he might remain with him, and be his consolation in the anxieties that accompany solitude and old age.

Henriquez was almost two years older than Elvira, when he was put into his uncle's hands. He was handsome, sprightly, and engaging in his temper; and as he grew up, gave such marks of prudence and good sense, that his uncle, in a short time, loved him with almost the same affection as his own daughter, educating them together as brother and sister; not so much from their nearness in blood, as from the equal tenderness he felt for both. Thus their mutual affection increased with their years; and when they were advanced beyond the age of childhood, reason, and a consciousness of each other's worth, confirmed what at first was only the effect of sympathy.

Henriquez began to discover a solidity in all his actions, which shewed the strength of his judgment; whilst the charms of his wit, and the gallantry of his behaviour, gave him the pre-eminence over all the youth of that noble city. The love he felt for Elvira already passed the bounds his prudence wished to set to it; and his constant knowledge of her merit daily increased a flame, which was too ardent to be concealed from her who occasioned it.

On the other hand, Elvira struggled in vain against so powerful an inclination, though she
concealed

concealed it with the utmost care; knowing that her father, who was far advanced in years, was not free from a suspicious temper, the constant defect of age.

She dreaded also his resolutions in favor of a friend of his, one of the most opulent in the city, who had already made some overtures for his son, whom her charms had captivated. The father of Elvira listened with pleasure to this proposal, as Octavio, which was the name of the lover, was of illustrious birth, and sole heir to an estate of six thousand ducats yearly revenue. From hence arose the strongest fears in Elvira; who, knowing the dangerous power of riches, trembled, lest this ample fortune should tempt her parents to make her for ever unhappy. She said, within herself, that whoever is satisfied with his fortune is sufficiently rich; that happiness does not consist in a glare of pomp and equipage; and that content in a cottage is far preferable to discontent and sorrow in a palace. In fine, her love inspired her with a kind of philosophy, which has no influence upon the minds of those whom age has cured of that passion.

Thus hope and despair mutually agitated the heart of the daughter, while avarice and ambition equally disturbed that of the father. But, after some days consideration, he fully determined to give her to Octavio; and taking his nephew with him into the fields, whose discretion and judg-

ment he knew surpassed his years, he chose to disclose his design to him, the suspicion of which Elvira had concealed from him, not to drive him to despair. The uncle seated himself under some trees, which grew by the banks of a small rivulet, and his nephew placing himself by him, he addressed him as follows.

“ Henriquez, thou canst not doubt of my
“ tenderness, nor how dear thou art to me,
“ since I have always behaved to thee with the
“ affection of a father; and Heaven is my wit-
“ ness, that I think myself happy in possessing
“ thee as a son, since all who know thee admire
“ thy prudence, and esteem thy virtue. I say
“ this, to justify the opinion I have of thy good
“ sense; as, without trusting wholly to my own,
“ or to the experience of many years, I am
“ willing to take thy advice upon an affair, which
“ I shall communicate to thee. I am, as thou
“ seest, so far advanced in the infirmities of
“ old age, that I must daily expect my dissolution.
“ My greatest regret, at that hour, would be to
“ leave Elvira unestablished in life.”

Henriquez listened to this preamble, with the justest dread of at length hearing some resolution fatal to his love; and, without being able to return an answer, with great difficulty concealed his disorder, whilst his uncle went on thus:—

“ Octavio has been for some months so dis-
“ tractedly in love with Elvira, that his father,
“ from

“ from whom he could no longer conceal his passion, has in person solicited me to save the life of his son, by giving him my daughter in marriage. Thou knowest how amply he is endowed both with the gifts of birth and fortune. I could not have hoped for so advantageous a proposal, and am therefore determined to seize upon the occasion; and to-morrow I design to conclude the agreement, and sign the articles, being fully assured of the obedience of Elvira. Nevertheless, I chose first to communicate my intentions to thee, that by thy prudence, approving of my choice, I might be better confirmed in it.”

It is not in words to express what sentiments arose in the breast of Henriquez, at hearing this discourse of his uncle's. He stood in need of all his wisdom to repress and conceal the agony which he felt. He answered, however, with the least appearance of emotion that was possible, and endeavoured to represent to him the danger, of so hastily exacting a consent by paternal obedience, and to dissuade him from concluding the affair entirely, before he had examined into the sentiments of his daughter.

Henriquez, who, in this sudden confusion and surprize, scarce knew how to act, said these things, in hopes at least to delay his misfortune for some time. But the reasons he made use of happened not to displease his uncle, who, conforming to his

his advice, resolved to declare it to his daughter, but still with this determination, that there should be no interval between the proposal and the consent.

Henriquez returned home in such a situation of trouble, surprize and confusion, that he almost looked upon what had passed as a terrifying dream, and could scarce believe himself awake.

He was accustomed to converse with Elvira in the night, when her parents were asleep; and they frequently remained together till day (in the presence of one who had brought her up, and was the confidante of her love) without ever passing the bounds of respect, or indulging themselves in any unbecoming freedoms. But how different was this night from the many happy ones they had formerly passed together! Imagination only can describe the grief, the tenderness, the mutual protestations of fidelity that passed between them upon this unhappy event. Depending, however, upon each other's sincerity, they departed with more tranquillity, than could have been expected.

In the morning, the young lady was sent for into the apartment of those who gave her birth. During the whole night, they had been consulting upon a design, which they imagined she would not refuse. They began by telling her—that her felicity was their chief study; that she was the pleasing cause of all their cares and sollicitudes,—
and

and that a worthy establishment for their dear Elvira would make them completely happy ; after which they added, that, depending upon her obedience, in a point that was greatly to her advantage, they had promised her to Octavio, of whose merit she was not ignorant, and who, upon many accounts, was highly worthy of her.

The afflicted Elvira listened to this proposal with equal patience and sorrow, and replied, that there was no husband who could make her resolve to abandon them, conjuring them to suffer her to continue to serve them, without constraining her to obey a man, whose manners and temper were unknown to her, or at least to give her time to think of the matter, before they engaged her hand. Her answer appeared so reasonable, that, imagining she would soon submit to their desires, they did not then press her any farther ; and Elvira retired satisfied with the effort her love had made.

But a few hours had only elapsed, before the father of Octavio came to hasten the conclusion of the treaty ; and Elvira's father looking upon the arguments she had made use of, rather as the effects of shame and modesty, than dislike, upon the entire confidence he had in the obedience of his daughter, made no difficulty to give his promise, that without delay all should be concluded the next day. But he deceived himself, in this presumption of his authority ; for no law can oblige

oblige a child to an obedience, which may, perhaps, ruin her for ever.

This inconsiderate and ambitious father now returned more eagerly than ever to his first determination, and immediately endeavoured to oblige his daughter to consent. But she, inspired by a passion which renders the most stupid eloquent, added a thousand new reasons to those she had before alledged, and continued firm in her opposition to his designs. Though highly displeased, he chose to dissemble his resentment, that he might not bring things to an extremity, and judged it more proper to speak to Henriquez, whose prudence he was sensible of, hoping by his address, and the credit he knew he had with Elvira, he might conquer her obstinacy. With this design he took him aside, and exaggerated to him the imprudence of Elvira,—desired him to discourse with her,—represent her folly to her,—and dispose her to behave so as he might not be obliged to make use of rigour and violence, which he should be constrained to have recourse to, rather than fail of his promise.

Henriquez promised to omit nothing that might persuade her to her duty. But the old gentleman, who was resolved to see the issue of it without delay, did not satisfy himself with that promise, but would have it immediately put in execution, and being desirous to hear, without disguise, the sentiments of his daughter, he determined to be a witness of the interview.

It

It is impossible to express the disorder of Henriquez at this resolution. But his uncle, without regarding him, immediately ordered Elvira to come into his apartment to speak to her cousin, who waited for her there; and he himself retired into a closet, where he could see and hear all that passed. He soon saw his daughter appear, who little thought of meeting with such a reception. Henriquez stood like a man struck by a sudden death, uncertain how to act on this critical occasion, and unable to give her the least sign of the dissimulation of his discourse, knowing what penetrating eyes beheld his least actions; so that Elvira was equally surprised by his confusion and his silence, and was opening her mouth to make him some tender reproaches; when he, dreading what she would say, hastily interrupted her, by beginning his fatal and constrained discourse, which lasted for some time, and consisted in the most cogent arguments he could use to persuade her to submit to the will of her parents, whose designs tended solely to her good and happiness.

The violence, which Henriquez put upon himself, in speaking a language so foreign to his sentiments, made every word he pronounced a poniard to his heart. Unhappy youth! reduced to persuade and desire a thing, which could not be granted, without costing him his life.

Elvira

Elvira listened to him with an amazement and resentment, easier to be imagined than expressed. "What!" said she within herself, "whilst I, for his sake, throw off the respect I owe to the authors of my being, violate the laws of duty, and expose myself to their resentment, can Henriquez speak to me with such formal indifference, and persuade me to love another? Could he give me a more visible mark of his contempt, and the errors of my tenderness, that took the interested marks of his addresses, which doubtless only regarded my riches, as testimonies of a sincere passion? He certainly hoped to gain my heart, in order only to make himself master of my fortune; and now, seeing my father fixed in another design, meanly complies with him, upon whom his interest depends. Unhappy Elvira! conceal thy misplaced love from its unworthy object, and discover only an equal indifference."

Thus hurried away by the first emotions of her resentment, without giving herself leisure to reflect upon the long experience she had had of his sincerity, when he had finished his discourse, she made the following reply. "After serious and mature deliberation on the subject, I have made up my mind upon it. As you so much desire it, it must be for my interest, and, therefore, I agree to it without any hesitation."

"situation. You may, if you please, go directly and acquaint my father, that Octavio is far from being displeasing to me, and that I approve of his addresses."

As she finished these words, without waiting for any reply, she left the room, unable to restrain her tears and sorrow any longer.

The old cavalier, transported with joy, came out of the place of his concealment, and by repeated embraces, testified his joy to the despairing Henriquez, at the success of his harangue; and, without taking the least notice of the disorder of his countenance, went immediately to impart the happy news to the father of Octavio, and the relations on both sides, leaving Henriquez in a situation easy to be imagined, though difficult to be expressed, lost in the utmost despair, and accusing himself as the author of his fate, and as having lost, by his unhappy dissimulation, in one moment, what he had gained by the assiduity of years.

The first resolution was to endeavour to speak immediately with Elvira in private, and discover the fatal necessity that forced him on this unfortunate deceit. But he could not obtain admittance to her. Grief and resentment had rendered her inaccessible. He was, therefore, obliged to leave the house, and retire to a solitary walk, where, unconstrained and at liberty, he might give a loose to his sorrow.

In

In the mean time, the father of Elvira returned home transported with joy, and introduced her new lover, who came to offer her the tribute of his heart, and enjoy her presence for a few moments. She received him, without so much as lifting up her eyes to look upon him; and though Octavio imputed this coolness to a modest reserve, he would have imagined something more, if he had perceived the tears, which, with the utmost difficulty she restrained from appearing.

During the few days which passed between this interview, and the day appointed for the solemnization of the marriage, Henriquez and Elvira felt all the torments of approaching ruin, which in a moment was to separate their hearts for ever. They could have no conversation but with their eyes; and in those of Henriquez there appeared such an excess of love, and so visible a despair, that Elvira, whose passion was still the same, began to fear she had been too rash, and that some inevitable constraint had forced him upon making that unhappy harangue, which was so near being the occasion of their eternal misery.

The evening before the fatal tie was to be performed, Henriquez, who had assiduously watched all opportunities, found Elvira alone; who not flying immediately, he snatched the occasion, and, bursting into tears, which he in vain endeavoured

endeavoured to repress, in as few words as possible, he discovered to her his innocence, and the barbarous compulsion of his uncle, who had thus forced him to solicit himself the sentence of his death.

Elvira, whose heart pleaded but too strongly in his favour, easily gave credit to his asseverations; and joining her tears with his, would have assured him, that she would run all hazards, rather than be wanting in her fidelity to him, when she was interrupted by the arrival of her mother, accompanied with some of the friends of Octavio, who, in an instant, separated these two unhappy, but passionate lovers, and left them in a situation to which death would be infinitely preferable.

Henriquez, though he found some relief in having been able to make his innocence known to his mistress, yet, imagining her loss irretrievable, and finding himself incapable of bearing the sight of that fatal ceremony, which was for ever to divide her from him, flew, like a man in distraction, to the house of one of his dearest friends, named Don Felix, who had been the confidant of all his sorrows; and informing him of the disastrous fate of his love, he added, that he found himself incapable of remaining any longer in a place, where he had lost all that was dear to him, and was resolved to depart immediately

mediately towards Seville, in order to embark there, and join his father in the Indies.

Don Felix could not disapprove of this resolution, knowing that absence was the only hope of recovery, in such desperate cases.

But Henriquez could not leave the idol of his heart, without once more giving her testimonies of his innocence, his love, and his despair. He wrote to her in the most pathetic terms, which distressed love could suggest, and, without mentioning his departure, only told her, that the remainder of his miserable life should be spent in imploring Heaven to protect her virtue, and, if possible, by forgetting him, to make her as happy as he must be wretched.

This letter was faithfully delivered to Elvira the same day. She read it with the deepest emotions of love and compassion, and, hurried away by her passion, the long knowledge she had of the many virtues of Henriquez, and the horrors of her approaching destiny, she resolved to follow his fate wherever it led him, and to be mutually happy in a low cottage with him, rather than be magnificently miserable, with the riches and opulence of his hated rival.

The night surprised her in these resolutions, and the house being filled with a numerous assembly of friends and relations; she hastily put on her veil, and in a moment taking her jewels,
and

and what she had of value, with her, she fortunately slipped out with a company of masks, who were leaving the house; and, before she was missed in that crowd and confusion of pleasure, came to the house of Felix, whom she found sunk in melancholy. She immediately enquired for Henriquez. He told her he had been gone for Seville above three hours, flying from his country in the last affliction, and far from expecting so favourable a resolution.

It is surprising that the agitated Elvira was not struck dead with this unexpected misfortune. She instantly fainted away; and, when she was brought to herself, appeared in a condition that seemed to threaten her life.

Don Felix, through compassion, would willingly have accompanied her directly to follow his steps, and, at least, overtake him at Seville. But the extremity she was in convinced him, that she stood more in need of assistance and repose, than of endangering her life by so great a fatigue; besides, that it was certain, in the tumult they would be in at her escape, people would be sent every where in quest of her, and she, by consequence, in the utmost danger of falling into their hands. He thought it, therefore, most proper, to conduct her immediately to the house of his aunt, whose prudence he could depend upon, and who received her with the tenderness of a parent. There he left her
in

in safety, assuring her he would depart immediately to acquaint his friend with his unhopèd for happiness, and to prevent his voyage.

During this time, the family of Elvira was in incredible confusion. Her father and Octavio appeared like men deprived of reason, and their friends in vain made the most diligent enquiries after her. But reflecting that Henriquez had also disappeared, they imagined he must be the cause, and that since they were both missing, he had most certainly carried her off.

Thus, without further hesitation, the father of Elvira, breathing only vengeance for this insult, resolved to pursue him every where, in order to have him punished according to the greatness of his crime. Octavio offered to accompany him, being equally solicitous for a revenge; and recollecting they had heard him frequently express a particular desire to see Madrid, and the famous court of Philip IV. they agreed to take that road, whilst the despair of Henriquez was accompanying him in that of Seville.

Don Felix was highly pleased at their mistake, and immediately flew to inform Elvira, that he believed she might now with safety accompany him in his journey. She consented to it with the utmost joy, and they agreed to leave the city in the night, to avoid being known. They happily succeeded in their design; and
Don

Don Felix, with a faithful domestic, took also care to provide himself with money sufficient for their subsistence, if the journey should prove longer than they expected.

Henriquez, little suspecting what had passed in his favour, continued his journey, so dejected, and with so great a hatred of life, that heaven, touched with his complaints, seemed willing to deprive him of it. For his horse, starting suddenly at a bird which sprung up from the ground, fell with such violence, that Henriquez, whose leg was engaged under him, found it impossible to rise, or to disengage himself from him, till some peasants, touched by his cries, ran to his assistance, and leaving their labour, carried him in their arms to a little inn, which stood at the entrance of a neighbouring village, where proper care was taken of him. But, though his leg and thigh were not broke, the contusion was so great, that he was above eight days before he could pursue his journey; and when he found himself recovered enough to mount his horse, he continued his route, whilst Felix and Elvira had already got two days journey before him, and even passed through the village, where he lay ill of his fall.

Henriquez travelled slowly on, agitated with confusion, regret, and jealousy,—when one evening, lost in his melancholy reflections, he insensibly found himself overtaken by so dark a
C night,

night, that it was impossible for him to see his way. The moon was veiled with a thick cloud, and in this darkness Henriquez began to reflect upon the accounts he had heard of the danger of this part of the country. Whilst he was thinking of this, he was suddenly alarmed by a noise. He alighted from his horse, and had scarce drawn his sword, before he imagined he discerned something like the shadow of a man, who, by the help of the night, endeavoured to conceal himself behind a neighbouring hedge. He came hastily up to him, and presented the point of his sword. But, the man, without being in the least concerned, called to him to throw down his weapon and his purse, unless he had a mind to be worse used; for that, if he thought of defence, it was running into voluntary destruction, because he would find himself, in a moment, surrounded by his companions, and cut to pieces.

Henriquez supposed that this was a stratagem of the robber, in order to intimidate him; and his fatal passion making him regardless of safety, he rushed boldly upon him, and would have stabbed him at the first pass, if the traitor, suspecting it, had not started back three paces, and with a loud whistle called his companions, who came up in an instant, and surrounded Henriquez.

The unhappy cavalier, attacked on all sides, discovered in his resistance such uncommon va-
lour.

lour and intrepidity, that the chief of the troop, admiring his courage, and touched with compassion that a man, who could so valiantly defend his life, should wantonly lose it, leaped in before him, and making a sign with his sword to keep back the fury of his companions, he turned towards Henriquez, and told him, that the sole design of those who were with him, was to plunder, and not to murder, unless they were forced to it by too great an obstinacy: And therefore he advised him (as a man who by such proofs of courage was become his friend) not to precipitate himself upon a voluntary death, but to come patiently and pass the night with them, where he should receive no hurt.

Henriquez replied with an unmoved voice, that life was not of value enough to him to fear to lose it; but that, not to appear ungrateful to him who so generously gave it, he accepted his proposal with thanks. As he uttered these words, he presented his sword to him, and suffered himself to be conducted to their retreat.

They arrived together at a cave, which run a great way under the earth, and contained within it a thousand subterraneous windings and apartments. After making him partake of their repast, they left him alone in one of their obscure apartments. There the melancholy Henriquez was laid, thinking of his absent mistress, whom he imagined then to be far from
C 2 him,

him, though she was so near, that if he had given his thoughts utterance, she could almost have heard and answered them, being only separated from him by a part of the rock, out of which the cave was hewn. The same misfortune had involved them both, as if heaven had decreed there should be the same sympathy in their adventures as in their hearts. For, as she was passing by that place the day before, accompanied by Felix, in the pleasing hopes of finding Henriquez at Seville, they were suddenly invested by six banditti of the same troop, who did not give that faithful friend an opportunity of using his arms in her defence. They stript him of every thing of value; and as they were preparing to do the same to the unhappy and terrified Elvira, one of their chiefs, casting his eyes upon her, with a loose inclination, thought to oblige her, by preventing them from using that violence, whilst he ordered her to be taken to the usual place of their retreat, with an intention, at the expence of her honour, to satiate the brutal desires her eyes had innocently kindled.

It is needless to attempt to describe the distress and despair of Elvira, who thus saw herself a prey to the most abandoned and vilest of mankind. She implored the assistance of death, and burst into complaints that would have moved all hearts but theirs to compassion.

When

When they arrived at their dreadful habitation, which was the corner of a dark cave, next to that which enclosed Henriquez, the amorous robber began to endeavour to regale her with the provisions, which they had in great abundance, at the expence of the neighbouring villages.

Don Felix had accompanied them, (though they had granted him his liberty) unwilling to abandon Elvira in that deplorable condition; and, upon her saying he was her brother, the robbers treated him with some courtesy.

The poor lady trembled with horror, to find herself thus in the power of a brutal wretch; but she was so happy, (if that expression may be used of one reduced to such a situation) that the general chief of the whole band, a man of resolution and authority, felt himself deeply struck with the charms of her beauty, and looking upon her with envy as the prey of his rival, over whom he had no right, as he was not present at the capture, he resolved at least to protect her, and prevent the other from possessing her; covering the jealousy of his envious heart with a pretext of compassion, and a false resemblance of virtue.

Elvira felt a gleam of joy at this dispute, hoping that by this concurrence they would equally defend her from each other; and that in the interim Providence, moved by her sup-

plication and prayers, might open a way for her release.

Being soon after left alone, she advanced in hopes of finding some outlet, when she stumbled upon something that lay upon the ground, and looking down, perceived it was a man asleep. The curiosity natural to her sex making her stoop to look upon him, she saw, with the greatest mixture of joy, amazement, and emotion, that it was Henriquez,—the beloved Henriquez, for whom alone she wished to live. In this sudden agitation, forgetting the reserve and modesty of her sex, and looking upon herself already as his wife, she hastily embraced him; and Henriquez, who awoke that moment, in equal disorder of joy, returned the embrace, scarce believing it could be more than a happy illusion.

The excess of their mutual transport did not, at first, permit them to enquire how they met in this dreadful place. But, after reciprocal explanations, Henriquez proposed making use of the fortunate opportunity to escape, if possible, from so imminent a danger. And, as they were advancing forwards, thinking only how they should communicate their design to Don Felix, they met the robbers coming back, almost recovered from their fright, which they thought proceeded only from a false alarm. In this, however, they were deceived; for the officers of justice

justice of Cordova had been in search of them the whole night; and the archers, having lost themselves in the dark, could not meet again till day-break, when they invested the cave on all sides, and cut off all means of flight.

The captain, burning for Elvira, had returned before the rest, in hopes to be a few moments with her, without a rival; and finding her with Henriquez, he put a pistol to his breast, and forcing him again into his dungeon, he conveyed her back towards that part of the cave where Felix was confined. But hearing an uncommon noise, and reflecting upon the severe torments he must undergo, if he suffered himself to fall into the hands of justice, he mounted upon a swift Andalusian horse, which his fear made him keep always ready, and having forced the miserable Elvira up before him, he put spurs to his horse, and, for the present, evaded the fate of his wretched companions.

Henriquez, who had followed them, without being able to overtake them, owing to his ignorance of the different windings of the cave, was so unfortunate as to be seized upon as one of the troop, and bound with the rest. Though he declared his quality, and by what adventure he came there, it was of no service to him; for several of the other prisoners alledged the same, though not with the same truth, affirming they were not of the band, but unhappy travellers

whom they had stript of all, and consigned to this dismal habitation; so that the officers of justice, unable to distinguish the innocent from the guilty, made them all equal, and carried them to the next village, from whence they were conveyed together to the prisons of Cordova.

Let us now leave the unfortunate Henriquez, deploring his misfortune, and in vain protesting his innocence, and return to his faithful friend Don Felix, who, having seen the unhappy Elvira thus hurried away by the cruel robber, moved by generosity and compassion, seized upon Henriquez's horse, and following by the same outlet through which he made his escape, he rode after him with the utmost speed; and as his courage, founded upon reason and humanity, was consequently favoured by Heaven, he overtook the infamous ravisher sooner than he had expected.

As soon as the villain heard the voice of Felix, who, as he pursued him, cried out, "Seize the Robber;" as all crimes are generally accompanied with terror, he reflected, that if he stopt to defend his prey, he might perhaps be surrounded by those who would soon force him to accompany his fellow-robbers; and therefore, not to retard his flight, he reluctantly set down his beauteous prize, before Don Felix had reached him, and rode swiftly off.

But the justice of Heaven was not thus to be evaded; for, he had not gone above half a league, before

before he was seized upon by a great number of peasants, who had assembled themselves to assist the officers of justice, and who did not leave him, till they saw him confined in the same prison, to which his companions had been conveyed, in order to expiate, by death, for the many lives they had so cruelly taken away.

It is impossible to represent, with what sentiments of gratitude Elvira expressed her thanks to the valiant Felix for her deliverance from a danger more terrible than death. His modesty soon put a stop to her encomiums, and taking her up behind him, they went to the same village through which the prisoners had passed; and informing themselves concerning Henriquez, by the description given, they understood he was seized among the rest, and conveyed along with the criminals.

This news obliged them to use the greatest expedition, in order to reach Cordova, where, whilst the faithful Henriquez was one morning in his prison, revolving in his mind his unhappy destiny, and trembling with horror for the fate of Elvira, he saw the door open, and Don Felix enter, leading in that mistress of his heart. Language is too faint to describe what now passed in his bosom at such an unforeseen event, which in a moment, from the most miserable, made him the happiest of mankind.

After the first sallies of their mutual transport were over, they began seriously to consult upon

the deliverance of Henriquez; and, for that purpose, as well as their other necessities, Felix undertook to dispose of some jewels, which Elvira had preserved when they were robbed, by the chief's having prevented them from searching her.

The sale was made with the usual disadvantages attending such situations, and by the affidavit of Felix and Elvira, accompanied by considerable gratifications, a declaration of his innocence was drawn up the same night.

But, as he was upon the point of being set at liberty, he was again recommitted to prison by a decree of justice, for another crime, which, in a proper place and time, they said, would be proved. Henriquez was amazed, Elvira in tears, Felix deeply concerned, and all in the utmost confusion.

But Henriquez soon discovered the cause of this new sorrow, by perceiving two men, to whom the jailor had given entrance, one of whom was Octavio, his hated rival, and the other the rigorous father of Elvira, who, breathing only vengeance, had departed with Octavio, and not finding what he was in search of at Madrid, had proceeded towards Andalusia, making the strictest enquiries in all places through which they passed; and, arriving that very day at Cordova, he met with an old friend, who had formerly served with him in Flanders. In the course of conversation, he
told

told him, that, in the prisons of the city, there was a young cavalier, whom he must certainly know, as he said he was a native of Avila.

This intelligence alarmed him; and enquiring further, he found that this prisoner was the enemy he was in search of. He immediately went to the judges, to make information of the pretended rape committed by his perfidious nephew. They received his accusation, and suspending the sentence they had given for his deliverance, ordered, on the contrary, that he should be more strictly confined.

After this necessary step, he came with Octavio to question him in the prison, and, if possible, to draw from him where Elvira was. Henriquez, after having humbly saluted his uncle, protested that he was innocent of the rape of which they accused him, and was too much a man of honour to make use of such violence. The father of Elvira was still more incensed against him, to find he denied the fact. Octavio vented his passion, in injurious language, with the greater liberty, as he saw him out of a condition of defence. And both, after declaring that the power of justice should force from him what he so insolently denied, left him in the utmost rage.

Henriquez went immediately to Felix and Elvira, who, at the sight of her incensed parent, had retired with the utmost precipitation. Don Felix advised them to celebrate their marriage without delay, and by that means put a stop to the pretensions of Octavio.

This advice was far from being displeasing to either of them. But, their nearness in blood, and the want of the proper dispensation, gave them an uneasiness, which Felix soon removed, by assuring them he could, in a few days, deliver them from that difficulty, by writing immediately to an uncle he had at Madrid, who was an auditor of the council, and who, at his request, would send him directly the necessary dispensations; and, as it was post-day for Madrid, he went that instant, and wrote to him on the subject, with the greatest earnestness and zeal.

In the mean time, the father of Elvira began to solicit powerfully against his nephew, who also gave instructions to his advocate; and the process proceeded the more eagerly, as large fees were not wanting on either side.

The faithful Don Felix, after having left the beautiful Elvira with one of the principal ladies of the city, (who, as she was an unfortunate stranger, and of her own sex, granted her an asylum with all possible affability) departed with the utmost expedition for the village where Henriquez had remained some days, in order to be cured of the bruises which he had received by his fall; from whence he brought an ample information, attested by the principal inhabitants of the place, who made their depositions concerning the time of his residence there, and of his not having any person with him, when he returned to Cordova. He put these into the hands
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of an advocate, who advised him to abscond, because the robbers, upon their being questioned, had declared, that they seized and carried into their retreat, a woman, who called herself Elvira, accompanied, not by Henriquez, but by another cavalier, whose name they knew not, but they could swear to his person. Felix, perceiving by this, that, if he appeared, his life would be in danger, took refuge in a convent of Franciscans, with a friend of his own, who was of that order.

In the mean time the prosecution went on, and the father of Elvira, incensed against his nephew, requested he might be put upon the rack, to force him by tortures to confess a truth, which he so obstinately denied.

This unnatural uncle had acquired great credit with the judges, and had found wretches wicked enough to depose falsely against Henriquez; so that the presumptions being strong against him, they determined to condemn him to the torture.

Elvira, who was informed of this dreadful sentence, melted into floods of tears, and throwing off all sense of fear and disgrace, resolved, rather than suffer this horrid deed, to appear before the judges, and declare, that she alone, of her own accord, without any persuasion but that of love, and solely to avoid a marriage she disliked, had absented herself from her father's house, choosing rather to expose her reputation to the calumny of the ignorant multitude, than be obliged to pass

pass her life with a man whom she detested;—adding, at the same time, that she had no other knowledge of the cavalier who was taken with her, than by his courtesy, and the valour with which he endeavoured to defend her, because she was a woman, and alone.

Elvira thus meditated her harangue, counting the moments, in her terrors for Henriquez; while that faithful lover disposed himself, with courage and resolution, to bear the misfortunes that threatened him.

But Heaven had compassion on their faithful and innocent affection, and conducted their affairs very differently; for Don Felix sent them the necessary dispatches which were arrived from Madrid, so that there being then no obstacle to their marriage, the good Franciscan performed the ceremony. Soon after, Henriquez caused it to be signified to his adversaries, that, as the husband of Elvira, he was not obliged to give an account where he had placed her; so that her father, being fully convinced of the truth of this assertion, by the officers of justice, who had seen the proper certificate and the dispensations, remained so confused, and so incensed by this new affront, that, forgetting all the natural compassion due to so near a relation, and reflecting only upon the riches he had lost with Octavio, by means of his nephew, he prosecuted his design with still greater heat, exaggerating the enormity of his crime, and the

the insult the family had received, however legitimate it might now be made.

Don Felix, now, who supposed he was no longer in any danger, as Henriquez had avowed his marriage with Elvira, appeared boldly before the judges, to contradict the new accusation of this revengeful father, who no sooner saw him, than he ordered him to be arrested and thrown into prison, by virtue of a private warrant he obtained against him,——pretending to verify——that he had been the principal author of his daughter's elopement,——had broke open his house upon that account,——and had been afterwards met with her upon the road. He corroborated this assertion, before the judges, by such strong circumstances, and suspicious incidents, that he made a laudable action of friendship pass for a crime that merited condign punishment.

Affairs were in this unhappy situation, and the misfortunes of Henriquez still more deeply aggravated, by having thus involved his faithful friend in the same fate, when Elvira, equally joining in his sorrow, resolved to hazard a rash attempt, in order to put a stop to this dangerous prosecution.

She desired the lady at whose house she was, and who had conceived the tenderest affection for her, to send word privately to Octavio, that a woman of quality, who admired his person, waited at a certain place without the city, in order to know whether

whether his complaisance equalled his appearance, and whether he knew as well how to return a passion, as to create it.

The design of this false message was to give Elvira an opportunity of speaking with him in private, and imploring his generosity to recede from his pursuits, and soften the resentment of her father. This expedient appeared plausible to her friend; she therefore, without further hesitation, dispatched a billet, which was privately delivered to him.

Octavio perused it, and suspecting no artifice in a passion, which his self-love made him think his person very capable of inspiring, he related his adventure to the father of Elvira, and even requested he would accompany him at a distance, that he might not be alone in case the lady did not come, or the assignation was false, and only a stratagem to turn him into ridicule, as he was a stranger in the city.

But he was no sooner within sight of the place appointed, than he blamed his former suspicions, having discovered a coach with ladies, who seeing him advance alone, desired him to come into the coach; where Elvira, immediately unveiling her face, and mingling sighs and tears with her discourse, represented to him the sorrow and misfortunes she had suffered upon his account, and excused the unkind return she had made to his love, by the engagements she had long before entered
into

into with Henriquez. She said she was conscious his merit deserved a much more valuable woman, and that had it not been for her previous unhappy passion, she should certainly have been his without regret. She afterwards related to him the hardships she suffered, and told him, that but for the assistance of the lady who was present, and the help of her jewels, which she had sold for her subsistence, she must have been reduced to the lowest misery;—that Henriquez,—unhappy,—poor,—a prisoner,—and persecuted by his nearest relation, had no longer any hopes but in his compassion—and that she conjured his generosity to have pity on their love and their misfortunes, and for the remembrance of the tenderness he had once bore her, to give her this last proof of it, not to foment the cruelty of her father, but rather to dissuade him from it.

During this discourse, the old cavalier was gently approaching towards the coach, where so unexpectedly seeing his daughter, the violence of his sudden rage at the sight of her, and the reflections on what he had lost in Octavio, by her elopement, taking away all sense of reason and humanity, he flew towards her in order to revenge himself with his own hands, and wash away, what he thought so great an affront, in her blood.

Elvira shrieked out with terror and surprise. Octavio threw himself between them; and the lady,

lady, to whom the equipage belonged, resented this violence as an insult to her. At length their dispute caused so great a disorder round the coach, that it obliged a cavalier, who was passing by in his carriage, to alight, that he might learn the cause of this difference, and endeavour to appease it.

He came up to them with the authority of a man of consequence, mixed with an air of military freedom; and seeing the violent proceeding of Elvira's father, and that against a sex, whose weakness demands the protection of all men of honour, he took him in his arms, to hold him back, and to prevent the disorder from further consequences.

The old cavalier turned to see who thus stopped him; and the rest also cast their eyes upon him, and conceived a respect for his person. The father of Elvira, when he saw him, was in the utmost amazement and confusion; but the stranger, whose mind was in a calmer situation, knew him immediately, and perceived he had his own brother in his arms, and before him his niece Elvira.

This happy surprise transported him with joy, and he embraced them both with all the sentiments of tenderness, which their nearness of blood inspired. But observing that his brother, still blinded with fury, received his caresses with great indifference, he asked the meaning of so unexpected

unexpected a coldness, after an absence of so many years, when he came so far only in search of him, and returned with riches enough to live in a manner suitable to his birth.

The faithful Elvira laid hold of this happy opportunity, and, without waiting for the answer of her father, who remained confused, and uncertain what to resolve upon, related to him, as briefly as possible, the situation of his son and herself, and all that had happened to them; adding, that her continual intimacy with him from her childhood, and her thorough knowledge of his valuable qualities, had fixed so settled an affection in her heart, that she had resolved no dangers should ever force her to forsake his love, and had thus fulfilled her resolution.

The father of Henriquez, affected with her constancy to his unhappy son, gave her a thousand marks of gratitude, and let them all know, in few words, that after having for several years served as a principal agent to a cacique of one of the largest towns in the Indies, who possessed above 80,000 ducats; upon the death of his master, he was so fortunate as to marry the widow, who had put him in possession of all her riches; and perceiving in him an extreme desire to return to Spain, she had made no difficulty to leave her country and her friends to follow him;—that their voyage had, upon the whole, been very favourable,—and that, as they were travelling

velling towards Cordova, where they designed to pass the night, he had heard the disorder they were in, and the voices of women, who seemed in distress, having obliged him to come and see if he could protect them; this happy event had occasioned his meeting with those, who were so dear to him, not doubting, he added, but his brother would now approve the mutual affection of their children.

Upon this, they all renewed their embraces; and his niece, having alighted, went, with the others, to salute the Indian lady, whom they found a very graceful person, accompanied with her younger sister, who was uncommonly beautiful. She received them in the most obliging manner; and, after the first congratulations were over, the ladies went into the equipage of Elvira's friend, who conducted them to her own house, attended by the gentlemen in the other, where she received and entertained them, in the most elegant manner.

Henriquez was informed, by degrees, of his father, and the surprising alteration of his affairs, lest the sudden revolution, from the depth of misery, to so unexpected a happiness, might have proved fatal to him.

To describe what passed, at the first interview, between so worthy a father, and so valuable a son, in such moving circumstances, is impossible. The imagination of every humane and
generous

generous reader will much better supply it, than words can express. The delivery of Don Henriquez was then solicited with such earnestness, that he and the faithful Don Felix were soon set at liberty. The moment he found himself free, he flew to his constant and beautiful Elvira, to whom he had such inexpressible obligations; and after the first transports of their mutual joy were over, he went to pay his duty to his new mother, who finding such marks of deference and respect, and relations of such distinction, had still less regret at having left her native country.

Don Henriquez now peaceably enjoyed the possession of his amiable mistress, whose acquisition had cost him so many sorrows.

Don Octavio consoled himself with the reflection of having lost her, by her previous engagement, and not by his want of merit.

The father of Elvira remained satisfied, that affairs were thus honourably terminated, and with a success conformable to his own desires, as his nephew was now heir to an ample inheritance.

And, the grateful Henriquez, not forgetting the many obligations he was under to Don Felix, and perceiving the marks of passion he discovered for the beautiful Indian, sister to his mother-in-law, who, besides her beauty, had an inheritance of above 30,000 ducats, managed the
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affair with such zeal and affection, that in a few days they were married, to the equal satisfaction of both.

Thus all the company, mutually happy, returned to Avila, to the mother of Elvira, where they passed the remainder of their lives in perfect good understanding with each other;—and, the two faithful lovers, who had suffered so many distresses, found their constancy now amply rewarded, by the lasting pleasures of a conjugal and virtuous love.

LOVE PUT TO THE TEST :

DESCRIBED IN A LETTER FROM LADY SERENA
TO SYLVIA.

DEAR SYLVIA,

WHILE I envy you the true felicities of a calm retreat, you repine at being deprived, for a few months, of the noisy enjoyments of this tumultuous town.—You long to know what passes among the gay, the trifling world; wish to be told of the foibles you pity,
and,

and, in spite of all your good-nature, are starved for want of a little scandal.—Indeed, my dear, I am the most unfit person alive to treat you with this kind of food; however, I will do my best to entertain you, assuring you at the same time, that it shall be at the expence of my own follies, not those of other people.

You know though I lost my husband before what they call the *honey-moon* of marriage was expired, and became a widow at sixteen, I always declared against entering into a second engagement. I need not tell you my sincerity in this point, since you have been witness of many instances to convince you of it.—For more than four years, I persisted in my resolution; but, you do not see my blushes, while I confess that towards the middle of the fifth, other ideas came into my head.—About that time I happened to meet Dorimenes, at lady Lucia's assembly; he was just then returned from his travels; the world allows, he is perfectly accomplished:—he seemed to distinguish me in a particular manner, directed every thing he said to me, and watched my eyes for an approbation.—All the company took notice of his behaviour. They spoke of it wherever they came, and from this first interview gave him to me as a lover.

After this, I could go to no public place without seeing him. Whether I went to church, to court, to the park, the ridotto, the opera, or play,

play, I was sure of finding him.—At last he took the liberty of visiting me, declared an infinity of passion for me, and left nothing unsaid or unsworn to convince me of the reality of it.—It was not vanity, but a secret liking, that made me but too willing to give credit to his flatteries:—Yes, Sylvia, I will own to you that I was weak enough to be pleased with the person and address of Dorimenes, and also to let him see I was so.—He proposed marriage, and I had half consented, when a sudden thought came into my head, to make trial how far his affection would extend.—I told him I had but one objection to becoming his in the way he mentioned; which was, that being determined as I imagined never to marry again, I had made a deed of gift to a relation, of all I was worth in the world, in case I ever did so, and that the same moment that made me a *wife*, made me also a *beggar*; so that, *said I, with a very serious air*, it is out of my power to change my condition, unless to a man who has a sufficient stock of *fortune* and *love* to support a wife of quality, without the least contribution on her part:—The *one* of these, *continued I*, I know you are master of, but dare not flatter myself you have enough of the *other*, to hazard the inconveniences of such a union.

Perfect as he is in the art of dissimulation, he could not keep the shock this tale gave him from being

being visible in his countenance.—You would have been diverted to have seen the awkward professions he afterwards made; but I felt a certain tremor at my heart, that convinced me more than I had been before, how much he had got possession of it.—His words, indeed, were passionate as ever, but the accents in which they were spoke, were faint and languid; he vowed his whole desires were centered in my charming person, but his eyes gave the lye to every oath, and while he swore he wished no greater heaven than my presence, discovered an impatience to be gone.—I was now no less desirous to be rid of him, and to break off an engagement I could no longer find any pleasure in.—Some company luckily came, and relieved us both; and, would you believe it, Sylvia, we have never met since.—He sent me a letter the next day, pretending sudden business in the country; but I know he is still in town, though he carefully avoids all places which threaten him with my appearance.

I see, *in my mind's eye*, as Hamlet says, the impatience which friendship and curiosity excite in you for the sequel of this adventure, as it relates to me, for I have already informed you of all I can concerning Dorimenes.—I was most terribly mortified for the first four or five days, and half repented of the stratagem which had lost me so agreeable a lover, and by putting his generosity to too severe a test, removed the sweet delusion

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from

from my eyes, which, had it continued, would have afforded me the same satisfaction the reality could have done ; but pride at length came to my assistance, and enabled me to think only with contempt of a man, who while he pretended the most sublime passion that ever was, had only sordid interest in view, made his addresses to my fortune, not my person, and could think with Hudibras,

*What's the worth of any thing,
But so much money as 'twill bring?*

On the recovery of my liberty, I was sadly alarmed at what might be said in regard to this affair.—All my acquaintance had seen the devoirs paid to me by Dorimenes ; they now saw those devoirs were entirely ceased, and I trembled at the thoughts that my picture might be drawn in a willow garland at all the tea-tables in town, and perhaps exhibited on the theatre of mimicry, among the catalogue of *miserables*.—I did not find that an affectation of gaiety would of itself be sufficient to defend me from the mischief I so much dreaded ; and as I had heard it was a maxim with politicians to seem most open in those things they most endeavoured to conceal, I resolved to put it in practice, and related to every one I came in company with, the whole subject of my last conversation with Dorimenes, boasting

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at the same time of my own happy artifice, which had rid me of his impertinent solicitations.—I had the good fortune to be believed.—My character of insensibility is retrieved; and the raillery falls wholly on Dorimenes.

A SPANISH LOVE STRATAGEM.

HOW ingenious is love! How many are the resources it has for uniting two hearts smitten with each other, notwithstanding all cross accidents and opposing obstacles! If any one should doubt of this truth, the following adventure will afford ample proof of it.

A number of strangers, composed chiefly of very amiable women, arrived at an inn of the city of Lucca. As they entered, a man was going out, whom they fancied by his garb to be a physician. They found themselves not mistaken, overhearing his conversation with the mistress of the house. I cannot yet, said he to her, discover whether this girl be mad, or possessed with the devil, but I think she is both;

yet, notwithstanding her mad freaks, and the demon that has taken possession of her, I believe I should cure her, if her uncle, in too much haste to continue his journey, was to give me time to effect a cure of such importance. What is this? said the strangers; we can never lodge in a house that entertains mad people. Let not your ladyships be alarmed, answered the hostess. Believe me, remain here, and you will see, without the least danger, what the curious would come a hundred leagues to see, if they had any knowledge of what is transacting in my house.

The strangers hereupon came to a resolution among themselves to stay, and asked what were those extraordinary things they were desired to expect.

Follow me, said the hostess, addressing herself to the women, and you will be able to judge of the matter yourselves.

They stepped with her into a chamber, where there was a bed sumptuously adorned. There they saw lying a very beautiful girl, of the age, as it seemed, between sixteen and seventeen. Her arms were tied down to the bolster of the bed. Two women, that served as attendants to her, were busy in keeping her legs also fast bound to the bed, and she was earnest in entreating them to desist, because modesty would deter her from being guilty of the least indecency. Then
turning

turning suddenly to the strangers, O ye, said she to them, that are undoubtedly angels incarnate, and, perhaps, are come down from heaven to restore my health to me, I conjure you, pure intelligences, by the power ye are commissioned with from our common Creator, to command these material substances, who have bound me, to set me free this instant. All I want is to bite four or five times my arms, and then I shall be satisfied, and made incapable of doing the least mischief.

Poor niece, cried an old gentleman, who had just entered the room, my dear Isabella! recommend thyself to God for recovering thy senses, from whom thou hast received them, and, far from coveting to devour thy delicate flesh, eat of that which thy uncle, who loves thee tenderly, would fain present thee. Speak, tell thy wants. We are rich enough to enable me to satisfy thy appetite with the most exquisite produce of the earth and waters.

I want nothing but rest, replied the young lady. Let these angels be left with me. Their presence may chase from me the demon I am possessed with; for, surely, he cannot abide in such company.

The old gentleman went out, and every one with him, except the strangers.

When Isabella saw herself alone with them, she prayed them to look about if any one re-

mained in the chamber that might hear them. They assured her there was no one. Then she sat up as well as she could, and shewed a desire to explain herself. She opened her mouth; but, instead of words, nothing found vent but sighs, and these with so much vehemence, that it was thought she was going to breathe her last. This, however, was succeeded with so great a dejection of spirits, and such weakness, that she fainted away on her bed.

The women called out for help, and the uncle ran in, holding in one hand a crucifix, and in the other a brush dipped in holy water. Two friars came in likewise, who, fully persuaded that the devils were tormenting Isabella, promised to plunge them back again into hell's abyss.

Isabella, recovering from her fainting fit, and viewing the whole apparatus of exorcism: "Good Sirs," said she to them, "your endeavours are to no purpose. You cannot compel me to quit this place. I will not leave it, but when I please; and this shall not be till Don Lewis Nurillo comes, who was born in this city, and who now is student in the university of Salamanca, and quite regardless of what is passing at Lucca."

This speech helped to confirm those that heard her in the opinion, that Isabella was really possessed by an evil spirit; for how otherwise could she know, that, in a city she was never
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in before, there was a family of the name of Nurillo? From such inconceivable knowledge it was evidently concluded that the devil spoke by her mouth. Full of this notion, the two friars exerted themselves to deliver Isabella. But their citations of the spirit were fruitless. The devil would not quit his hold.

Isabella, who had her reasons for not getting rid of him, prayed the exorcists to defer their good offices till another time, and to withdraw; which they did, together with the old gentleman.

The doors were shut again. The beautiful sick lady, being satisfied she could speak without fear, said to the women who remained in the chamber, "The first thing I require of you, is to disincumber me of the embarrassment I am under; for, though these bandages are not over tight, they still incommode and hinder me, from conversing with you at my ease."

On a request made with so much good sense, she was unloosed. Isabella sat up in her bed, and desired the ladies to draw near, and even seat themselves on the bed. She then took each of them familiarly by the hand, and spoke to them as follows:

"Very probably, ladies, you take me for what I am not; and my extravagance might authorise your opinion as well-grounded. But be not prejudiced, I beseech you, and believe that the demons have no share in the character I here
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assume.

assume. My name is Isabella Castruccio, and, though born of very noble and opulent parents, who sometimes praised heaven for granting me some beauty, I am the most unhappy person in the world.

“ My father and mother were originally of Capua, in the kingdom of Naples, and I was born at Madrid. Having lost them in early life, I was brought up in my uncle’s house, the old gentleman ye have seen, who has long resided at court. But, alas! why should I go so far back with the history of my misfortunes? Let us pass to their principal cause.

“ A young cavalier came to court, when I was with my uncle. I saw him for the first time at church. He fixed my whole attention. I could not help entertaining for him very tender sentiments, which no other had inspired me with. You may blame me, perhaps, for not having made myself mistress of my first emotions. I accuse myself of it. But, young as I was, and without any experience of love, how could I make resistance against an object, which presented itself with all the graces that nature could endow it with? In short, I loved him. I saw him a second time at the same place, and my love received an additional increase. I lost no time in getting information of his birth, qualities, and his occupation at court. I learned that his name was Don Lewis Nurillo, son of Don John

John Nurillo, one of the most ancient senators of the republic of Lucca, but, at the same time, indifferently provided with the goods of fortune; that his morals were without blemish, and that he was going to perfect his studies at Salamanca.

“ Being afraid of his leaving Madrid, before I had an opportunity of conversing with him, I found means to have intimated to him my sentiment in his favour. He was told of my great riches, and how highly prized I was for beauty. He was also told that my uncle, in quality of guardian, was intent on obliging me to marry one of my relations, that my fortune might not go out of my father’s family; but that I had an invincible aversion to that marriage. He was given to understand, that it depended on him to avail himself of my inclination for him, to retrieve the circumstances of his family, and, if the match suited him, measures would be concerted for introducing him to me.

“ His answer, at first, was not so favourable as I wished. He was not unacquainted, he said, with my fortune or great beauty; he had seen me several times, and, being prepossessed with the strongest inclination for me, had informed himself who I was, to judge if he could reasonably devote himself to that inclination, or stop short its progress. He had learned, that, if our conditions of birth were equal, I had the advantage

of a fortune very superior to his ; and, since that *eclaircissement*, he had used continual efforts to conquer an affection, which reason did not permit he should suffer to take root in his heart.

“ The person, who was my agent in this affair, returning to the charge, destroyed all his scruples, and, exhorting him to prefer the counsels of love to those of reason, disposed him without difficulty to see me. We facilitated the means a few days after.

“ I need not proceed to the detail of our conversation. Nurillo assured me, that, regardless of the consideration of my fortune, he felt for me the heat of a fire that could not be extinguished, and should be ever grateful for the permission I granted him to love me. He conjured me not to yield to the seductive speeches of my uncle. He promised to help me to divert him from his purpose, in regard to my being married to my kinsman, as soon as he should return from Salamanca, where he was under a necessity of going for a short time.

“ I assured him also, on my part, that, as it was not the nature of my sentiments to admit of birth and death in an instant, I would oppose, during his absence, every enterprise against my will.

“ We afterwards separated, and I saw him shed tears, when he passed under my balcony, the day he left Madrid. I knew by these tears, that

he departed without quitting me, and I felt by a certain emotion, that I followed him, without quitting the place I was in.

“ But to what reverses of fortune are not the wretches exposed, whom her caprice is to persecute? The day after Nurillo’s departure, my uncle informed me, that he had just taken leave of the king, being charged by him with a commission to the court of Naples, which required his setting out as soon as possible. He recommended to me to make preparations for accompanying him the next day. I had no occasion to counterfeit sickness, to oblige him to defer our departure. The news so alarmed me, that I was instantly seized with a fever, attended with a delirium, which gave my uncle great uneasiness.

“ Thanks, however, to the goodness of my constitution, no ill consequences ensued. Still was I obliged to yield to my uncle’s will. He did not cease telling me, that my sickness was only the effect of my repugnance to the marriage he had proposed to me, and that I should be cured of it, as soon as he had seen the person he had destined for my husband.

“ I pretended I should be glad of a few hours repose, and availed myself of this respite to write to Nurillo, and inform him of what had passed. I let him know, that I could not help taking a journey to Italy;—that, when we should be beyond the Alps, I would persuade my uncle to

take the route to Capua, through Lucca;—that I would feign, in this city, to be suddenly possessed with evil spirits, to give him, by that feint, time to return from Salamanca;—that, in spite of my guardian and the whole world, I would make him my husband, if his design was still to be so;—and that I should judge of his tenderness for me by his diligence in repairing to Lucca, that I might acquit myself of the part I intended to act on his account.

“When I had written my letter, I commissioned a faithful messenger to deliver it to him, and I am persuaded, that Nurillo received it, as soon as he arrived at Salamanca. I have been now here three days, exorcised as if I were possessed with a legion of devils; but I assure you there is no other than love, a sweet and yet terrible devil, who will cease tormenting me, the moment Nurillo comes to exorcise me himself.

“This, ladies, is my history, and I should be infinitely obliged to you to assist me in my innocent imposture, by engaging my uncle not to go hence till the devils are expelled. Perhaps a delay of some days will be sufficient to give Nurillo time to arrive, and enable him to deliver me out of my persecutors hands, and put me in a condition of thanking you for your good offices.”

When Isabella had put an end to her story, those who had heard it, surprised at its novelty, could

could not help laughing heartily with her at the stratagem, and all promised, as far as they possibly could, to promote its success.

She still set all her engines at work to confirm her uncle and the physician in the opinion of her being possessed. Her new friends also endeavoured to persuade them, that none but demons could speak, by her mouth, things which she had no knowledge of before her arrival at Lucca.

The old senator Nurillo, who had heard that the devil spoke of him by the mouth of the possessed, had the curiosity to hear Isabella, and for that purpose came to the inn, pretending to enquire after the physician.

The doctor, having procured him admittance to her bed-side; "Is it not a sad case," said he, "Signor Nurillo, that the devil should take up his abode in so angelic a body? For our consolation, he gives us hope he will soon depart from it, and, as a sign of his so doing, desires to expect the coming of your son Lewis."

"A fallacious hope it must be," answered the senator, "having no other grounds than the promise of the father of imposture; and I am astonished that so wise a man as you are should give credit to it. You would not be so credulous, if you had read the last letter of my son, who, when he wrote to me, was setting
out

out from Madrid to Salamanca, where he is to reside for some time."

"If I did not feel," said Isabella, "I know not what tenderness for that venerable gentleman, I could assure him I do not impose upon him, when I promise the return of his son."

"Away with your professions of tenderness," replied the senator, who believed he was speaking to the devil, and not to the beautiful young lady; "those terms of soft insinuation are but a poor bait for a christian as I am; and we know, seducing spirit, that thou dost not flatter but to lead into temptation."

"Your son," replied Isabella, "thinks otherwise than you do, with regard to me. He knows that my temptations have no tendency contrary to nature, and he has given himself to me, to gain possession of a heart which he could not have obtained, if I had not concurred to make him master of it."

"Ah the wretch!" replied the senator, "are these the fruits of the sentiments of religion I inspired him with?"

"He did only on this occasion," said Isabella, "what yourself would have formerly done; and, if I inclined, I could bring him here from Salamanca, to have your approbation of the engagement he has entered into with me, for his happiness."

"A fine

"A fine happiness, indeed!" exclaimed Nurillo, with a mournful air; "yes, a fatal happiness, and its reward an eternity of pain."

"Well," said the exorcist friars, who were just come in, "let her bring him hither. We shall learn from him the conditions of the engagement, and shall break and dissipate the projects of all the angels of darkness."

"This is excellent reasoning," said Isabella to them; "but permit me to tell you, that nothing but the presence of Nurillo can extricate me from the power of the invisible agents, that now keep me in bondage."

The physician, believing he already saw the infernal empire descending upon the whole company, to oblige them to ratify the engagement, skulked secretly towards the stairs, and was hurrying down them, taking four steps at once, when the uncle coming up, stopped him short, and kept him from breaking his neck.

"Where are you going in such haste?" said he, "Come back, and you will hear something astonishing."

"Good folks," said the uncle to the company, when he got into his niece's chamber, "our devil seems now to be of better faith than we thought;—and I doubt not but he will soon take wing, since Don Lewis Nurillo has just now fallen, as it were, from the clouds, into the most public square of this city.

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“ Begone,” added he, looking at Isabella; “ go thy ways, thou accursed demon;—*vade, vade retro*, as thou hast promised, and leave in peace a girl that is so dear to me.”

This piece of intelligence had such an effect upon the old senator, that, imagining his son to be transported through the air, he fell back on a chair more dead than alive. A cold sweat trickled down his face, and the physician, instead of helping him, cried out for help himself, begging they would send for some of the fraternity that lived in the neighbourhood.

The same news produced a very different effect on Isabella's mind. She could not help testifying her joy; which made the exorcists believe that the devils applauded themselves, in her satisfied and laughing eyes, for the distress of the dying parties.

The guardian, on his part, did not know what to think of the matter, especially on being apprised of the devil's threats against him, while he was last absent. He would fain hope, that Don Lewis Nurillo was still at Salamanca; and, addressing himself to the old senator,—“ It can only,” said he, “ be the phantom of your son that has been seen in the great square. It is well known, that the devil is very dexterous at making dupes of the simple, by similar apparitions.”

“ No,

"No, no," answered Isabella, who already heard the voice of Don Lewis Nurillo coming up stairs, "I have imposed no commands on fantastic demons. Phantoms are formed only out of gross air; and Lewis there is a solid body, composed of ~~flesh~~ and bones. Is it not true," asked she, looking at him enamoured, "that spectres of your species are not insensible of beauty's attractions, and that you had given yourself to me, in order to subject a heart to you, which would still have kept aloof, had not I disposed it to surrender?"

Every one trembled at the sight of Nurillo, and none dared to come near him. Even his father could not believe, that it was he in person, and all had like to die with fear, when Lewis spoke these dreadful words, addressing himself to the beautiful Castruccio. "Thou didst deceive me then, abominable seducer, when thou didst promise me the affection of that divinity whom I adore. Thou shouldst have put me in possession of so precious a treasure, and thou hast seized it for thyself."

Charmed to see her lover second so well the intention of the letter he had received at Salamanca, and judging it was necessary, for a moment, to renounce the decorum of language, she replied, "Ungrateful wretch! dost thou so repay, with unjust reproaches, the devil's sincerity,
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and perhaps the most faithful of all the demons, in the air, on the earth, or in the abyss? Have I brought thee from Salamanca to Lucca, to plunge a poniard into thy bosom, though I cherish thee, as my dearer half? And wouldst thou not have lost the object of thy love, if I had not taken possession to return it for thee? I preserve it so well for thee, that, notwithstanding thy ingratitude, I will not desert it, till thou art put in peaceable possession, and transport it with thee into the Indies, if this instant,—its guardian,—thy father,—and all the assistants,—do not consent,—by a written instrument,—to thy happiness."

The road from Salamanca to Lucca, which, it was believed, the devil had made Don Lewis Nurillo travel over through the air, had so affrighted some of them, that they also dreaded being carried to the Indies by the same route, and the same vehicle, if they refused the desired consent. The exorcists were of opinion it should be given, in order to amuse the devil. The old senator thought as they did.

The proposal was then made. The pretended devil approved of it; and the physician, seeing that every one signed (even the ladies that were confidants) did the same. He afterwards wanted to engage the guardian likewise to subscribe his signature, through complaisance; lest, said he, if any unforeseen devilish trick should happen to

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aggravate the lady's disorder, both of us be accused of harshness, and the accident laid to our charge.

"Your reason appears to me very good," answered the old gentleman, who placed great confidence in him; "but, if it should be discovered that we had consented to the marrying of two devils together, (for they are really ones that here speak) your inquisitor would put a jesting construction on the matter."

"By no means, Sir. He would, on the contrary, consider it as a profanation, and the only favour, he could confer upon us, would be to send us both to the mad-house. Sign, however," continued the physician. "My profession authorises me to pursue any proper means for attaining my proposed end; and the inquisitor himself, who has been hitherto indebted to my skill for his life, will pass by, unnoticed, in me, still more extraordinary matters. You conceive, equally with me, that your signing engages you to nothing,—because it is not possible that a farce should be here acted to bias us;—and you know that the devil, though very subtle, is not so, to the degree of concerting, without preparation, a piece that surpasses all human understanding, nor to set in motion springs which can only be effected by nature."

"Since you advise me to it," replied the guardian, "I will sign by your example; but
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remember, you must be responsible for the consequences."

When Isabella had in her hands the consent in form, she delivered it to Don Lewis Nurillo. "Art thou then satisfied," said she to him. "Wilt thou any more accuse me of having deceived thee? I restore thy Isabella to thee, who has been so captivated, by my care, with thy fine qualities, that, during the last three days, she has waited thy coming with the firmness of a rock, lashed in vain by indignant waves. She gives thee her hand; give her thine. Be united to each other; and, when one of the exorcists shall confirm your union, I will leave you both to enjoy, in peace, a felicity which I do not tolerate in all marriages."

The elder of the friars, in order to expel the devil more expeditiously, made the two lovers declare, that, without any compulsion, and of their own will, they plighted each other their faith.

Then Isabella protested, that the devil had left her at full liberty to accept or refuse the hand of Don Lewis Nurillo,—and that she had not given him hers, till she was plainly convinced heaven had ratified her marriage with that cavalier.

These words made her uncle change colour. Well," said he to the physician, "do you call this enchantment and witchcraft?"

"You,

"You, Sir," answered the doctor, made me believe that the devil so amused people, and I little expected a trick at the bottom."

"Nor I," said the guardian, "and shall take care to put an end to the sport. Away, niece, bag and baggage; let us take the route of Capua."

The friar, who had joined their hands, now interfered. "The lady," said he, must not go. She shall remain here. Our holy mother the church must not be a butt of derision; and we shall attend her till the lawful pastor of the contracting parties complete what we have begun."

"I will never suffer it," cried the guardian. "Good God! can the grey hairs of an unfortunate old man be so dishonoured?"

"Softly, Sir," said Don Lewis Nurillo's father to him; "my alliance does not dishonour you, though my fortune is less than yours. Besides, I have been no way instrumental to the marriage. Your niece and my son have concerted the business without my participation; and you must own, that, when we were of their age, we were capable of a like artifice. Youth and love make great allowances for such improprieties in conduct."

Whilst he spoke, Isabella's uncle, from excess of vexation, became so weak, that they were obliged to have him carried into his chamber, and put to bed. His beautiful ward

now

now quitted her bed, got herself dressed, and followed Don Lewis Nurillo, who conducted her, as his spouse, to his father's house. She was there received with all the marks of consideration due to her rank.

With regard to the old uncle, the physician exercised on him all the skill of which he had boasted; but the remedies he prescribed were of no efficacy in respect to a patient, who no longer placed any confidence in him,—and, in two days time, this good guardian appeared in the other world, to make the report of his ward's imposture.

This accident, however, did not retard the celebration of their marriage in due form; and it may be easily imagined, that the happy Isabella did not fail to invite the amiable strangers, who had seconded her to such advantage,

PHILANDER AND CELIA.

MR. Harlow, a gentleman of great fortune, had formerly shone with distinguished lustre at the bar. By his integrity and excellence in his profession, he had gained no small share of wealth; which being added to a very fine estate, his father had left him at his death, made him immensely rich. He had only one son, named Philander, a young gentleman adorned with every perfection that honours human nature. He had an excellent taste for music, painting, and the belles lettres. He danced admirably,—had great skill in fencing,—understood perfectly the different customs and manners of different nations,—was well versed in human nature,—was humane, brave, and generous:——In short, he was possessed of as many excellencies, as a youth of his age could possibly be, for he was not quite twenty-one.

With these amiable, shining qualifications, it is no wonder he should be the delight of his father, and the favourite of his neighbours. The old gentleman was perfectly wrapped up in his son, and could not look on him, without the most sensible pleasure.

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One morning, as he was in his room, he called Philander to him, and surveying him with a truly paternal affection, spoke to him as follows: "Son, you cannot be unconscious of the tender affection I have ever borne you. I am every day more and more delighted with your growing virtues, nor can I reproach you with a single act you have ever done to displease me. But now, Philander," continued he, "it is time for you to alter your condition; I mean to enter into the matrimonial state. You are now of a proper age, and, by acting as prudently in such a new scene of life, as you have hitherto done in others, I shall with pleasure see my name perpetuated, and my child happy."

Philander answered his father in the most dutiful and respectful manner he could. He told him, that he had such a true affection and esteem for him as a man, independent of his duty to him as a father, that he would obey him, whenever a fit opportunity presented itself; but hitherto he had never thought seriously of so weighty an affair. With this prudent answer Mr. Harlow was well satisfied, and then dismissed him.

Soon after this, when Philander came of age, the old gentleman gave a ball to all the neighbouring gentry. His house was gloriously illuminated with wax-lights. The bells rang for joy, and all was jollity and mirth.

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To this ball, among others, came a gentleman, whom I shall call Amicus. He had, in his youth, been a very accomplished gentleman, and bred up in the expectation of a large fortune; but it unfortunately happening that his parents had sustained great losses, he was at length obliged to retire into the country upon the small pittance which was left, being scarce sixty pounds a year.

With this, however, being an excellent œconomist, he lived very genteelly, and was respected by every body. But, as he was confined to a very narrow scene of life, he lived more like a philosopher, than a man conversant in the affairs of the world; nevertheless, his obscurity could not conceal his merit.

Amicus, had a sister in London, a widow, of a large fortune; who, being childless, had taken Celia, his daughter, and bred her up as her own. The old gentleman had been accustomed to go there every third year to see her; but as he had lately resolved against it, yet being extremely desirous of seeing Celia, he wrote for her to come to the country, and stay a few months with him.

To the ball Celia now came with her father. At her entrance all the company seemed astonished, but none more than Philander. He was as one thunder-struck. His eyes were continually upon her. Nor indeed is it to be wondered at;

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for

for the following is but a very faint description of her charms.

Her hair was of a chesnut brown,—her complexion fair;—in her countenance a sensibility appeared almost incredible; and a sweetness, whenever she smiled, which beggared all imitation or description.—Her eyes were black and sparkling,—her forehead high,—her eye-brows arched, and rather full than otherwise,—her nose a little inclining to the Roman, which gave her a look full of dignity;—a mouth on which sat every grace;—her teeth white and even;—lips not inferior to the coral in colour, or down in softness;—her neck white and beautiful;—her shape delicately fine and inexpressibly pleasing;—and over her whole form appeared irresistible charms, which entirely subdued the heart of the spectator, and gave him an inexpressible pleasure.

With these personal graces, these attractive accomplishments, we may reasonably conclude, that had they refrained their admiration, they must have been mere brutes, insensible of the powers of beauty, and unconscious of the charms of the fair sex. But there is no describing the pleasure that Philander felt in beholding her. He gazed and gazed, till his heart followed his eyes, and could not be recalled. At length, fearing the company would take notice of him, he went to Amicus, and thanked him for the honour of his company and the young lady's,
"whom,"

“whom,” continued he, “had I the happiness of knowing, I should endeavour to thank as I ought.”

Amicus told him she was his daughter, who had been bred in London under an affectionate aunt; and that he, being very desirous of seeing her, yet unwilling to go there any more, had ordered her to come to the country. Philander then entered into conversation with him on various subjects;—but his eyes and thoughts were never off the charming Celia.

The commencement of the ball now approaching, Philander begged the honour of dancing with Celia, which Amicus permitted. The young lady therefore was delivered into his hands; and Mr. Harlow coming up to her father, after mutual salutations, the old gentlemen entered into close discourse together, but on what subject I have never been able to learn with any certainty; yet, from the known disposition of old people, I apprehend it might be inveighing against the vices of the age, praising times of yore, and discoursing on politicks.

Philander, now happy in his partner, was blessed to his heart's desire. How earnestly did his eyes gaze on the fair Celia! How did they shoot forth the emanations of his soul! How did his tongue lavish encomiums on her beauty, and grow wanton on her perfections! But Celia, to whom such actions and discourse

were familiar, took but little notice of them : Not but we must suppose, such a young gentleman as Philander talked in a different style from the common-place chit-chat of our modern youths ; but Celia, whose prudence and good sense had determined her to pay no regard to any one, till he was approved of by her father, was steeled against any thing that should be said to her. Though she did not implicitly believe all that young Philander said to her, yet she could not be blind to his engaging manner of discourse ; and was as much ravished by his skill in dancing, as he could be by her's.

How short did that long evening seem to our lover ! The rapid hours flew away like flashes of lightning. He could have eternally talked to, and gazed on, the beautiful Celia.

The ball was now finished to his great regret. Amicus and his daughter soon after take their leave. With eager eyes the love-struck Philander follows his mistress.—His heart is still with her ; but, alas ! he dares not follow her.

The company being now all withdrawn, Philander, bidding his father good night, retires to his chamber, but not to sleep. Even all the live-long night he thinks on Celia, and love denies him rest. He revives in his mind all her charms, and the discreet answers she made to his discourse. These rivet him still closer to her, and he is determined to pursue her ; for
though

though external beauties may for a while fire his breast, yet the mental accomplishments with which Celia is endued, entirely ravish his soul.

How often did he wish that Phaëton would take the reins of day from the beautiful Aurora, and drive her fiery horses with more than common speed. At length the morn appeared; when, rising from his bed, his heart hurried him towards Amicus's house, without his once determining where to go.

Being now near it, he paused of a sudden:—"What am I doing?" says the youth. "Am I acting prudently, to fly to one at this early hour, whom I scarcely know, and who may probably be pre-engaged to some more happy man? Certainly, no."

After reasoning the affair pro and con for some time, love at last conquered, and he was at Amicus's door, just as his daughter and himself were at breakfast. The old gentleman asked Philander if he had breakfasted? Having answered in the negative, he was desired to sit down; and entering into a deep conversation with Amicus, he conceived a higher opinion of him than ever he had before, the reason of which, I presume, appears pretty obvious.

They had not talked a great while, before Amicus withdrew, to speak to a gentleman on particular business, which gave Philander an opportunity of declaring his passion; which he did in

such a manner, that Celia, blushing, was about to make a favourable answer, had not her father at that instant returned. For Philander did not follow the example of the modern heroes of romance; who, when left alone with their mistresses, are so awed by the excess of their passion, that their tongues cannot declare the sentiments of their hearts. Far from it. He poured out his love for her in such passionate, such eloquent expressions, as that tender passion can alone inspire its votaries with. Philander, though he had the highest respect for Amicus, yet at that time would have thought his absence much more agreeable than his company.

The gentleman and lady now resumed their discourse, and Philander had no other opportunity of shewing his love to Celia, than by his eyes. After having staid there till almost dinner-time, he returned home, though he was much pressed by Amicus to dine with him.

After a few days had passed, during which Philander revolved in his breast the insurmountable obstacles which stood in his way, in his intended, and much desired union with Celia; being no longer able to be deprived of her sight, and willing at once to declare the ardent and fixed affection he had for her, he wrote her the following letter.

DEAR

DEAR MADAM,

SINCE I had the pleasure of seeing you, I have never ceased reflecting on the many perfections you so eminently possess. Your lovely image is continually before my eyes; and the infinite superiority you maintain over the rest of your sex, has so triumphed over my heart, that I could not avoid making you this sincere declaration of it. The excess of affection, which the first moment I saw you, I could not help experiencing, was surely impossible to be concealed; for though my tongue was silent on the pleasing theme, yet my eyes, the faithful interpreters of the heart, must have informed you no less powerfully what I felt. The faint expressions I gave you of my sensations the day after, were so inadequate, that, pardon me, Madam, if I could not resist this occasion, of telling you how much I love. But here indeed I am at the greatest loss. My pen is insufficient to declare the excess of my passion: For, alas! my dearest Celia, no words can paint, no language can describe, no tongue can shadow, how much I love you. To-morrow I must do myself the pleasure of seeing you; in expectation of which happy time, I remain,

My dear Celia's

Ever faithful Lover,

PHILANDER.

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This

This letter he sent by his servant ; who, on his return told his master, he had delivered it into Celia's hand, who returned no other answer, than her compliments.

In the afternoon of the next day, he waited on her, but unfortunately for him, Amicus was at home. He was therefore obliged to talk on indifferent subjects ; and, after staying a few hours, withdrew.

Three or four times more did Philander wait on his Celia, before he had an opportunity of meeting with her alone ; but at last kind fortune favoured him. Amicus was gone to a neighbouring gentleman, who wanted to consult him in an affair of the last importance, and was not expected till the evening. This, so fortunate opportunity, Philander embraced. He threw himself at Celia's feet ; and by his every word and gesture, so powerfully evinced his love, and shewed his sincerity, that the fair one could not but believe him ; yet concealing her real sentiments as far as she could, she told him,——that she could give him no direct answer,——That their fathers should be consulted, in an affair of such importance ; and without their consent, which she much doubted, (Mr. Harlow being a gentleman of so immense a fortune), she could not on any account dispose of herself, or indeed give any kind of answer.

To this prudent speech Philander answered,—
That his love for her was so pure and refined,
that

that could she but know his sincerity, she could not be so severe to him;—That love was free, and disdained to be limited within the narrow ties of custom;—That parents could not dispose of, or alienate their children's hearts;—And that, was he but assured he was not indifferent to her, he should be happy.

With these and many other arguments, Philander so far softened his fair Celia, that at last, with a sigh infinitely softer than an Arabian breeze, she confessed a mutual love. The youth was so transported with the generous declaration, that, in the height of his ecstasy, he proposed a marriage in secret; but this the prudent maid would not consent to. She told him,——That whenever his father heard of it, as he certainly would in time, he would be so irritated, that the consequences would undoubtedly be fatal——That he might depend on her love; and, whenever a fit opportunity presented itself, she would be wholly his; but she was determined never to engage in so weighty an affair, without her father's knowledge: And as Philander's duty to his father, was as justly due as her's to Amicus, if he would reflect ever so little, he could not think of such an affair without his consent. Philander, transported with her prudence and love, tenderly embraced her. He told her that her sentiments were perfectly right; and that he would solicit his father's consent, without which he must be for ever un-

happy. In this manner did these lovers employ their time, till Amicus's arrival, shortly after which Philander withdrew.

Philander's mind was continually on the rack. He knew that he could not be happy without Celia, yet was greatly afraid his father would not consent to an union, so disproportionate in point of fortune. For some months did the youth sigh in secret for his fair; and all the pleasure he enjoyed was now and then stealing a visit to her. At length, being no longer able to endure the pain he suffered, he resolved to speak to his father, and know his doom at once;—to be superlatively happy, or completely wretched.

Going therefore to the old gentleman for that purpose, as soon as he was in his presence, his heart failed him. Thrice he endeavoured to recal his scattered thoughts, but in vain. He therefore discoursed with his father on various topics, not daring to speak on so nice a subject.

Day after day passed away, without his being able to desire his father's consent, so much afraid was he of meeting with a repulse. In the meantime, the greatest misfortune in the world happened to Amicus. A banker, in whose hands almost his whole fortune lay, was gone off, and no tidings could be heard of him. This greatly distressed him; and he was obliged to call all his reason to his aid, in order to support so terrible a stroke. But no sooner did Philander hear of this
unhappy

unhappy affair, than he sent the following letter to him, with a bank-note of two hundred pounds.

SIR,

I Have heard of your loss, and heartily sympathize with you in it. Your acceptance of the inclosed trifle, will afford me a much greater pleasure, than it can possibly give to you.

INCOGNITUS.

This benevolence threw Amicus into a most agreeable surprize. He could not conceive from whom it came, and had a great desire to know, that he might render those thanks to the worthy donor, which he merited; but all his conjectures were in vain. Celia thought, by the character, that the letter was Philander's; but the hand being disguised, she could not be certain. What an effectual method had this young gentleman taken to prevent a discovery! How greatly does such a method enhance the obligation! And, alas! how few, how very few, Philanders are there in the world!

A great many months had now, with tardy pace rolled away, since Philander had first resolved to

ask his father's consent; and so much affected was he with love's powerful grief, that his body, unable to combat with the many shocks and fatigues of his mind, was seized with a fever. Finding his health daily decreasing, he came to a resolution of asking his father's permission to marry Celia, let the consequence be what it would.

One day therefore, after dinner, when Mr. Harlow was in a more than usual good-humour, Philander discovered his love for Celia. He told his father he could not live without her, and begged him to consent to their marriage. The old gentleman had hardly patience to hear his son; and starting from his chair in a furious mood, upbraided him for his mean way of thinking, as he called it; and threatened to disinherit him if he ever mentioned it any more.

After this, Philander did not dare to speak to his father on the subject; but, in the mean time, frequently saw the lovely Celia by stealth, whom he wanted to prevail on to join in Hymen's bands privately. But this she absolutely refused.

Now day and night, times and seasons, and every thing, in short, became disagreeable to Philander. The former amiable and engaging youth, was now so melancholy, that he became a second Timon; yet did not this in the least alter the mind of Mr. Harlow. The misery of a child did not affect him; nor could he be induced to submit to the voice of reason and nature.

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But Philander, to whom now every thing and every body, except his Celia, were become indifferent, again asked his father, in the most submissive and tender terms. With his eyes suffused with tears, his heart almost broke, and his whole frame near shattered, he begged and intreated him, to give him Celia: "For without her," continued he, "I feel I cannot long survive.

To this humble intreaty, he received the same answer as before, but in more violent terms; for he swore, that the next day he would make his will, and, as his estate, was not entailed, he would give every thing away from him. Philander receiving this harsh answer, in the bitterness of his heart cried out, "Fathers have flinty hearts! No tears can move them!" With these words he retired to his room, threw himself on his bed, and gave himself up to grief and despair.

The next morning, unable to keep away from his beloved Celia, he paid her a visit; and, while he was informing her of what had happened, his servant came to him in a violent hurry, and informed him, that his father was suddenly taken with an apoplectic fit; and was so ill, that he could live but a very short time. On this information he hastened home as soon as possible: For, though his father had been lately very austere and rigorous to him, yet the generous Philander no sooner was acquainted with his father's danger, than he flew home like lightning. He found him
in

in the parlour on a couch, so excessively ill, that the physician who had arrived there before Philander, pronounced he could live but a very few hours.

Mr. Harlow, seeing his son in the room, spoke to him tenderly, and gave him good counsel for the regulation of his future conduct. "But," says he, "I charge you,"——Here he was taken of a sudden so ill, he could speak no more. Lifting him up, as well as they could, after some struggles, the poor gentleman, now on the brink of eternity, concluded; "My dear child,——my Philander,——as you value my blessing,——and every thing——that is dear to you,——I charge you——never,——oh! I am faint! never to marry,——oh!"——Here the fleeting soul now quitted the corporeal clay, and winged its flight to "that undiscovered country, from whose bourn no traveller returns."

Philander, notwithstanding his father's harshness, was much grieved at his death. He hoped he would soon have consented to the joining of their hands, whose hearts were long before united: But death, that threw his black veil over him, prevented Philander's hope, and left it altogether doubtful.

Mr. Harlow's funeral being over, Philander, after having, for decency's sake, staid a proper time, went to Amicus, and revealed to him his love for his charming daughter. Amicus was
amazed!

amazed!—"Sure, Sir," says he, "you are not in earnest!—A man of your immense fortune in love with Celia!—Can you, whom thousands would think themselves happy with, place your affections on a poor girl!"

Celia now coming in, prevented an answer; and Philander, throwing his arms round her neck, was so transported, so lost in ecstasy, that he could only pronounce—"My dear, dear Celia! now we will never part more." Amicus was astonished. He stood like the statue of surprise; but Philander, that faithful, that generous lover, now coming to himself, informed Amicus of their mutual love.

The surprise of Amicus did not as yet cease; while the lovely Celia was so transported with the continuance of his affection, who was so dear to her, that she resigned herself up to the most perfect joy.

A very few days put Philander in possession of the most lovely of her sex; and these faithful lovers (who had suffered so many uneasy sensations by the unnatural cruelty of a father, whose heart was wholly set on grandeur and riches, without once thinking love the chief ingredient of conjugal happiness) now find their constancy amply rewarded, by the lasting pleasures of virtuous and mutual love.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

ZULIMA, the daughter of Abukazan, was formed for pleasure, and finished for delight. She was tall as the towering palm, and straight as the lofty pine. Her countenance was animated with the glow of health, and her smile was as the dawn of the vernal day. Symmetry was discernible in every limb, in every gesture, grace. The hearts of the young men bounded with joy at her approach. They declared she was fairer than the sun; and even the daughters of the land confessed she was beautiful.

Yet with all her personal advantages, Zulima, though she excited admiration, could not attract esteem. She was thoughtless and volatile, fantastical and capricious, and so giddy with the intoxicating fumes of adulation, that she spent the greatest part of her time in changing the position of her vestments, and altering the arrangement of her jewels. Sometimes she braided her jetty tresses, which were black as the feathers of the raven, and turned them up under a muslin, bordered with silver and gold. Sometimes she suffered them to flow carelessly on her shoulders,
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over an azure robe, and placed new-blown roses on her forehead, which was as spacious as a full moon. Sometimes she threw a transparent veil over her, but practised a thousand arts to make it rise and fall, and discover to the enamoured gazer, teeth white as the tusk of the elephant, lips red as the ruby of Ava, cheeks tinged with the blushes of the morning, and eyes piercing as those of the eagle.

While she was reclined on a sofa, one evening, after a sultry day, under a pavilion in the garden of her father Abukazan, and lay ruminating on methods to increase her charms, and extend her conquests, she saw a thick smook rise out of the ground. It curled like a vine, and ascended like a column. While she was earnestly watching its progress, a little old man, with a beard whiter than snow, which reached to his feet, appeared before her. "Zulima," said he, "listen to the voice of instruction, and let not the accents of reproof be disregarded. I am the genius Abdaric. I behold thy beauties with delight. Be not therefore vain, for know I behold them with concern. I am come from the bottom of the earth, to teach thee wisdom, and to snatch thee from destruction. Follow my advice, and be happy. Thou vainly fanciest, unthinking Zulima, that the fame of thy beauty will be wasted to the pinnacles of Agra by the sighs of thy adorers, and that their applauses will be heard
from

from the cliffs of Taurus to the Indian ocean. Thou dost not consider, frail child of the dust, that thou art subject to the most loathsome distempers. Thou dost not consider that a leprosy may render thee an object of detestation, and that the springs of life may be poisoned by maladies innumerable. If the angel of benevolence should intercede for thee at the throne of the great Alla;—if the governor of the universe should command the clouds of sickness never to burst upon thy head;—yet no interceding angel can rescue thee from the gripe of age, and disengage thee from the talons of decrepitude. Thy love-darting eyes must lose their lustre, and grow dim with years. Thy blooming cheek must be shrivelled like autumnal leaves. Thy graceful body must be bent like the bow of the hunter. Thy admirers will then shun thee with as much caution, as they would the mouth of a famished tyger, or the jaws of a hungry crocodile. They will start from thee affrighted, as if they had felt the sting of a scorpion, or the puncture of an asp. Then wilt thou be the unhappiest of women. Thou adornest with too much solicitude thy outward form, which will perish like a garment devoured by the moth, and which will be smote by the arrows of death, as grass is levelled by the scythe of the mower, whilst thy mind, which will endure for ever, resembles the barren mountain, or the uncultivated

tivated desert.—Think, therefore, O daughter of pleasure, ere it is too late. Reflect, whilst thou art capable of reflection. I am come from the bottom of the earth to make thee wiser, better, and even more lovely.—Watch thy behaviour with the strictest vigilance, and let not the slightest signs of pride, levity, or self-admiration be perceptible in thy looks, thy actions, or thy words. Seem not to be conscious of thy charms, and they will beam forth with redoubled splendor. Forget that thou art fairer than other women, and thou wilt be the fairest among them. Be not over studious to make thy neck shine with the glossy pearls of Manar, and thy hair glitter with the diamonds of Golconda. Be neat in thy apparel. Simplicity is beyond magnificence. Loveliness wants not the aid of ornaments, but is, when unadorned, adorned the most. Do not hang over fountains for the pleasure of seeing thy image reflected in them. Such a desire can only be prompted by vanity, and ought therefore to be suppressed. Censure not thy virgin companions, because they have not the same external attractions thou art favoured with; for they may be possessed of accomplishments superior to thine, though they are not so conspicuous. Behold this talisman. View it with attention. It is the talisman of truth, made with the finest crystal, and so wonderfully constructed, that it will not only shew thee what thou

thou art, but what thou shouldst be. When thou resemblest, in every respect, the character I have drawn for thee, thou wilt appear in the most amiable light. But when any irregular passion, or any vicious inclination takes possession of thy heart, and stimulates thee to commit an unbecoming, or an immoral action, thou wilt see thyself in the most odious colours. Thou wilt be changed into a monster of ugliness. In such circumstances think on me. Repent, reform, and thou wilt be restored to thy former beauty."

When the genius had uttered the last word, he put the talisman into her hands, and instantly disappeared, with the pillar of smoke, but left a scent behind him, grateful as the evening breeze which plays among the Sabeian spices, or the fragrant gale, which flutters upon the gum-distilling trees of Arabia.

Zulima's astonishment, at the sudden appearance of the genius, deprived her of the power of speech; but the various emotions which she felt, during his address, were manifest in her countenance. When he told her that he was delighted with her person, she threw off her veil with exultation. Her eyes sparkled with joy, her bosom panted with satisfaction. But when he informed her that she was subject to the most loathsome distempers, she trembled, and grew pale. She was chilled with horror, when he talked of the gripe of age, and shuddered at the

the mention of the talons of decrepitude. When he told her she would be deserted by her admirers, as soon as she had no charms to allure them, she was torpid with amazement. But when he afterwards assured her, that she would become more beautiful by regarding his admonitions, her heart danced with rapture, and her lips quivered with ecstasy. She was somewhat disconcerted to hear him prefer plainness, neatness, and simplicity, to pomp, grandeur, and magnificence; and to hear self-admiration and censoriousness condemned by him with severity. She was convinced, however, soon after his departure, that it was necessary to follow the rules he had prescribed; for, on surveying herself in the talisman, she discovered such an alteration in her person, that she was struck with fear, and let it fall to the ground: but when she carefully took it up, with a wish that it might not be broken, she looked, on a second view, as engaging as ever. From that moment she determined to obey her monitor with punctuality; and, after having prostrated herself to implore the assistance of him who dwelleth in the third heaven, she returned to the house of her father.

When a few moons had passed away, Hamed, a young man of large possessions, and remarkable integrity, demanded Zulima for a wife. His palace dazzled the eye with its magnificence. His dress was purple enriched with gold, and
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the jewels in his turban glittered like the rays of the sun. He commanded, by inheritance, an extensive tract of land, which was cultivated like a garden. Herds innumerable lowed in his fields, and flocks without number bleated in his pastures. Yet in the midst of his riches Hamed was temperate; fifty women only had he in his *harem*. He had many personal perfections, but they were trifling compared to the beauties of his mind, which resembled an emerald of inestimable value, deposited in a golden casket.

The first view of Zulima's uncommon charms struck him at once with wonder and delight. She appeared to his ravished eyes as majestic as the cedar of Lebanon, and graceful as the tulip of Candahar. He poured forth his soul before her, called her the light of his life, and swore she was more lovely than the daughters of paradise. Zulima soon became inebriated with the homage paid to her, and imagining too hastily that she should increase his sensibility, by retarding the completion of his wishes, and quicken desire by protracting the moment of possession, urged him, by turns, to hope and to despair, by every artifice she could think of. But Hamed soon discovered, that the heart of Zulima was as deceitful as the ocean, when it is unruffled by a breeze, and that she was neither charmed by his person, nor captivated by his manners. He discovered that the voice of adulation

tion alone was music to her ears, and that she was blind to all beauties but her own. At this discovery his soul was filled with indignation. Resentment extinguished all emotions of tenderness, and drove him abruptly from her presence.

Zulima, as soon as Hamed had left her, hastened to her talisman with the rapidity of a roe, to see in what light she had appeared to him, and to embellish herself with new graces against the next interview; for as he had not mentioned his intention never to return, the hopes of fanning the flames of love with fresh allurements, made her spirits flow with unusual briskness, and her feet bound with unusual agility. But how great was her surprise, when, instead of eyes sparkling with pleasure, and cheeks glowing with expectation, she beheld in the polished crystal a monster of ugliness. Shocked at the unexpected sight, she gazed at her altered image. She gazed and was astonished. Abdaric instantaneously darted into her mind. She found, on a retrospect of her conduct, that she had encouraged the addresses of Hamed,—not out of a regard for himself,—not out of obedience to her father,—not from a desire to be happily married;——but to hear the sighs of fondness,—to have her ears regaled with the soothing strains of eulogy,—to be admired and praised,—to be flattered and adored. Her conscience smote her. She repented, and at the same

same time determined to receive Hamed with more affability, and to listen to him with more attention,—to deserve his love, and to merit his esteem. These resolutions had, in some measure, the desired effect. She saw with ecstasy her face by degrees recover its accustomed bloom. But its bloom, alas! was recovered too late; for Hamed had, during the eclipse of it, placed his affections on Zelis, the daughter of Nouradin, and friend of Zulima.

Zelis, though not so striking a beauty as Zulima, was not less engaging. Zulima shone like the sun in his meridian splendor: Zelis like the sky, tinged with its rising and departing rays. The first resembled a large edifice, full of lofty apartments, decorated with the most costly ornaments, and blazing with the united lustre of gems and gold. The last might be compared to a small plain building, executed with the utmost elegance, and adorned with the utmost simplicity. Zulima was more admired than Zelis, but Zelis was more beloved than Zulima.

Zelis had an expressiveness in her countenance, which was, like the magnet, irresistibly attracting. She was modest, gentle, affable, and unconscious of her perfections. These amiable qualities soon bound the heart of Hamed in adamant chains. He was pleased with her person, but enraptured with her mind, and had soon the satisfaction to find that Zelis viewed him with

with equal delight, loved him with equal ardour, and esteemed him with equal sincerity.

The news of their intended union flew with the swiftness of lightning to the house of Abukazan. Zulima felt a disorder she had never known before, at the receipt of this intelligence. To think that she had lost her lover was perturbation, but to think that Zelis was in possession of him, distraction.

Many hours she spent in contriving methods to recal her love, and at last fixed on a design which she executed immediately with an assurance of success. She prevailed on Cadige, an old nurse, who had attended her from her infancy, to make herself serviceable to Zelis. Zelis was pleased with her assiduity, and told Zulima she was very happy in possessing so useful a slave.

Zulima, who beheld Zelis with the eyes of a lion, when a tender kid lies bleeding at his feet, was so delighted to find that she was fallen into the toils which were spread for her, that she entreated her to keep Cadige for her own use; telling her, with an air of pleasantry, that she had won her affections, and adding, that she could not therefore offer her with so much propriety to any other person.

Cadige, in a short time, took advantage of the confidence Zelis placed in her, and endeavoured to make her contemptible in the eyes of Hamed,

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by throwing a veil over her virtues, and to weaken his attachment to her, by insinuating, with an anxious concern for his happiness, that the woman he had chosen from the rest of her sex, was of all her sex the most unworthy of his esteem.

While Cadige was thus employed, and while Zelis reflected on the coldness of her lover with tears and complaints, Zulima was full of gloomy doubts, and alarming fears. The cause of her first deviation from rectitude, by attempting to lessen Hamed's affection for Zelis, gave her many uneasy throbs; but these were agreeable sensations, compared to the piercing pangs she felt, when she reflected on the immorality of her actions. Conscious of the mischief she was perpetrating, she was pre-eminently wretched. Her mind was agitated like the sand of the desert by a whirlwind. Revenge engrossed her thoughts, banished every other idea, and eradicated every other passion. She vowed to pursue Zelis to destruction, because her importance was lessened by the desertion of Hamed, though she abhorred at the same time the baseness of her intentions. She forgot to survey herself in the talisman of truth, and Abdaric was no longer remembered by her.

One evening, while she was in this torturing situation, Cadige informed her, that by perpetually filling the ears of Hamed with the ill-health,

health, ill-nature, and ill-behaviour of Zelis, she had almost persuaded him to abandon her, and that the anguish of disappointment had greatly diminished the lustre of her charms. Zulima heard the news with alacrity; and, flushed with the hopes of triumphing over a formidable rival, began to deck herself with new ornaments. All the vivid colours of the rainbow glowed on her silky vestments. But her joy was of short duration; for, on casting her eye accidentally on the talisman, she sunk down upon her sofa without motion and without sense.

While the slave flew to procure a resuscitating medicine, the earth opened, and Abdaric appeared. Zulima heard the rustling of his beard, which sounded like the roaring of a cataract, and awaked. She was struck with awe, and endeavoured to screen herself from his penetrating looks with her veil. But that stratagem was a vain one, for with a touch of his wand it fell to the ground. She reddened with shame, and was abashed. The genius addressed her thus:—"Thou canst not conceal thyself, O daughter of the dust, from an all-seeing eye. Thou hast made use of the most criminal methods to render thyself an object of horror. I am now come to entice thee to act right, but to condemn thee for having acted wrong. Thy crimes are of so black a dye, that they cannot be punished with too much rigour. I warned thee of thy

danger, when thou stoodst tottering on the brink of a precipice. Why didst thou not follow my counsel? Know, inconsiderate Zulima, that a beautiful woman, without innocence and virtue, is like an almond-tree in winter, stript of its foliage and its fruit."

When he had uttered these words, he struck the unhappy Zulima with his wand. She instantly became a spotted serpent, and crawled upon the earth before him. Abdaric then turned to Cadige, who at this juncture arrived with the juice of a plant, which the sages of physic always administer, when the powers of reason are suspended.—"Behold," said he, "thy wretched child. Seven years shall she thus creep upon the ground, a noisome reptile in the gardens of Hamed, who now revels in his bower, completely happy in being united to Zelis, the most amiable woman in the East.

"When she can take pleasure in the felicity of others, she shall re-assume a human form. Seven years shall she continue in beauty's brightest bloom, but without one lover to soothe her pride, —one admirer to flatter her vanity. If, at the expiration of the last year, she is convinced of her past errors, and can render her mind as faultless as her person; she may then, even Zulima may then, be happy."

At the conclusion of this speech, he sunk into the earth again, which closed with a noise like
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the bursting of a cloud impregnated with sulphur.

SIR JOHN FICKLE, AND LADY CONSTANT.

NO disposition was more inclined to the tender passion, than that of Sir John Fickle; nor was there ever a disposition by nature more inconstant. He entered the world so early, as at the age of eighteen, and being the darling of Lady Fickle, his mother, he gained easy access to all the polite circles, with which so fashionable a person is always connected.

Amongst the most intimate of Lady Fickle's acquaintance was Lady Constant, whom she visited almost every day. Lady Constant was a woman of great beauty and elegance, though, in point of age, she had passed that period, which is called the bloom of the sex, wanting only a very few months to reach her thirtieth year.

The attention which she often paid young Fickle, and the compliments which she bestowed

upon his person, together with the custom of being almost continually under the burning eyes of so much beauty, soon inspired a sensation somewhat softer than common friendship. This ripened presently into a passion, and at last it broke out into a palpable declaration.

“Madam,” (said our hero, approaching her in a trembling manner) I adore you. The secret is too great to be contained any longer, and I shall certainly die, if you do not reward my passion !”

Lady Constant, whose natural good sense was meliorated and extended by a thorough knowledge of the world, treated this as the desperate effusion of a giddy stripling, whose susceptible heart yields impressively to every object that is the nearest and readiest. Yet Sir John was a conquest by no means to be thrown wantonly away, and for that reason she resolved, not to confess her gratification, but to appear indifferent.

This was a delicate business. Lady Constant, however, was equal to it. Therefore, upon Sir John's soon after repeating the declaration, and with an increased ardour, Lady Constant sighed softly, and turning her languishing eyes upon him, exclaimed, “How like a young man you talk ! How little do you know your own heart !” After this she bent her eyes downwards, and drew her fan before her face.

Sir John was not sufficiently acquainted with
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the arts of love to put a favourable construction upon this; however, as it increased her beauty, it increased his passion. By consequence, he was provoked to a warmer display of his feelings than before: "And is it possible Madam," said he, "that you can know my disorder, without a wish to cure me?"

"Lookee, Sir John (said she in reply), were I less experienced, or you less animated, I might possibly answer very differently. As matters really are, however, let a discretionary plan decide our fortune. Trust to time. Be a little more acquainted with younger persons, and fairer ones than me, before you have the rashness to fix. Your heart is yet in its teens. It may play many and strange tricks with you, before it is at an age of discretion. Don't trust it too confidently. Look about you. In the mean time treat me as a friend, and then let what will turn out, the event can be no ways fatal on either side."

At the finishing of this advice, Lady Constant, in order to manage him, gave a tender sigh, and bestowed on him one of those looks, which go into the very veins. She invited him the next day to tea. He went exactly at the hour, and yet she had company. She received him politely, but not warmly. The inexperienced Sir John took this as a certain sign of indifference. "She certainly despises both me

and my passion," said he to himself. It was, in fact, only to manage him. Sir John was piqued.

When the company was gone, Lady Constant rallied Sir John upon his dejection. "You deceived me, dear Madam," replied he. Pshaw, (said she) these ceremonies among friends!— And did you wish to have me all to yourself, Sir John? If that is the case, come to-morrow evening, and I will give orders to shut out the whole world, except Sir John Fickle!

At the end of this speech, she rivetted the bargain by another of those looks, which drove away the anger of the lover, and sent him away, after much interesting and managed conversation, as happy as possible.

But Sir John was inconstant. This little success intoxicated him; and in the next visit he discovered such fresh traits of his character to Lady Constant, that she saw he would require more management than ever. They separated, however, upon good terms, with a promise to meet the next morning. At parting, Lady Constant assumed a cold air, and deepened her courtesy even to a degree that froze Sir John.

He saw that his mistress was offended. He saw that she was a woman not to be trifled with. "If I pursue this kind of conduct (said he), I shall certainly lose her." This distracting idea sent him to Lady Constant even before the hour.

Lady

Lady Constant was not at home. Not comprehending this stroke of management, Sir John was both vexed and distressed. "'Tis all over (said he); my last folly has done my business. She will never see me again."

In this temper of mind he strolled about, without knowing where to take refuge. The playhouse struck him as a proper dissipation. He went to the play in this expectation. There, after remaining some time, without regarding either the actors or the piece, he saw a beautiful creature enter into the box where he sat, whose youth and charms reconciled him immediately to his former disappointment, and without any more ceremony, set his heart a beating for this new flame.

But he was too timid to converse with a perfect stranger; and after admiring her till the curtain dropt, he saw her get into the carriage, and was obliged to retire without any farther satisfaction. Full of anxious thoughts he went home, and after tossing about in his bed all the night, under the persuasion that he should never see his new-beloved more, he rose in the morning with the notion, that he was a very romantic sort of a fellow.

The next morning he visited the half-forgotten Lady Constant, to whom he related very frankly his adventure. Lady Constant had the address to get the better of this prepossession. She put

on more enchantments than ever. Sir John saw, in one character, a perpetual variety; for Lady Constant always suited the temper of the day.

At parting, she gently pressed his hand,—laid her cheek carelessly against his, so that, for the first time, he might kiss her lips, and he went to bed that night, in total oblivion of his fair unknown.

After this transaction, he had, in the course of two years, fifty other rambling symptoms, against the force of which Lady Constant had to combat. But she had so much novelty in herself, that she displayed every day a new set of charms.

Indeed, she had the art of assuming the beauties that last struck our rover. “Why, there is a whole world in this woman (said Sir John one day, after she had broken a fresh enchantment he had conceived for another): I must (continued he) live for ever to do her justice, or to know all her sweet accomplishments perfectly.

“Well, Lady Constant (said he quite tired of teasing her), will you accept of my hand and heart after all my follies? In marrying you, I marry all the women I ever admired; for you have all their perfections, and none of their follies.”

“Do you think so, Sir John?” said she smiling. “Well then, I will now venture to be your wife; and I will only make one condition with you. It is this. Whenever, henceforth,

forth, you are, after marriage, taken with any other woman, tell me the particular charm that strikes you, that I may at least endeavour either to imitate, or to acquire it."

This sort of conduct quite subdued our hero; and the arts of Lady Constant, in the end, perfectly managed him.

As there are, alas! but too many *Fickles* in the world, it is to be wished there were an equal number of the character of *Lady Constant*.

THE PLATONIC LOVERS:

BEING A LETTER FROM A LADY IN THE
COUNTRY TO HER FRIEND IN LONDON.

MY DEAR MELISSA,

A few days after I arrived in the country, a young lady, called Clelia, was introduced to me. As I found her infinitely more agreeable than any other of those, who came to compliment me, and indeed much

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more

more than I could have expected to meet with at such a distance from the place, which I always looked upon as the only seat of politeness, I was quite charmed with her behaviour, and she appeared no less pleased with mine.—We soon grew extremely intimate, yet not enough for her to entrust me with the secret of her heart, and it was from others that I first learned she had been for a long time deeply in love with a gentleman of a neighbouring county, whom she had never seen, and that he, with as little knowledge of her, was at least equally captivated.—I will tell you by what means.

Clelia has a very pretty genius for poetry, which, to amuse herself and friends, she exercises on every occasion.—A little copy of verses she had wrote on the innocent satisfaction of a rural life, happened to be shewn to him, and he having a great taste that way, and written several good things himself, was so much charmed with the product of this lady's brain, that he would needs employ his muse in writing a compliment on her verses.—This was presented to her by a friend of his who was acquainted with her.—The manner of this address seemed so elegant to her, that she imagined herself under a kind of obligation to return it, and, as I said before, being extremely fond of shewing her interest in Parnassus, sent him her thanks in heroics for the approbation he had testified of her poetry.—This
second

second proof of her wit and politeness, drew another epistle from him; that, an answer from her; that, from him again; and so on from one to the other, till, at last, what was meant only as gallantry, became converted into a serious admiration; and as others *look* themselves into love, they *wrote* themselves into the most violent passion that I have heard of since the days of Oroondates and Statira.—He fancies her all angel; she considers him no less than a demi-god.—The extravagant ideas they have of each other's perfections, render them diffident of their own; and as ordinary lovers are impatient for an interview, these are no less fearful of meeting.—There was the other day a great horse-race on the downs. Few persons of any note for forty miles round were absent. But Clelia, who, though before her correspondence with Cleomenes, (for so he is called) would not for half her fortune have been deprived of that pleasure, now could not be prevailed on to go, for fear of being seen by Cleomenes; and Cleomenes, though his own horse was one that ran, avoided the sport, lest he should not be able to conceal himself from Clelia.

In fine, this Platonic passion, with which they were mutually inspired, became the whole talk of the country, and as there was no disparity between them, either as to birth or fortune, many of the friends on both sides laboured to bring them into sentiments more like those of people
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of this world; but all that could be said in order to persuade them to see each other was ineffectual.—The answer that both gave was, that they were conscious of not deserving that esteem which a distant correspondence had excited, and were loth to forfeit it by a nearer acquaintance.

As Clelia now knows I am in the secret, I take the liberty of rallying her with all the severity I am capable of, on this caprice.—She takes it, however, in good part, and shews me all the letters she every day receives, with the answers she sends back.—Nothing certainly ever was more passionate on his side, more tender on her's: I tell her I would have her change her name of Clelia into that of Sappho, and that Cleomenes ought to assume that of Phaon.

I cannot help saying, that this is one of the prettiest, as well as most innocent amours I ever heard of.—Here is all the love, all the gallantry, all the amusement and eclat of the passion, without any of its pains. Both parties are satisfied and secure of their conquest. Each is contented with the possession of the other's heart, and seems to aim at no farther gratification.

Whether the coldness is real, or only affected, through an excess of timidity, I will not, however, be positive, but a plot is laid to try their constitutions more effectually, and bring them together in spite of themselves.—It will be executed

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in a few days, and as I shall be present at the scene, will not fail to give you a particular account of the success.

A CONTINUATION OF THE STORY.

I Do not wonder at your impatience to know the result of an amour so romantic as that of Clelia and Cleomenes. We, who are the denizens of dear St. James's, have but little idea of those visionary transports. What a figure would these country lovers make in the Mall! They would certainly be pointed at as creatures of another species; but I can now tell you, that there is some likelihood they will grow modern in time, if they are not already so in their hearts.—They have been in company with each other, and I do not find that this interview has been of any prejudice to what we call *love*, though it may be the overthrow of their Platonic system.

The stratagem I told you of for that purpose, was contrived in this manner.—A relation of Clelia's has lately built a fine new house, about
five

five miles from this town; some of the apartments being finished, though not yet sufficiently completed for them to inhabit, the gentleman and his wife desired Clelia, myself, and some other friends, to go one day and drink tea there, in order, as was pretended, to have our opinion of the building. This request being readily complied with, we all went on horseback. The same day a gentleman who was in the secret, and a great intimate of Cleomenes, made him a visit, and in a careless manner, as without design, asked him to take a ride that afternoon, which he having agreed to, the other led him to the place where we were.—*Here is a handsome house built here,* said he, *I am acquainted with the owner; let us go in, and see it.*—*With all my heart,* replied Cleomenes. On which they knocked at the gate, and Clelia's kinsman seeing them from the window, ran down, and persuaded them to come up and drink tea.—The friend of Cleomenes, to prevent that shy lover from suspecting there was any design in what he had done, made some excuses for the interruption, saying, he came only to look at the house as he was passing that way, and should not have made so abrupt a visit, had he known there was any company there.

In fine, they came up, and the stranger was introduced by his name, which we could perceive made Clelia give a sudden start, but she appeared much more confounded, when the friend
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of Cleomenes, who it was agreed should do all the mischief, as he could be the least suspected of design, took an occasion of addressing himself also to her by her name.—The consternation of Cleomenes at hearing it, was, I think, superior to that which Clelia had been in;—but certainly never did two people of sense look so silly as they did:—Cleomenes, on knowing he was in company with his fair correspondent, was under a necessity of saying something like what he had so often written, and Clelia was no less obliged to thank him for the many polite addresses she had received from him.—But, dear Melissa, I can give you no better idea of the behaviour of them both, than by saying it was somewhat like that celebrated, though more heightened scene in the play of Grief A-la-mode, between lord Hardy and lady Charlotte;—as sometimes the expressions they made use of were crowded and scarce intelligible, at others drawled out, with a long pause between every sentence.

You may easily suppose that, without doing violence to my feelings, I could not possibly at this juncture have refrained from laughing, and I believe each of the company was equally embarrassed.—We all kept our countenances pretty well, however, and I believe neither of the lovers had any suspicion of the deceit imposed on them.

We, who were in the plot, have had a good deal of diversion about it, though I must own it
might

might have proved of an unlucky consequence either to one or the other of them, if a liking of the *persons* had not been mutually answerable to that of the *mind*; but, thank God, no such ill accident has happened: Cleomenes thinks Clelia all that is exquisite in womankind, and Clelia allows Cleomenes to be the most agreeable man she ever saw.—I caught her the other day as I came upon her unawares, breathing out this rhapsody, which I know not if she had made herself, or had read in any of the poets:

*Less fair are orchards in their summer pride,
Adorn'd with trees on some clear river's side:
Less fair are valleys, their green mantle spread,
Or mountains with tall cedars on their head.*

Cleomenes, since this interview, and being informed of the obliging things she says of him, has gained courage enough to entreat her permission to visit her, and she, finding an additional warmth in the expressions of the letters she now receives from him, has consented to admit him.—It is not to be doubted that this passion so violent, and so long a time pent up on both sides, will shortly break out into a mutual confession,—and then there is no more to do, but away to the altar of Hymen:—Till that incident arrives, none of us dare tell either of them

how

how they have been trepanned into happiness, but the detail will serve well enough to heighten the mirth of a wedding entertainment.

THE HAPPY PAIR.

IN an extensive plain, whereon the sun first displays his resplendent beams in Persia, lived Hyftaspes and Roxana, who had an only daughter named Arpasia.

As the sublime truths of religion were their great concern, they never failed in their reverence for the Supreme Being, and worship of the great Oromazes, to whom they paid constant adoration. For their piety, blessings were showered down on them as the dew of heaven, which refreshes the verdant herb.

It was not enough that themselves alone inherited the divine favour; it was their ardent wish that their felicity might descend on their posterity. Full of affection for Arpasia, the only pledge of their mutual love, they were anxious
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to transmit their happiness to this daughter, and early taught her the regard which she owed to the deity, whom they worshipped in a consecrated grove at the rising of the sun. This, they wisely thought, would conciliate the almighty protection.

Arpasia was full of goodness. She attentively heard them recite her birth, and the wonderful mystery of her existence. Her heart overflowed with gratitude to the benign author of her being.

Day succeeded day, and the virgin was at her orisons, constant as the morning dawn, with her face towards the east. Her prayers were silent, but not in vain. The divine object of her meditation proved her watchful guardian, and secretly conducted her by the inscrutable laws of his providence.

As the place of her father's habitation was rural, only few worshippers resorted to the sacred grove. Among them was a youth named Aspares, who offered up the spiritual incense of adoration, near the spot which Arpasia had selected for herself. Hence it often happened, that they both retreated from the sacred bower at the same time, and had slight interviews with each other.

The virtue of the daughter of Hyftaspes was equalled only by her beauty. The excellence of her mind was rivalled by her external form; and

and the white robes she wore were an emblem of her innocence. Nature stamped her the model of perfection, and crown of her works.

These enchanting charms could not fail of creating an equal portion of love in the breast of Aspares, who was himself handsome, youthful and benevolent. His heart was full of tenderness, and his rudest passion love.

Noble natures only are susceptible of generous sentiments. Her lover was warmed with æthereal ardour, which heaven and Arpasia alone could inspire. He studiously improved the precious moments of her presence, hoping for an equal return of affection.

The beauteous maid was not insensible to tender emotions. These interviews began to awake the latent sparks of passion in her breast, which only needed fanning into flame.

Three moons revolved their orbs, when the Persian youth gained the entire familiarity of her he loved. His repeated offers of kindness at length excited the attention of the virgin, and inclined her to consider the person of him, who incessantly strove to please her in every thing.

She was imperceptibly brought to view his outward mien and form; and began to conceive a passion for him, the nature of which she was totally ignorant of, being till now a stranger to the power of love. The most distant prospect of his presence was to her the parent of delight. He

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was often with her in person, but never absent in idea.

Such were the natural feelings of his heart. It only remained that she should consult the will of the Deity, as the spring of all her actions. Infinite goodness and sovereign intelligence, she thought, would best direct her councils. Asparagus proposed to have revealed his passion, but she prevented him.

One morning, as she was adoring the Eternal Wisdom, and imploring his sacred council to direct her steps, she uttered the following prayer! "Almighty source of all wisdom, and fountain of knowledge, whose power is infinite, and duration uncircumscribed,—Thou author of intelligence, and sovereign of created spirits, deign to look down on thy suppliant, prostrate before thy throne. Accept the increase of adoration, and let it ascend to the dome of Heaven, to thy effulgent presence. Assist me with thine omnipotent aid, and endow me with a portion of wisdom; for thou art the eternal ruler of immensity. Grant me understanding to know thy will, and instruct me in the immutable laws of rectitude."

A profound and awful silence ensued, during which, she was filled with rapture and ecstasy; and after a short pause, a voice like thunder uttered the following words: "I am the Almighty Creator of the universe, whom thou invokest; the author of all nature, and supreme governor of immensity

menfity. My retreat is inaccessible. No one can approach me but by my works. Read the book of Nature. The characters thereof are all created beings, animal and vegetable. Read therein, and imitate, and I will prote& thee."

The voice ceafed, and Arpafia recovered from the fervour of her foul, which was increafed by the apparent prefence of the Divinity. She was totally employed in revolving the facred admonition in her mind. Not able, as yet, to comprehend the celestial oracle, fhe laid it up in the fecret repository of her heart.

In this happy ftate, time glided away unperceived. Afpares and Arpafia enjoyed unceafing ferenity, the conftant attendant on fimplicity, and grateful offspring of innocence. They both religiously perfifted in their regard for the Deity, and both continued their orifons.

At their wonted retreat from the confecrated bower, after the conclufion of a morning worfhip, in their way they paffed through a delightful garden, adorned with all the gaudy pageantry, which nature referved in her exhaustlefs ftore. Not a tree, nor flower, was wanting to pleafe the admiring eye of man. In the midft thereof was a fountain of limpid water, whole cryftal ftream, gently murmuring, feemed to join in concert with the tuneful birds, forming nature's choir. Alternate fun and fhade, enamelled lawns and fanning gales, all concurred to embellifh this celestial

lestial place, which was an emblem of the blest abodes.

The wearied sun retired to rest, before they left this terrestrial paradise. It was with extreme regret, that Arpasia quitted the lovely scene, where she at once enjoyed the presence of Aspares, and the contemplation of the various beauties of the garden. Often would she recal to mind the oracle she had heard in the consecrated grove, and then, obsequious to its injunction, read in the instructive volume of nature's works, incapable, as yet, of making a certain application of what she saw.

As night approached, she began to observe the sacred worship of the aerial throng, praising in their notes the Eternal Power that gave them being, and pouring forth the adoration of their evening song. Man, she found, was not the only being that celebrated Omnipotence. All creation seemed to join the choral theme; stars that shine, flowers that look gay and smile, and birds that chaunt their lays.

A spreading beech, in particular, engaged her silent attention, the body whereof was surrounded with woodbine, and on the top two doves, male and female, had fixed their station, echoing soft strains of love. Aspares standing near her, observed her reverie, waiting to see the event. Arpasia suddenly started and cried out, "Praise the wisdom and goodness of Oromazes."

She said no more. Rapture had stopped her speech; but she instantly ran and embraced Aspares.

pares. The youth received her with equal eagerness, curious to learn the cause of her transport. He asked the reason why she indulged such absence of thought in viewing that particular spot? To which she replied; "Let us praise and admire the Eternal Father of the universe, who hath designed to declare his sacred will and purpose. You have seen me constantly adore his perfections in the sacred grove you frequent. I there was wont to pray to the great Oromazes to protect and instruct me. After my prostration before him, and intreaty to hear my humble petition, I was answered by a voice which no mortal uttered, to consider the works of nature, and thence learn the will of its Author. I would have obeyed, but could never till now understand the command. I beheld the scene before me. On the top of the tree sat two doves, expressing unusual fondness for each other. This I thought was celestial harmony, and a lesson to me sent from the realms above. I considered the woodbine embracing the beech, and twining around it; the weaker assisted by the stronger. I was at that instant inspired to fulfil the holy precept I had received, and thus to embrace you, my protector.

I was formerly pleased to see you in the grove. I more and more desire you to be with me, and never to leave me. Wherefore am I thus pleased? I have viewed your shape, and find you the same as Hytaspes my father. I cannot pant with rap-

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ture

ture in his presence, as with you.—What can be the cause of this difference?

She spoke the language of her heart. Innocence knew no shame. The existence of modesty was founded on guilt, in the reign of the evil principle, and unknown to Arpasia. Her cheek yielded not the purple blush.

Her lover burst into ecstasy of delight, and bedewed her neck with tears of joy. He related to her the concord of the two sexes, and their reciprocal affection. “This, continued he, is the mystery of love; and these are the blessings of the bountiful author of creation to those who purely worship him.—I will never forsake you. My heart has fixed its habitation with you, and cannot, without violence, quit its pleasant dwelling.”

The gloomy reign of night succeeding, put an end to this conference. They both retired to their house, and separately related their story.

Hystaspes was elated with joy at the declaration of his daughter, and the goodness of Providence. He joined their hands at sun-rise, in the grove, with the sacred rites of the Persian worship, and completed their felicity.

Their mutual love continued uninterrupted. The eternal guardian, who watched over them, crowned their fidelity with his noblest gift,—children that were images of their own perfections.

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When they arrived at the years of maturity, they were taught never to decline from the sacred religion of nature, conspicuous in every scene. This they were taught, and this they obeyed. Rewards always meet the sons of obedience.

Aspares and Arpasia lived to enjoy the most sublime pleasure they were capable of on the stage of life, and finished their course. Nature was their parent, their instructor and their end. Death approached, and waisted them to the eternal regions of immaterial spirits, there to inherit the supreme beatitude, which they now enjoy.

RHEDI AND TIRZAH.

IN the days of the prophet Ayfa lived Rhedi, who had a very beautiful wife, whose name was Tirzah. They loved each other passionately; and one day as they were shewing each other reciprocal marks of their affection, the husband, transported with love, promised his wife, that if she died first, he would pass four-and-twenty hours weeping over her tomb; and the wife, yet more transported than the husband,

swore to him, that if he died first, she would starve herself to death, to avoid the affliction of surviving him.

It happened that the wife died first. Rhedi was extremely afflicted at her death; and, in order to discharge his promise, after having placed his wife among the dead, he laid himself down near her coffin, weeping and lamenting in a piteous manner.

While he was in this condition, the prophet Ayfa, as he was passing by, happened to see Rhedi, and said to him "Good man, why dost thou abandon thyself to such immoderate grief?"

Rhedi answered, "that he was inconsolable for the loss of a wife whom he loved, and who loved him most tenderly."

Then the prophet replied, "would it not be great joy to you to have this dear wife of your's raised from the dead?"

"Heaven," answered Rhedi, "would crown all my wishes in working this miracle for me."

"Well," says Ayfa, "have comfort; thy lively and sincere affection moves me to compassion, and I will restore thy wife to thee, with his permission who created her, and has taken her away."

Then he pronounced a prayer, and immediately Tirzah rose up, and came out of her tomb in her winding-sheet.

Rhedi, in an ecstasy at this effect of the Divine power, would have returned thanks to Ayfa; but

but the prophet told him that it was to God alone he ought to give thanks for this miracle, and then departed.

Tirzah, perceiving herself restored to life, asked how this wonderful thing was brought to pass. And when her husband had informed her, she cried out, "And is it you, then, who have snatched me from the arms of death? Ah, how my heart is penetrated with this mark of affection! I will eternally bear it in my mind. I am less affected with the pleasure of living again, than at the goodness of your loving heart, which is the cause of my new life, each moment of which I will consecrate to you, who have obtained it for me. I cannot make a better use of it."

Rhedi was charmed to hear his wife express herself in terms that discovered so much gratitude and affection. "Joy of my heart!" said he, "light of my eyes! soul of my life! Heaven, in restoring you to my wishes, intended no doubt, to cause in me the greatest joy that mortality is capable of tasting. Let us go back to our house, and be happy in the company of each other. Let us enjoy the sweets of conjugal felicity, which death had ravished from us, and has been compelled to restore to us again."

"But I do not consider," added he, "that you are not in a fit condition to be seen. You have no clothes, not so much as a castan.* I

* A woman's gown.

will go fetch you some, and return in a moment.

He had no sooner left his wife, than the son of the king of that country chanced to pass near the tomb. This young prince was not a little surprised to see a woman, wrapt up in a winding-sheet. His curiosity made him go up to her, and all his attendants followed him. Observing that she was a very beautiful woman, and that she seemed to be living, he looked on her very attentively, and even found that the sight of her produced in his heart some emotions of tenderness.

One of his officers, judging it would be agreeable, said to him, "Prince, this is a very lovely woman; if you think fit, we will carry her to the seraglio."

"With all my heart," replied the prince, "I have not one there so handsome. But ask her first if she be married; for I will not take a wife from her husband."

The officer then directed his discourse to Rhedi's wife: "Fair lady," said he, "if you are not married, you may, if you please, live with the king's son."

Tirzah, without hesitation, answered immediately, "I am a foreigner, and belong to no body."

Then one of the prince's officers pulled off his own gown, and put it upon Tirzah, who was conducted to the seraglio, where the officer's
gown

gown was taken from her, and in lieu of it they gave her a very rich apparel.

Mean while Rhedi was come back to the tomb with a caftan and other clothes. When he faw that his wife was not there, he was almoft diftracted. He wept and lamented more bitterly than before. "O heaven!" cried he, what is become of her? Did the prophet, who raifed her from the dead, reftore her to life, only to deliver her to the defires of another? Ah! if it be fo, then am I more miserable than when I bewailed her death. But how can I doubt, whether it be fo or not? Her beauty has charmed fome paffenger, who made no confcience of taking her from me."

"Tirzah!" added he, "my dear Tirzah! I will do thee juftice. I am fully perfuaded that fo long as thou hadft any ftrength left thee, thou didft bravely refift the violence that was offered thee. In what place foever, thou art, I am certain thou art in defpair, and that thou calleft on me to relieve thee. Alas! methinks I hear thy cries, which pierce me to the very foul. I will not abandon thee. I will fearch for thee all the world over, and wert thou hid in the bowels of the earth, I will find thee out."

He was as good as his word, and made fuch diligent enquiry, that he heard ſhe was in the prince's feraglio. He runs, he flies to the prince, throws himfelf at his feet, and fays to him, "O prince! you are too great a lover of juftice to

desire to detain by force what does not belong to you. You have had my wife here these three days.—I beseech you to restore her to me.”

“Fellow, have a care of what thou sayest,” answered the king’s son. “There is not in my seraglio any woman against her consent, nor even one that is married.”

“Prince,” replied Rhedi, “I advance nothing to you but what I am well assured of.”

“Hear me,” says the king’s son. I will let thee see all my wives; but I give thee notice, that if thine be not among them, it shall cost thee thy life.”

“No matter,” answered Rhedi; “you shall put me to death if you please. I consent to the condition, and yet run no hazard. I know she is in this palace, and you will see, as soon as she perceives me, how she will fly into my arms. She is the most faithful and loving wife in the world.”

“You shall be satisfied,” said the king’s son. Then he gave orders for all his wives to be brought thither, without excepting any one of them.”

They were all ordered to pass, one by one, before Rhedi, and as each of them went by, the prince asked him, “Is this she?”

Rhedi answered no, till Tirzah appeared; but then he cried out, “Ha! there she is!—that dear, dear wife, whose loss I have so much lamented.”

“Fair

"Fair lady," said the prince to Tirzah, "do you know this fellow?"

"Know him," said she: "yes, I have reason to know him. He is a robber! This is he that stripped me, and put me in the condition in which you found me. This is the detestable wretch, who, after taking from me all that I had, was going to bury me alive, that I might not accuse him before the Cady*. I demand justice of him, prince. Let him be punished according to the laws. I shall have no content nor satisfaction till he be hanged."

Rhedi was so confounded at the answer of his dear Tirzah, that he could not utter a single word. His silence and confusion made the king's son believe that he was guilty.

"Oh traitor!" cried the prince, "thou must be a villain indeed, that darrest to come to claim a lady, who not only is not thine, but whom thou wouldst have buried alive. Thou deservest that new torments should be invented to punish thee. Yet I will be satisfied to have thee only hanged. Let him be carried this minute to the gallows," added he, "and be dispatched immediately."

Rhedi was going to speak in his own defence, but the prince would not permit him. "I will not hear thee," said he. "Thou art only an

* The chief judge of the city.

impostor. I never hearken to lies. Once more, I bid you," said he to his officers, "hang him this moment. Obey me, or you shall all be hanged for him.

The officers, seeing the prince in a rage, and being much more willing that Rhedi should be hanged than themselves, laid hold of this unhappy husband, bound his hands behind him, and led him to the gallows.

Just as the executioner was going to turn him off, the prophet Ayfa appeared, and cried out to the hangman to forbear his office, because Rhedi was innocent. The respect they had for the prophet suspended the punishment. But the prince's officers, a few minutes after insisted that he should be executed. "For," said they, "our master has commanded it."

Ayfa however, told them, that he would undertake to obtain Rhedi's pardon. And, indeed, he actually went to the king's son, and had no sooner related to him the truth of the whole affair, than the young prince revoked the order he had given.——Nay, he immediately sent Tirzah to the place of execution, where she was hanged instead of her husband.

THE STORY OF ORONTES.

ORONTES was born to large possessions. But his benevolence was even greater than his affluence. By a continuance of unbounded liberality he found himself at last reduced to the most pressing necessities. The world and fortune seemed at once to forsake him. His misfortunes, however, to outward appearance, he bore like a man of sense; yet it was thought by his acquaintance that they in some measure affected his spirits. It was not long before a lady, who took a liking to him, gave him an opportunity, by marrying her, of living in a more gay and affluent manner than before. If he was displeased at the ingratitude of mankind in his indigence, his gratitude on being delivered from it heightened his passion to his wife; in short, he regarded her as that dear friend that had snatched him from distress and want, and paid her not only the affection of an husband, but the compliances of the most obliged friend. The undesigning, artless Orontes was no sooner in these agreeable circumstances again, but his friends also revived, for they only died in his adversity, and he trusted with his former simplicity, and was again de-

ceived. How shall I tell it! the designing, artful villain, Maskwell, imposed so much on the honest Orontes, that he became his^s surety for a much larger sum than he was worth. The villain having thus raised a large sum, immediately made off. The confused report of his being gone abroad was too soon confirmed to Orontes, for he was informed by a letter, that as Maskwell was gone abroad, the security of the bond devolving entirely on him, they must be excused if they very shortly called it in. What a blow was this to the generous Orontes! How unpleasing his prospect! How severe his reflection! What can he say to his wife? How shall he comfort her? How shall he tell her he has reduced her to as low circumstances as she had relieved him from? How shall he reconcile her to the change? How attempt it, when, aggravating thought! it is a change effected by his own imprudence? I had forgot to tell you, he had four children, who now occasioned as many uneasy sensations as ever they had agreeable ones.

Saluted in the morning of life as heirs to a splendid fortune, they were the joy of their parents; but the reflection of their being exposed to the storms of life, without a guide, companions of infamy and want, now distracted him. Fancy heightened all his prospects into horror. The baseness of his friend, the reproach of his acquaintance, the suddenness

denness of the change, aggravated his other circumstances into terrible ones indeed. He thought it was death to live, and therefore resolved to struggle no more. His thoughts were now taken up about the instrument that he should use, whether the rope or pistol; and as one undetermined, he prepared both, and went up to his room, where after he had fixed the noose to his mind, he wrote a letter to his wife, which he left on the table with the pistol: he then went to take one last view of his children, who were playing in the court, when accidentally one of them fell and cut himself; the unhappy Orontes immediately felt the tenderness of the father, and forgetting every thing but that it was his child, ran down immediately to his relief. The confused noise he made in running down, and the child's crying, frightened his tender wife, who ran directly up to her own room, where she expected to find her husband. But who can describe the anguish of her mind, when she found not her husband, but the rope, the pistol, and letter! Who can describe the pangs she felt upon reading! she was to become a widow; an helpless widow to four small children! The powerful workings of amazement and horror had perhaps fixed her there a monument of grief, had she not been awakened by the entrance of her husband, who came up to execute his fatal purpose! I shall not say much of the spectacle each was to the other; if the one
blushed

blushed at the discovery of the purpose, the other wept at the knowledge of it. Her anguish of mind, under the apprehension of losing him staggered his resolution. Alternately he blushed and glowed: But when she declared, that though they had lost all, she should still be happy if he lived, and that she would not survive him; that she could not bear the thoughts of the childrens losing their only guide and guardian, his heart relented, his love of life returned when he found one object in it for whom to live was valuable. His intention now appeared to him as the highest act of cruelty and ingratitude; as a cowardly intent of withdrawing himself from the sharing of those misfortunes in which he had involved his family; and as a base refusal of that aid to make them more tolerable, which perhaps he might one day be able to give. He resolved on life and application. The event answered his most sanguine expectations. His father-in-law supported him with all his credit and fortune; and having no fortune of his own to indulge the gaieties of life, as usual, he bent his mind entirely to trade; and in a few years, with unexampled industry, and untainted honour, found himself in a capacity of discharging every obligation, and of giving a handsome fortune to his children. His life, ever after, was the life of the righteous, and his latter end was like theirs. When he died, he left this laconic advice to his children; H O P E.

AGATHIAS

AGATHIAS AND MARIA.

AN AFFECTING INTERVIEW.

IN a village, not far from the metropolis of the British empire, lived a gentleman of small fortune, who had a daughter named Maria ; and the widow of a naval officer, who had a son named Agathias.

So near a neighbourhood naturally brought on an acquaintance ; and as there was but one good school in the place, Agathias and Maria were educated together.

They were both remarkable, not only for their beauty, but understanding ; and therefore it is not strange, that they became insensibly attached to each other by a reciprocal tenderness, of which they knew neither the power nor the name.

Agathias was about two years older than Maria ; and when he was about seventeen, it was thought proper that he should go to sea.

All things were, therefore, prepared for his voyage; and the ship, in which he was to sail, was commanded by his uncle. Agathias, when he went to take leave of Maria and her family, bid them adieu with great cheerfulness and good-humour, but reserved his last compliments for her. He tenderly embraced her, and seemed to have much to say, but at last quitted her, without being able to utter a word, and with such emotions as were visible to all present.

This particular was soon known to her companions, who were continually teasing her about her sweetheart; but she was more deeply interested in the subject of their mirth, than they imagined.

In a few weeks, there was a visible alteration in the appearance of poor Maria. She became pale, melancholy, and silent. Her health gradually declined, and her friends dreaded a consumption, but were not able to discover the cause.

After some months, she could not, without great difficulty, be induced to eat. She was consumed by a perpetual hectic. In a twelvemonth she was worn to a skeleton, and her melancholy increased into the most deplorable madness.

Her parents, with great reluctance, at last consented to put her into a private mad-house, where she continued three years, and was then pronounced incurable. As she could not be taken

home, and, as the expence of keeping her abroad was very great, her parents were further persuaded to remove her to Bedlam, not without some hopes of a cure from a different treatment. Here she continued five years longer, when a trifling accident first discovered the cause of her disorder.

Some of her companions, who went to see her, carried her a few sweat-meats in a paper, and this paper was found, the next day, by the woman who had the care of the ward, having these words pricked in it with a pin: "Poor Agathias! Are you in your grave? Or have you forgotten your unhappy Maria?—But she will never forget you!"

This paper the woman gave to Maria's father, who immediately conceived its full meaning, and, by ordering other pieces of paper to be often dropped in her room, and afterwards taken away, he obtained many confirmations of the purport of the first, and could no longer doubt, but that the love of Agathias had reduced his Maria to this state of extreme and hopeless misery.

Eight years had now passed, since Maria was first confined, and Agathias's mother and family had removed into a remote part of Yorkshire. Agathias had been abroad the greatest part of the time, and being now just returned, had passed his examination, and obtained a lieutenant's commission.

As

As love had not impressed the idea of Maria upon Agathias's memory so deeply as it had impressed the idea of Agathias upon Maria's, and as he had no connection with the village where she had lived, he did not, at the age of twenty-five, think much of those with whom he had been acquainted at eighteen.

Chance, however, carried him to his old neighbourhood, and then the sight of the place, where he had enjoyed the cheerful innocence of childhood, renewed a thousand ideas that were associated with it, and he could not pass by the house, where Maria's parents still lived, without enquiring after the family.

He was received by the father and mother with great courtesy, as a stranger; for time had so changed his person, that they did not know him.

When he discovered himself, the father instantly burst into tears at the recollection of his daughter's misfortune, and the mother sunk down in a swoon.

Agathias, who could not conceive the cause of the distress, which his presence had produced, stood still in great consternation, and feared to ask any question, lest he might increase it.

The father, after having a little recollected himself, attempted to account for his behaviour, but was not able. A third person, however, who happened to be present, and was well acquainted with the affair, related it to Agathias, who

who listened till pity had revived his love, and, upon a silent comparison of the pleasure which he had once shared with her, and of the misery to which she was now reduced by the same cause, the tears, almost without his knowledge, stole down his cheeks, and he stood some time silent;—then recollecting himself at once, and assuming his natural vivacity, he said to the father, “Come, Sir, I beg, that if any thing in my power can serve her, you would be comforted; —to-morrow you shall give me leave to see her.”

To this the old gentleman gladly consented; and, the next day, Agathias hastened to the cell, where he found the once blooming, sprightly beauty, sitting alone, pale and dejected, supporting her feeble body with her hands placed upon her knees, and looking with a kind of fixed insensibility upon the ground.

Agathias, after he had recovered from the first shock of such a spectacle, went to her, and, gently taking her hand, called her by her name. His voice awakened her remembrance in a moment. She instantly started from her seat. Her eyes sparkled with eagerness, and her cheeks glowed with blushes. She held him at a distance, and gazed at him with a piercing and fixed attention. Still she was silent; but he still urging her to speak, and asking if she knew him, she
at

at length fetched a deep sigh, and said, "Yes, I know you very well:—You are Agathias."

He was so moved at this incident, that he caught her in his arms, and wept over her, in an excess of fondness, uttering many tender and passionate exclamations of love and pity.

It had been remarked, that during the whole time of her confinement, the affliction of her mind had never once been relieved by tears. But now, they burst from her in a sudden and copious shower. Her look grew more expressive, and her reason seemed already to have returned.

When he went away, she asked him tenderly, if she should not see him again: And, upon his assuring her, that he would not only see her again, but would be always with her, she replied with a sigh, though with perfect composure, "Then I shall be well."

If Agathias had not been before enamoured of her beauty, he was now in love to distraction with her distress.

The next morning, he went again to the hospital, and was told that Maria had wept incessantly many hours after he had left her;—that she was then more calm and composed,—ate what was brought to her, while her guard staid with her,—and desired she might have some change of clothes, about which she had, till then, been totally indifferent.

When

When he entered her cell, and enquired how she had rested, her answer was ready and pertinent. He remained with her the whole day, and she still behaved with a modest reserve, and becoming decency, like one conscious of having been seen in a disorder, from which she was recovered.

In this manner he continued to visit her near two months, and being then convinced that no degree of her disorder remained, she was removed to a more commodious apartment:——Her health and beauty returned:——Her parents and Agathias were overjoyed at the change,——and, soon after, they were married.

They continued to live at her father's house, and, in about ten months, she brought Agathias a son, which, perhaps, was the only thing that could increase their happiness.

CASSANDRA; OR, THE HAPPY RECOVERY.

EARL DORSET was a nobleman of distinguished abilities, who had served in the reign of Edward III. King of England, and, in particular, had acquired uncommon reputation at the famous battle of Cressy.

He married an amiable lady, by whom he had an only daughter, named Cassandra, whose beauty and accomplishments gained her a crowd of admirers.

Among the several distinguished characters that resorted to the house of Earl Dorset was the Duke of Suffolk, who had for some time conceived a partiality in favour of the fair Cassandra.

He at length opened the matter to her father, who readily agreed to the match, and flew with impatience to communicate the agreeable intelligence to his beloved daughter. But what was his surprise, when he had scarce ended his speech, to find her bathed in tears, and declaring she never could consent to such an union, as she had already entertained a sincere regard for another.

Lord

Lord Dorset determined, if possible, to find out the object of her choice, and intreated of her, in the gentlest manner, to inform him who was the person she had so unluckily placed her affection upon.

After some hesitation, she acquainted him, that it was no other than a gentleman distantly related to the family, named Dudley, whom she had been acquainted with from her infancy.

Dorset was almost distracted at this intelligence. — The first step he took was to order young Dudley to quit his house immediately, and he determined to marry his daughter, at all events, to the Duke.

Cassandra flew to her mother, who loved her tenderly, and implored her, in the most pathetic terms, to dissuade her father from his intended purpose, and to give his consent to her union with Dudley.

Lady Dorset could afford her but little comfort. She endeavoured to persuade her from so rash a proceeding, but without effect; and after Dudley had seen his beloved Cassandra once more, and had vowed mutual constancy, he departed, as they supposed, for the country; but his intentions were different, and he determined not to live, without forming some project to see his beloved mistress.

For this purpose, he procured a proper disguise, and going to a convent adjoining to lord
Suf-

Suffolk's house, which he well knew Cassandra constantly frequented, he engaged himself as one of the *religious*.

This scheme succeeded, and he frequently had opportunities of seeing and conversing with his mistress.

Lord Suffolk came often to visit Cassandra, and at length told her father he fancied he was not agreeable to the lady, as he observed she had a settled melancholy in her countenance, which she strove in vain to hide.

Her father endeavoured to persuade him to the contrary, and afterwards severely reprimanded his daughter for her indifference to the Duke.

The next morning, she repaired as usual to the convent, and there found Dudley waiting. She communicated to him her father's intention of sacrificing her to the Duke in a few days, which threw him into a fit of despair; and, snatching up a sword, he would have put an end to his life, had not Cassandra prevented him, by promising never to consent to be united to another. This promise, in some degree, made him happy, and they soon after parted.

She betook herself to her apartment in the utmost agitation of mind, which had such an effect upon her, that it confined her to her room for some days.—But what was her astonishment, when lady Dorset informed her he had been discovered, and conveyed to prison, by the order

order of the King, where he was to remain, till she agreed to give her hand to Lord Suffolk.

Suffice it to say, that she remained for some months in a state of insensibility, continually calling on the name of her lover.

When her reason was somewhat restored, she resolved to offer up her prayers to the Supreme Being for the safety of the unhappy youth. For this purpose she hastened to the chapel; but as she was ascending the steps, she perceived her beloved Dudley. She was unable to utter a word, but fell lifeless in his arms.

As soon as she recovered, he acquainted her, that he had just escaped from prison, and intreated her to consent to marry him, and fly to France, or that moment should be his last.

The charming Cassandra was so perplexed between love and duty, that she did not know on what to resolve.

He resumed his intreaties, and she at length consented; and one of the brethren of the holy order joined their hands.

The next night they proceeded to a village in the West of England, and embarked for France. Cassandra little regarded the dangers of the sea. All her grief was for her father, as she had received information from a person on board, that he was already in search of her.

They had scarce lost sight of the port, when

H

a ter-

a terrible storm arose, and they expected every minute to be swallowed up by the waves.

Cassandra's grief increased. She fell continually into fainting fits, calling in vain on the name of her parents.

The storm continued some days, when they were driven upon the unknown coast of a desert island.

Dudley intreated the Captain to set them ashore, as he found the life of his beloved Cassandra to be in the most imminent danger.

The Captain complied with their request; and they wandered about a considerable way from the sea-side, when they beheld a delightful place, which seemed to yield every thing nature could afford in her highest luxury.

They remained for some time gazing on this enchanting spot. They could perceive no form like their own, or hear any thing but the bubbling fountains, and the warbling of the birds.

Dudley at length resolved to build a little hut, and there to live with his amiable mistress upon the spontaneous productions which the place produced.

After they had remained in this island for near five years, and were blessed with several pledges of their mutual love, it happened one winter's evening, when they had just retired to rest, that a dreadful hurricane arose, which desolated the fields, and tore up the trees by the roots.

They

They heard the billows roar, and the lamentations of some unfortunate people; who, had, no doubt, suffered by a wreck. Dudley and Cassandra hastened immediately to the shore, where they beheld several people lying lifeless on the sands.

The next object that presented itself was a venerable old man, stretched at the bottom of a tree, and shewing some signs of life.

Cassandra immediately ran up to him, and looking wildly on him, cried out, "My Father!" and fainted by his side.

Dudley, perceiving the distress of Cassandra, flew to her assistance, and soon discovered the stranger to be Lord Dorset, who, with his consort, had embarked in search of his daughter.

They immediately conducted him to their cabin, and, after he was somewhat recovered, he embraced his children,——but told them there was one thing still, which would for ever destroy his happiness. His beloved wife, he feared, had shared the fate of those who were swallowed up by the devouring ocean.

Cassandra was almost distracted. She intreated her husband to fly to the shore, and search after the dear object of their wishes. Dudley complied, and, after he had wandered about for some time, he saw at some distance a lady, to all appearance breathless, in the arms of a slave. He presently recollected in her face the features of Lady

Dorset. He bore her to his cabin, where she soon after recovered; and opening her eyes, and looking stedfastly on Helen and Earl Dorset, exclaimed, "Gracious heaven!—my husband alive!—and in the arms of his daughter!—She could scarce utter these words, but fainted in Dudley's arms.

When she revived, their joy was not to be described. She perceived Dudley on his knees, and tenderly embraced him and her daughter. They all four mingled their tears of joy together.

A few days after, several officers, and others of the crew, who had been preserved from the wreck, discovered the delightful abode of their noble chief. They were received, with the greatest cordiality, by Dudley, and his engaging partner.

The beauties of this charming island, which seemed to its new inhabitants another Eden, made such an impression upon the followers of Lord Dorset, that they determined to make it the place of their future abode;—and it is asserted by M. de Arnaud, a celebrated French writer, from whom the above little history is chiefly taken, that several of their descendants were found there four years afterwards, when this valuable island was discovered by the Portuguese, which, from its being covered with wood, they called Madeira.

THE FORTUNATE ESCAPE; OR, THE EN-
LIGHTENED FAIR ONE:

A FRENCH TALE.

IN the midst of a world, where vice, ingenious to disguise itself, takes a thousand seducing forms, the most happy disposition requires to be enlightened without ceasing. The more shelves there are, and the more they are hidden, the more need has the *frail bark* of innocence and happiness of a prudent pilot. What would have been, for example, the fate of Miss Troëne, if heaven had not blessed her with a mother, who was one of ten thousand.

This respectable widow had devoted to the education of an only daughter the most agreeable years of her life. These were her reflections at the age of five-and-twenty.

“ I have lost my husband. I have nothing but my daughter and myself. Shall I live for myself, or for her? The world smiles upon me, and pleases me still; but if I give myself up

to it, I abandon my daughter, and hazard her happiness and my own. Suppose that a life of dissipation and of noise has all the charms that are attributed to it, how long may I be able to taste them? How few of my years, which are rolling on, have I to pass in the world? How many in solitude and the bosom of my child? This world, which invites me now, will dismiss me soon without pity; and if my daughter should forget herself, according to my example; if she is unhappy through my negligence, what will be my comfort? Let me in good time add grace to my retreat. Let me render it as agreeable as it is honourable; and let me sacrifice to my daughter, who is every thing to me, that alien multitude, to whom in a short time I shall be nothing."

From that moment this prudent mother became the friend and companion of her daughter. But to obtain her confidence was not the work of a day.

Emily (that was the young lady's name) had received from nature a soul susceptible of the most lively impressions; and her mother, who studied it incessantly, experienced an uneasy joy on perceiving this sensibility, which does so much harm and so much good. "Happy," said she sometimes, "happy the husband whom she will love, if he is deserving of her tenderness! But woe be to him, if he humbles and shocks her.
Her

Her wounded delicacy will be the torment of them both."

A crowd of admirers, caught with the charms of the daughter, paid, according to custom, assiduous court to the mother. Of this number was the marquis de Verglan, who, to his misfortune, was endued with a very handsome figure. His glass and the ladies had so often told him so, that he could not but believe it. He listened to them with pleasure, contemplated himself with delight, smiled upon himself, and was eternally singing his own praises.

Nothing could be objected to his politeness; but it was so cold, and so slight, in comparison to the attentions with which he honoured himself, that one might clearly perceive he possessed the first place in his own esteem. He would have had without thinking on them, all the graces of nature. He spoiled them all by affecting them.

With regard to understanding, he wanted only justness, or rather reflection. Nobody would have talked better than he, if he had known what he was going to say; but it was his first care to be of an opinion contrary to that of another. Right or wrong was all one to him. He was sure of dazzling, of seducing, of persuading to whatever he would.

He knew by heart all that little toilette chit-

chat, all those pretty things which mean nothing. He never failed to get information concerning the gallant of yesterday, of to-day, of the morrow; and how many times in the year such and such a lady had changed her admirers. He even knew a *certain person* who had refused to be upon the list, and who would have supplanted all his rivals, if he had chosen to give himself the trouble.

This young coxcomb was the son of an old friend of M. du Troëne; and the widow spoke of him to her daughter with a kind of compassion. "It is a pity," said she, "that they spoil this young man." He is of a good family, and might have succeeded. He had already succeeded but too well in the heart of Emily. That which is ridiculous in the eyes of a mother, is not always so in the eyes of a daughter. Youth is indulgent to youth; and there are such things as beautiful defects.

Verglan, on his side, thought Emily tolerably handsome, only a little too plain and simple; but that might be corrected. He took but very little care to please her. But when the *first impression* is made, every thing contributes to make it deeper. The very *dissipation* of this young fop was a new attraction to Emily, as it threatened her with the danger of losing him; and nothing hastens, so much as jealousy, the progress of a growing love.

In

In giving an account of his life to Madam du Troëne, Verglan represented himself as the most desirable man in the world.

When M. du Troëne dropped a hint concerning modesty, he protested that nobody was less vain than himself;—that he knew perfectly well it was not for his own sake that they sought him;—that his birth did a great deal;—and that he owed the rest to his wit and figure, qualities which he had not given himself, and which he was far from being proud of.

The more pleasure Emily felt in seeing and hearing him, the more care she took to conceal it. A reproach from her mother would have touched her to the heart; and this delicate sensibility rendered her fearful to excess.

In the mean time, Emily's charms, with which Verglan was so faintly touched, had inspired the discreet and modest Belzors with the tenderest passion. A just way of thinking, and an upright heart, formed the basis of his character. His agreeable and open figure was still more ennobled by the high idea that was conceived of his soul; for we are naturally disposed to seek, and believe that we discover, in the *features* of a man what we know to be in his heart.

Belzors, in whom nature had been directed to virtue from his infancy, enjoyed the inestimable advantage of being able to give himself up to it without precaution and constraint. Decency,

honesty, candour, a frankness which gains confidence, together with a severity of manners which creates respect, had in him the free ease of habit.

Madam du Troëne, charmed with the character of this young man, had secretly pitched upon him, as the most deserving husband she could give her daughter. She was inexhaustible in his commendations; and while Emily applauded with the modesty of her age, Madam du Troëne mistook the ingenuous and agreeable air, which her daughter assumed towards him: for as the esteem with which Belzors inspired her was not mingled with any sentiments that she needed to conceal, Emily was quite at her ease.

It were to be wished, that she had been as free, and as tranquil with the dangerous Verglan; though the painful situation into which his presence cast her, had in a good measure the appearance of spleen. If Madam du Troëne spoke in commendation of him, Emily looked down, and kept silence. "You do not seem to me, daughter," said Madam du Troëne, "to relish those light and shining graces, on which the world lays so much stress."—"I know nothing at all of them," said Emily, blushing. The good mother concealed her joy. She thought she saw the plain and modest virtues of Belzors triumphing in Emily's heart over the little brilliant vices of Verglan, and those of his character;

till an accident, slight in appearance, but striking to an attentive and discerning mother, drew her out of this illusion.

One of Emily's accomplishments was drawing. She had chosen the delineation of *flowers*, as the most suitable to her age; for what can be more natural than to see a *rose* blow beneath the hand of *beauty*! Verglan, by a taste somewhat resembling her's, was passionately fond of flowers; and he never appeared without a nosegay, the prettiest in the world.

One day Madam du Troëne's eyes were thrown casually on Verglan's nosegay. The day after, she perceived that Emily, perhaps without thinking of it, was drawing the flowers of it. It was natural enough, that the flowers she had seen the evening before should be still present to her imagination, and come, as it were, of their own accord, to offer themselves to her pencil; but that which was not quite so natural, was the air of enthusiasm which she betrayed in drawing them. Her eyes sparkled with the fire of genius; her mouth smiled amorously at every stroke of the pencil, and a colour more animated than that of the flowers which she was endeavouring to delineate, diffused itself over her cheeks. "Are you pleased with your execution?" said the mother carelessly. "It is impossible," replied Emily, "to represent Nature well, when we have her not before our eyes." It was certain,

however, that she had never copied her more faithfully.

Some days after, Verglan came again with new flowers. Madam du Troëne, without any particularity, observed them, one after another; and, in Emily's next lesson, Verglan's nosegay was drawn again. The good mother continued her observations, and every trial confirming her suspicions, redoubled her uneasiness. "After all," said she, "I am alarmed perhaps at somewhat very innocent. Let me see, however, if she has any meaning in all this."

The studies and accomplishments of Emily were a secret to her mother's acquaintance. As she had only intended to make her relish solitude, and preserve her imagination from the dangers of meditation, and the tediousness of idleness, Madam du Troëne derived neither to herself nor daughter the least vanity from those talents, which she had cultivated with so much care. But one day when they were alone with Belzors, and the conversation turned on the great advantage of enjoying and amusing one's self; "My daughter," said Madam du Troëne, "has created herself an amusement, which she relishes more and more. I want to have you see some of her designs." Emily opened her port-folio; and Belzors, charmed, was never weary of admiration of her performances. "How soft and pure," said he, "are the pleasures of innocence!

In

In vain does vice torment itself; it will never taste the like. Is it not true, Madam, that the hour of labour passes away quick? And yet you have fixed it. See it here retraced and produced anew to your eyes. Time is never lost but to the idle." Madam du Troëne listened with a secret complacency. Emily thought his observations very sensible, but was not in the least touched by them.

Some days after, Verglan came to see them. "Do you know, Sir," says Madam du Troëne, "that my daughter has received the highest encomiums from Belzors, on her talent for drawing? I want your opinion of it." Emily, in confusion, blushed, hesitated, said that she had nothing finished by her, and beseeched her mother to wait till she should have some piece fit to be seen. She did not doubt but her mother was laying a snare for her. "Since there is a mystery in this, there is also a design," said this discerning mother. "She is afraid that Verglan may know his own flowers, and penetrate into the secret motive of the pleasure which she has taken in drawing them. My daughter loves this young fop; my fears were but too well founded."

Madam du Troëne, solicited on all sides, excused herself still on account of Emily's youth, and the resolution she had taken not to constrain her in her choice. However, this choice alarmed her. "My daughter," said she, "is going to prefer

prefer Verglan : there is, at least, room to think so ; and this young man has every quality that can render a woman unhappy. If I declare my will to Emily, if I only suffer her to have the slightest perception of it, she will make it a law to subscribe to it, without murmuring. She will marry a man whom she does not love ; and the remembrance of the man she loves will *haunt her* even in the arms of another. I know her soul. She will become the victim of her duty. But shall I ordain this grievous sacrifice ? God forbid ! No. Let her own inclination decide it. But I may direct her inclination by enlightening it, and that is the only lawful use of the authority that is given me. I am sensible of my daughter's goodness of heart, and of the justness of her sentiments. Let me supply, by the light natural to my years, the inexperience of her's. Let her see by her mother's eyes, and fancy, if possible, that she consults only her own inclination."

Every time that Verglan and Belzors met together at Madam du Troëne's, she turned the conversation on the manners, customs, and maxims of the world. She encouraged contradiction ; and, without taking any side, gave their dispositions room to display themselves. Those little adventures with which society abounds, and which entertain the idle curiosity of the circles at Paris, most commonly furnished
matter

matter for their reflections. Verglan, light, decisive, and lively, was constantly on the side of fashion. Belzors, in a more modest tone, constantly defended the cause of morality with a noble freedom.

The arrangement of Count d'Auberive with his lady was at that time the talk of the town. It was said, that after a pretty brisk quarrel, and bitter complaints on both sides, on the subject of their mutual infidelity, they agreed, that they owed each other nothing;—that they had concluded at the folly of being jealous without loving;—that d'Auberive had consented to see the Chevalier de Clange make love to his wife;—and that she had promised, on her side, to receive with the greatest politeness the Marchioness de Talbe, to whom d'Auberive paid his court;—that the peace had been ratified by a supper, and that two couple of lovers never maintained a better understanding with each other.

At this recital Verglan cried out, that nothing was wiser. “They talk of the good old times,” said he. “Let them produce an instance of the manners of our forefathers comparable to this. Formerly an instance of infidelity set a family in flames. They shut up, they beat their wives. If the husband made use of the liberty that was reserved to him, his sad and faithful half was obliged to put up with the injury, and vent her moans at home, as in an obscure prison. If she

imitated

imitated her wandering husband, it was with terrible risks. Nothing less than her lover's and her own life were at stake. They had the folly to attach the honour of the man to the virtue of his wife; and the husband, who was not the less a fine gentleman for intriguing himself, became the ridiculous object of public contempt on the first false step of his lady. Upon honour, I do not conceive how, in these barbarous ages, they had the courage to marry. The bands of hymen were then downright chains. Now-a-days, complaisance, freedom, peace, reign in the bosom of families. If the married pair love one another, so much the better. They live together, they are happy. If they cease to love they tell it like well-bred persons, and dispense with each other's promise of fidelity. They give over being lovers, and become friends. These are what I call social manners, free and easy. This makes one long to be married."

"You find it then quite easy," said Madam du Troëne, for a wife to be the confidante of her husband, and for him to be the complaisant friend of his wife?" — "To be sure, provided it be mutual. Is it not just to grant our confidence to those who honour us with theirs, and to render each other by turns the offices of friendship? Can a man have a better friend than his wife, or the wife a surer and more intimate friend than her husband? With whom shall we be free, if not with

with the person, who, from situation, is one with us? And when unfortunately we no longer find any pleasure at home, what can be better than to seek it abroad, to return each at their own time without jealousy and restraint?"

"Nothing is more pleasant," said Belzors, than this new method; but you and I have a great deal of ground to go over, before we can relish it. In the first place we must give up all love for ourselves, wife and children; we must be able to accustom ourselves to consider, without repugnance, as being one half of one's self, somebody whom we despise sufficiently to deliver up to another."

"Well," replied Verglan, "what but mere prejudices are all these scruples! What hinders us from esteeming one another, if it be settled that there is no longer any scandal in it."

"When that is settled," said Belzors, "all the ties of society are broken. Remember, my friend, that if there are no longer any sacred duties for the parents, there will no longer be any for the children. All these connections depend on each other. Family-quarrels were violent in the days of our fathers; but the mass of morals was sound, and the wound soon closed up again. At present it is a languishing body, wasting by a slow poison. On the other side, my dear Verglan, we have not now the idea of those pure and intimate pleasures, which the married pair felt amidst their family; nor of that union which
formed

formed the delight of their youth, and the consolation of their advanced years. Now-a-days, when a mother is afflicted at the dissipations of her son, or a father overwhelmed with any reverse of fortune, are they a refuge or support to each other? They are obliged to unbosom their grief abroad; and the consolation of strangers is very weak indeed."

"You talk like an oracle, my sage Belzors," said Verglan; "but who has told you that two married persons would not do best to live, and to be faithful to each other all their lives? I am only (if unfortunately this mutual liking should cease,) for their consoling each other, and settling matters amicably, without forbidding those who may have lived reciprocally from the times of our fathers, to love on still, if their hearts incline them to it."

"Ay," said Madam du Troëne, "what is there to hinder them?"—"What is there to hinder them," replied Belzors, "custom, example, the *bon ton*, the facility of living, without shame, according to their liking. Verglan will agree, that the life led in the world is agreeable, and that change is naturally pleasing. Our very weakness invites us to it. Who then will resist this inclination, if they take off the curb of morality?"

"I, I take off nothing," said Verglan; "but I am for every body's living according to their liking, and I very much approve of the course that
d'Auberive

d'Auberive and his lady have taken, to overlook on both sides what are called injuries. If they are satisfied, every body else ought to be so too."

As he finished these last words, a servant announced the Marquis d'Auberive. "Ah! Marquis, you come very opportunely," said Verglan. "Tell us, prithee, if your story be true. They say that your lady forgives you. I have maintained that nothing was more reasonable; but Belzors there condemns you without appeal."—"Why, so, pray? would not he have done as much? My wife is young and handsome; a coquette; that is quite evident. Upon the whole, however, I believe her to be very virtuous; but though she should err a little, justice ought to take place. I conceive, however, that a person more jealous than myself may condemn me. But what astonishes me is, that Belzors should be the first. I have hitherto received nothing but commendations. Nothing is more natural than my proceeding; and all the world felicitate me upon it, as on something marvellous. It looks as if they did not think I had understanding enough to take a reasonable step. Upon honour, I am quite confounded at the compliments I receive on it. As to the rigid gentlemen, I honour them sufficiently; but I live for myself. Let every one do as much, and the happiest will always be the wisest."

"Well,

"Well, how is the marchioness?" said Madam du Troëne to him, with a design of changing the subject.—"Wonderfully well, Madam. We supped together last night, and I never saw her in such good humour."—"I will lay a wager," says Verglan, that you will take her again some day."—"Faith very possibly; for but yesterday, when we got up from table, I caught myself saying tender things to her."

This first experiment made the most lively impression on Emily's understanding. Her mother, who perceived it, gave free course to her reflections; but in order to put her into the way, "it is wonderful, said she, how much opinions depend upon tempers. Here now these two young men, educated with the same care, both endued with the same principles of honesty and virtue; observe, however, how they differ from one another! and each of them believes he is in the right."

Emily's heart did its best to excuse in Verglan the fault of having defended the manners of the age. "With what levity," said she, "do they treat modesty and fidelity! How they sport with what is most sacred in nature! and Verglan gives into these irregularities! Why has he not the soul of Belzors!"

Sometime after, Emily, and her mother, being at the play, Belzors and Verglan presented themselves at their box, and Madam du Troëne invited them
both

both to take their seats there. At the catastrophe of *Nanine*,* “Oh!” said Verglan, “that is carrying the jest too far. Let Dolban love this little wench, with all my heart; but to marry her, I think, is rather too much.”——“It is a folly perhaps,” replied Belzors; “but I feel myself capable of it. When virtue and beauty are united, I can’t answer for my discretion.”——Emily was very sensible of the advantage which Belzors, in this sentiment, had over his rival.

After the play, they saw the Chevalier d’Olcet pass by in weepers. “What is the meaning of this, Chevalier?” said Verglan to him with an air of gaiety. “An old uncle, replies d’Olcet, who has been so kind as to leave me ten thousand crowns a-year.”——“Ten thousand crowns! I give you joy. This uncle was a brave old fellow. Ten thousand crowns! charming. Belzors embracing him in his turn, said to him. “Chevalier, I condole with you on his death. I know that you think too justly to conceive any unnatural joy on the occasion.”

“He has long been as a father to me,” said the Chevalier, confounded at the pleasant air he had assumed; “but he was so old, you know!”——“That is a cause for patience,” replied Belzors

* A petit piece of Voltaire; the story somewhat like Pamela.

mildly, "but not for consolation. A good relation is the best of friends; and the riches he has left you are not equal to the value of such a one."

An old uncle is but a dull kind of friend," said Verglan; "and it is a rule that every one must live in his turn. Young folks would be much to be pitied if old fellows were immortal." Belzors changed the discourse, in order to spare Verglan an humiliating reply.

At every stroke of this contrast, Emily's heart was cruelly torn. Madam du Troëne saw with joy the respectful and sensible air she assumed towards Belzors, and the cold and chagrined air with which she replied to Verglan's compliments.

In order, however, to bring about another trial, she invited them both to supper. They played at cards. Verglan and Belzors had a *tete-a-tete* at trictrac. Verglan liked nothing but high play. Belzors would play for as little as you pleased. The party was interesting. Mademoiselle du Troëne was of the number of lookers-on; and the good mother, in making her own party, kept an eye upon her daughter, to read in her countenance what passed in her heart. Fortune favoured Belzors. Emily, displeased as she was with Verglan, had too good a heart not to suffer, on seeing him engaged in a serious loss. The young coxcomb could no longer contain himself. He grew angry. He doubled the game; and before supper, he was on the point of playing upon honour.

honour. Ill-humour had seized him. He did his utmost to be merry; but the alteration of his countenance banished all joy. He perceived himself that they pitied him, and that they did not laugh at some pleasantries he endeavoured to throw out. He was humbled; and indignation would have taken place, if they had not quitted the table.

Belzors, whom neither his own good luck, nor the chagrin of his rival, had moved, was easy and modest, according to custom. They sat down again to play. Madam du Troëne, who had finished her own party, came to be present at this, extremely uneasy at the issue it might have, but desirous that it might make its impression on the soul of Emily. The success exceeded her expectation. Verglan lost more than he had to pay. His trembling hand and pale countenance expressed the trouble he wished to conceal. Belzors, with an unbounded complaisance, gave him as many opportunities of revenging himself, as he thought proper; and when, by doubling the game, he had suffered Verglan to get off for a reasonable sum, "If you please, said he, "we will stop here. I think I may fairly win as much as I was resolved to lose." So much moderation and discretion excited a murmur of applause in the company. Verglan alone appeared insensible to it, and said, on getting up, with an air of disdain, "It

"It was not worth the trouble of playing so long for."

Emily did not sleep that night; so violently was her mind agitated with what she had just seen and heard. "What a difference!" said she; and by what caprice is it that I must sigh at having been enlightened? Ought not the seduction to cease, as soon as we perceive that we are seduced? I *admire* the one, and *love* the other. What is this misunderstanding between the heart and the reason, which makes us still hold dear that which we cease to esteem?"

In the morning, she appeared according to custom at her mother's levee. "You seem strangely altered," said Madam du Troëne. — "Yes, Madam, I am very much so." — "What, have you not slept well?" — "Very little," said she, with a sigh. — "You must endeavour, however, to look handsome; for I am going to take you this morning to the Thuilleries, where all Paris is to be assembled. I used to lament that the finest garden in the world was abandoned. I am very glad it is come into fashion again."

Verglan failed not to repair thither, and Madam du Troëne retained him about her. The view of this walk had the air of enchantment. A thousand beauties in all the gaiety of dress, were seated round the basin, whose sides are decorated

rated by sculpture. The superb walk which this basin crowns was filled with young nymphs, who, by their charms and accomplishments, attracted desire after their steps.

Verglan knew them all, and smiled upon them, following them with his eyes. "Here," said he, "is Fatimé. Nothing is more tender and sensible. She lives like an angel with Cleon. He has given her twenty thousand crowns in six months. They love like two turtles. There is the celebrated Corinna. Her house is the temple of luxury. Her suppers are the most brilliant in Paris. She does the honours of them with a grace that enchants us. Do you see that fair beauty who looks so modest, and whose glances wander languishingly on every side? She has three lovers, each of whom flatters himself, that he alone is the happy man. It is a pleasure to see her amidst her adorers, distributing slight favours to each, and persuading each in their turns, that she jilts their rivals. She is a model of coquetry, and nobody deceives a set of lovers with so much address and sprightliness. She will go a great way on my word, and I have told her so." "You are in her confidence, then?" said Madam du Troëne. — "Oh, yes, they don't dissemble with me. They know me. They know very well, that they cannot impose upon me." — "And you, Belzors," said Madam du Troëne to the sensible and virtuous young man, who had joined them, are you initiated in these mysteries?" —

I

"No,

"No, Madam; I can believe that all that is very amusing; but the charm makes the danger."

Madam du Troëne observed that the modest women received, with a cold and reserved air, the smiling and familiar salute of Verglan, while they returned with an air of esteem and friendship the respectful salutation of Belzors. She rallied Verglan on this distinction, in order to make Emily perceive it. "It is true," said he, "Madam, that they behave rigidly to me in publick; but *tête-à-tête*, they make me amends for it."

On her return home with them, she received a visit from Eleonora, a young widow of uncommon beauty. Eleonora spoke of the misfortune she had sustained in losing a deserving husband. She spoke of it, with so much sensibility, candour and grace, that Madam du Troëne, Emily, and Belzors listened to her, with tears in their eyes.

"To a young, and handsome woman," said Verglan, in a gay tone, "a husband is a trifling loss, and easy to be repaired." "Not to me, Sir," replied the tender and modest Eleonora. "A husband, who honoured a wife of my age with his esteem and confidence, and whose delicate love never was tainted either by fears or jealousy, is not one of those whom we can easily replace."

"He had, I take it for granted, a fine person?" said Verglan.—"No, Sir, but his soul was beautiful." "A beautiful soul," replied Verglan, with

with a disdainful air, "a beautiful soul! He was young, at least?"—"Not at all; he was of an age wherein we are affected when we have any occasion to be so."—"But if he was neither young, nor handsome, I don't see why you should afflict yourself. Confidence, esteem, handsome treatment, attend of course an amiable woman. Nothing of that kind could have been wanting to you. Believe, me, Madam, the essential point is to suit yourself, as to age and figure, to unite the Graces with the loves, in one word, to marry a handsome man, or to preserve your liberty."—"Your advice is very gallant," replied Eleonora, "but unfortunately it is misplaced."

"There is a pretty prude!" said Verglan, as soon as she was gone.—"Prudery, Sir," replied Madam du Troëne, "is an exaggerated copy of prudence and reason; and I see nothing in Eleonora but what is plain and natural."—"For my part," said Belzors, "I think her as respectable as she is handsome."—"Respect her, Sir, respect her," resumed Verglan with vivacity; "who hinders you? She is the only person can take it ill."

"Do you know," interrupted Madam du Troëne, "who could console Eleonora? Such a man as Belzors; and if I were the confidante that he consulted on his choice, I would persuade him to think of her."

“ You do me great honour,” Madam, said Belzors, colouring; “ but Eleonora deserves a heart that is disengaged, and unhappily, mine is not so.” At these words he took his leave, quite confounded with the dismissal which he thought he had received. “ For in short,” said he, “ to invite me to pay my addresses to Eleonora, is not that giving me notice to renounce Emily? Alas! how little my heart is known to her!”

Verglan, who took it in the same sense, affected to pity his rival. He spoke of him as one of the honestest men in the world. It is a pity he is so gloomy,” said he with a tone of compassion. “ That is all they get by their virtue. They grow tiresome, and are dismissed.”

Madam du Troëne, without explaining herself, assured him, that she had not intended saying any thing disobliging to a man, for whom she had a particular esteem and regard. In the mean time Emily sat with down-cast eyes, and her blushes betrayed the agitation of her soul. Verglan, not doubting but this confusion was an emotion of joy, retired in triumph, and the day following wrote her a billet conceived in these terms.—

“ You must have thought me very romantic, beautiful Emily, in having so long spoke to you only by my eyes! Do not accuse me of an unjust diffidence. I have read your heart, and if I had only that to consult, I should be very
3
sure

sure of its answer. But you depend on a mother, and mothers have their caprices. Happily, your mother loves you, and her affection has enlightened her choice. The dismissal of Belzors apprizes me that she has determined; but your consent ought to precede her's. I wait it with the most tender impatience, and the most violent love." Emily opened this billet without knowing whence it came. She was as much offended as surprized at it, and without hesitation communicated it to her mother.

"I take very kindly of you," said Madam du Troëne, "this mark of your friendship; but I owe you in my turn confidence for confidence. Belzors has written to me. Read his letter." Emily obeyed and read: "Madam, I honour the virtue, I admire the beauty, I do justice to Eleonora; but has heaven favoured only Her? And after having adored in your image every thing that heaven has made most affecting, do you think me in a condition to follow the counsel which you have given me? I will not say to you how cruel it is. My respect stifles my complaints. If I have not the name, I have at least the sentiments of your son, and that character cannot be effaced."

Emily could not finish without the most lively emotion. Her mother pretended not to perceive it, and said to her, "There now, child, I indeed must answer these two rivals, but you must dic-

tate my answers."—"I, Madam!"—"Who else? Do they demand me in marriage? Is it my heart that I am to consult?"—"Ah! Madam, is not your will mine? Have not you the right to dispose of me?"—"You are very good, my dear; but as your own happiness is concerned, it is just that you should decide on it. These young men are both well born. Their condition and fortunes are nearly the same. See which comes up nearest to the idea you have formed of a good husband. Let us keep him, and dismiss the other."

Emily, struck, kissed her mother's hands, and bathed them with her tears. "Complete your goodness," said she to her, "by enlightening me in my choice. The more important it is, the more need have I for your advice to determine it. The husband whom my mother shall choose for me, shall be dear to me. My heart dares promise that."

"No, my dear, there is no loving out of mere duty, and you know better than myself the man who is likely to make you happy. If you are not so, I will console you. I would readily share your sorrows, but I would not be the cause of them. Come, I take pen in hand, I am going to write; you need but to dictate."

Imagine the trouble, the confusion, the moving situation of Emily. Trembling by the side of this tender mother, one hand on her eyes, and the

the other on her *heart*, she essayed in vain to obey her. Her voice expired on her lips.

“Well,” said the mother, “to which of the two are we to return an answer? Make an end, or I shall grow impatient.”——“To Verglan,” said Emily, with a feeble and faltering voice.—“To Verglan; be it so: what shall I say to him?”

“It is impossible, Sir, that a man, so necessary to society as yourself, should renounce it to live in the bosom of his family. My Emily has not qualities sufficient to indemnify you for the sacrifices which she would require. Continue to embellish the world; for it is for that you are made.”

“Is this all?”——“Yes, Madam.”——“And what shall we say to Belzors?” Emily continued to dictate with somewhat more confidence.

“To deem you worthy of a woman as virtuous as handsome, was not, Sir, to forbid you to make a choice which interests me as much as it does me honour. It was even to encourage you. Your modesty has reversed things, and you have been unjust both to yourself and to me. Come, and learn to judge better of the intentions of a good mother. I dispose of the heart of my daughter, and I esteem none in the world more than yourself.”

“Come hither, my child, that I may embrace you,” cried Madam du Troène. “You fulfil the wishes of your mother, and you could not have said better, though you had consulted my heart.”

Belzors hastened to them quite beside himself with joy. Never was marriage more applauded. Never was marriage more fortunate.

AN EPISTLE TO A LADY ON FALSE DELICACY
IN MATTERS OF LOVE.

NOTHING ever surprised me so much, my dear Celia, as to hear that my conduct, which, thank heaven, has always escaped the tongue of malice, should, at last, be censured with such cruelty in all companies by a friend; who, in case of any attack that way, I should have expected would have defended it. But it seems I am now unworthy the regard of Celia, and that I have forfeited all pretensions to her love, or esteem.—And why? Because I have not been ashamed to confess an affection for a man of sense and honour; and to whom, with my parents approbation, I am in a few days to be united by the most sacred and indissoluble bonds!—No;—but you say, I ought to seem averse,—pretend I was forced into marriage by my father's positive command,

command, or, at least, that it was merely in compassion to the sufferings of my lover, and to *save his life*, that I had let myself be prevailed on to give him my hand; that to own an inclination for him had any share in my consent, is monstrous!—abominable—a piece of impudence, which you are amazed I could be guilty of.

Indeed, *Celia*, these are hard words, yet they do not make me blush, either with shame or anger. I rather contemn them, as the dictates of a *false delicacy*, I will not say of a *false modesty*; though some, perhaps, who hear you talk in this manner, may have the ill nature to ascribe it to that motive.

For my part, I always thought, nor can I be easily brought to change my opinion in this point, that the most tender love and friendship ought to precede the marriage rites; that both parties should be, as much as possible, acquainted with each others hearts; and all suspicion of indifference on either side entirely removed.

What idea can a man have of future happiness with a woman, who, while he is preparing to lead her to the altar, affects an insensibility either of his love, or merits? And how awkwardly will that soft compliance, which is the duty of a wife, sit on her, who till she became so, has accustomed herself to treat him, who is now her husband, only with coldness and disdain?

In the beginning of courtship, I confess, a woman can scarcely be too much reserved.

Whatever inclination she finds *rising* in her heart, should be carefully restrained from breaking out in any word or action, which might convert his hope of gaining her into an assurance of doing so.—Many men are false and wavering. It is perseverance that tries sincerity. But when a long series of unquestionable proofs have convinced her of his worth, and she is determined to give herself to him, it is both ungenerous and impolitic to conceal from him the motives on which she yields.

I knew a lady once, who was courted by a gentleman every way deserving of her, and who loved her with a most perfect tenderness. She had at least an equal degree of love for him; but concealed it under airs so coquettish, that, despairing of ever bringing her to a settled resolution, he quitted her, and sought a cure for his hopeless passion in absence.—She raved at his inconstancy; but every one else approved of his conduct. And to her other mortification she had that added, of being wholly unpitied.

Let this example, *Celia*, be a warning to you.—I think no loss greater than that of a deserving lover, and shall never risk my future happiness, for the sake of a short-lived triumph over a heart, which I have reason to believe is devoted to me.

HILARIS AND SPECIOSA;

OR, MAGNANIMITY AND CHEERFULNESS EX-
EMPLIFIED.

WHEN Hilaris was an infant, the negligence of his nurse marked him with the curvature of deformity, and superinduced a sickly constitution, its natural consequence. His father died, while Hilaris was yet at school, of an intemperance occasioned by wetting a commission, in the purchase of which he had exhausted his estate. As he possessed all the military prejudices for flat backs and fine figures, he held his son in necessary dislike, and had designed him, contemptuously, for a parson. Hilaris was therefore disposed rather to consider his father's death as an emancipation from parental despotism, than as an irreparable misfortune.

Hilaris was gifted with lively parts, which he had cultivated as far as opportunity permitted. He was so fortunate too, as to be in constant possession of that happy state of nerves, which is meant by good spirits; accompanied with which, no calamity can be insufferably grievous, and without which, affluence, influence, and health itself, are petty enjoyments.

The undismayed youth collects then the wreck of his fortune, and comes to town full of hopes, in order to solicit personally his pretensions with his father's great friends.

After experiencing, for a patience-killing time, the difficulty of access, the tedious attendance, the pompous *accueil*, and the ineffectual promises, that are become no inconsiderable part of the business of greatness, Hilaris was glad to accept of a pair of colours in a newly raised regiment. He joined this corps, a sanguine candidate for preferment and glory. Not discountenanced by his approximation to deformity, he remembered that Cocles and Hannibal were blinkards, and, which was still more to his purpose, that Richard the Third, and the Third William were crook-backed. Unluckily, this regiment misbehaved so much in its noviciate, in conjunction with other raw troops, that it was judged expedient to break one corps by way of terrific example; and the lot fell on that to which Hilaris belonged.

Hilaris, though by no means particularly faulty, applied for permission to serve out the remainder of the campaign, as a volunteer, in an old regiment of horse. The day of general action now arrives; the squadrons form the dreadful line; the troopers put on their serious countenances; the trumpets play undistinguishable tunes; and the hostile artillery presently entertained the brigade with a spirited cannonade. Hilaris's left hand-man, in a short time lost his horse. The
soldier,

soldier on his right hand, soon after lost his head. Hilaris, however, suppresses his apprehensions, and manfully maintains the rank, till the bound of a ricochet-ball smashes his arm in pieces. Then he is carried into the rear, and the surgeons, before he well knows what they are about, inspect, condemn, and amputate it. He returns home, in cheerful expectation of an honourable reward, and with great difficulty gets appointed a lieutenant in an independent company of invalids, and is tied down to perform, for life, the moping rotation of Sheerness, Upnor, and Tilbury. Hilaris's constancy was not proof against such duty. He desired leave to resign, and was once in his life readily gratified.

Having now nothing else to do, he fell in love. The object of this passion was not respectable on account of her family, breeding, or riches; but she was confessedly handsome, and *appeared* good-natured. Hilaris marries her in a hurry, and conveys his prize to a cottage, there to live luxuriously on love.

The spouse of Hilaris had neither an enthusiastic, nor constitutional attachment to him. She had married him to become a gentlewoman, of which condition the frugality he was obliged to observe admitted her to enjoy very few of the privileges. Speciosa had therefore no other comfort left but to give way, without regard to his consequential unhappiness, to the natural bent
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of her uncivilized temper. She gradually laid aside all submission, all condescension, all compliance. She exerted an exclusive power in most branches of their *menage*, litigated an equality in every other, and, when she could find no personal cause of quarrel, engaged him heroically as champion for her sex. She assumed a new look, she altered the soft tone of her voice, she *maundered* in a dialect of her own. She warned away Hilaris's favourite servants; she affronted away his friends; she stunned him with a *din* of weeks; she spoke nothing for days; in a word, she *bespewed* him.

The hapless lover was all astonishment at first, and endeavoured unsuccessfully to reason or fondle his wife into another conduct. He then submitted to his torture, with varying degrees of patience, as long as any remains of fondness yet throbbed in his heart.

But he was at last worried into so cordial a hatred of her, as to buy a separation at the price of the better part of his small income; declaring at the same time, that, "though he had made an extravagant, yet was it an important purchase; for he could now eat a meal in peace, and sleep for the future in the *middle* of his own bed."

By this abridgment of his finances, Hilaris was entirely disabled from living at his ease in this opulent nation; and very judiciously turned his eyes on an object to which all Englishmen in similar circumstances

circumstances could then direct their views with the most promising prospect of success. Though incapacitated to remain in England, he determined, notwithstanding, to live under English government. Though disqualified for mixing with *cockneys*, he resolved to consort with Britons.

Having pitched therefore on a province, whose climate and produce suited his constitution and plan, Hilaris equipped and provided himself accordingly, crossed the Atlantic, and applied to the administration of a North-American colony, for the proportion of land his substance entitled him to.

But his ill-luck pursued him hither; for the governor of this province, through whatever incitement or caprice, conceived a dislike to Hilaris, and set himself in evident opposition to his interests; in which he was seconded diligently by his dirty creatures.

Hilaris, considering himself still on English ground, and not aware of his being in the power of a petty Phalaris, who every day did what a King of England never dares do, impolitically widened the breach by public complaints and private threats, until he determined his excellency to get rid of so troublesome a subject, in a legal manner.

Returning home one evening the new colonist found his house beset by a mob, and the officers of justice in possession; who informed him they
were

were there by virtue of a search-warrant, to look for a negro that he had stolen, whom they accordingly soon produced, to the surprize and terror of Hilaris; who had, however, presence of mind enough to tell them, "that it was very easy for those who hid to find."

The same night a provincial, commiserating the incautious innocence of Hilaris, came secretly, and advised him not to neglect to enter himself a passenger in a schooner that would sail at day-break for England, or he would the next day be held to bail on an action brought against him for large damages by the proprietor of the negro, which had been conveyed into his house, or be imprisoned, perhaps, on a charge of felony at the suit of the crown.

The affrighted settler did not hesitate about embracing this salutary counsel. He precipitated himself aboard the ship, saw with delight the inhospitable shore astern, and made the port of London,—less concerned for his disappointment, and the diminution of his effects, than overjoyed at his escape from ignominy, and setting his foot once more on a land of liberty.

Hilaris afterward formed a succession of schemes, of which the major part proved impracticable, and the rest unsuccessful. Whilst he was thus occupied, distress imperceptibly advanced upon him. His debts daily increasing, and his credit diminishing, he was at last arrested
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for a sum he could not readily bail, by a tradesman who was worth a *plumb*, and had always made a liberal *self-allowance* in the price of his goods for bad debts.

He has now been years in jail, where the curiosity of an old acquaintance lately carried him to visit Hilaris. He surprised him at chess in the triumph of victory, after a well-contested game, and laid hold of the occasion to compliment him on his spirits. Hilaris turned upon him, rivetted a transfixing eye on his face, adjusted the folds of his tattered night-gown, erected the curve of his body, then extended in pathetic action his single arm, and with a pitch of voice little less than theatric, harangued him as follows :

“ Numberless volumes have been written,” said Hilaris, “ in order to prove this *dusky* truth, that human pleasures are unsatisfactory ; with good intention, doubtless, and possibly with some effect. But surely it were as laudable to apprise mankind of what is comfortably, and equally true, that their miseries are not insupportable.

The fictitious and assumed griefs of men would often justify the laughter of a Democritus.”

“ *In pitying love we but our weakness show,
And wild ambition well deserves its woe.*”

“ Even

" Even the real, and severest evils of humanity are not insuperable to a magnanimous patience. You look on me, Sir, I know, as consummate in wretchedness. Indigent as I am, in a land of opulence, and imprisoned in a region of liberty, yet can I very easily imagine more intense hardships than any I endure. I can conceive an unfortunate fellow-creature turned into the uncompassionate street to starve, or driven on the highway by irresistible hunger, unsupported, unassisted, unconnected; to whom a jail itself would be an asylum;

" To whom the hell I suffer seems a heaven."

" Here I may amuse myself with meditation, and with study. I can here converse with scholars and gentlemen, who arrive in increasing multitudes; (shame on the obdurate impolicy which finds them no subsisting employment!) and the most appalling spectre that my disturbed imagination can at this time present to me, is that of a *restless creditor* mischievously armed with the *compulsive clause*."

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THE LADY OF THE CAVE.

I Suppose by this time, my dear Arabella, you begin to imagine that the gay sylvan scenes of Hertfordshire, have made me forgetful of every thing I left behind me in London; but I do assure you, though I have been very much taken up in a way, perhaps, you little think of, that of doing good in my generation, I should not have been here ten whole days without writing, had it been in my power to have entertained you with any other subject, than one which I know is the most disagreeable of any.—In fine, I have seen you too much alarmed at every story which has been told of apparitions, to send you an account of one from the country. But as the danger is over, and I can now affirm, that a spirit, which has made a great noise here, is found to be real flesh and blood, I may venture to give you the narrative, not only as an amusement, but also as I am in hopes it may contribute to rid you of those vain apprehensions, by shewing on what slight foundations, tales of this nature are generally built.

On my arrival in the country, I found the common people in great terror, on account of
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an apparition, which they told me appeared, even at noon day, in Broxbon wood.—This spirit, they said, had the form of a woman, was in white robes, and sometimes seemed to glitter all over like a star.—They added, that while at a distance, she only glided along very slow between the trees of that thick forest, but when any person had courage to go nearer to her, moved much faster, and by degrees vanished. As she had never been seen in any other place, they gave her the name of the *White devil of Broxbon wood*.

As the only way to the next market town was through the wood, it was not without great difficulty, that any of the servants could be prevailed upon to go for provisions. Some even chose to lose their places, rather than hazard encountering the *white devil*.

In a word, the story was so well attested, and by such numbers, that my uncle himself, though a man the farthest in the world from superstition, told me he knew not well what to think of it, and wished he were able to walk out, in order to form a better judgment.—For my part, I could not forbear laughing at the whole, and urged that it was certainly either a woman, who lived on the other side the wood, and came to indulge her melancholy in that solitary recess, or one who walked there with design to impose on weak minds, and divert herself at
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the expence of their credulity.—To which he replied, that the latter of these suggestions might probably be right; but as to the former, he had been at the pains of sending to all the gentlemen's seats near that place, and was well assured there was no person in any of them, that amused herself in that manner; but, on the contrary, many on the other side the wood had also seen it, and were equally terrified and amazed.

All this would not persuade me to believe any thing of the matter, and having been used to walk frequently in this wood whenever I came to my uncle's, I would not now deny myself that pleasure, though much I found was said of my presumption in so doing.—But I was obliged to exert all my authority to get my maid along with me, the stories she had been told having rendered her as much a coward as the most timid of them all.—She durst not, however, absolutely refuse, and so followed me. But though we went a considerable way into this formidable place, even much farther than I had ever done before in my life, we met no ghost, nor any thing to justify the accounts which had been given us of one; so that she began to assume resolution enough, not only to attend me cheerfully the next time we walked, but also to rally those who still persisted in their belief.

It was either the third or fourth day, I cannot be positive which, that we were rambling

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as usual, when happening to have forgot my snuff-box, I sent her back to fetch it, promising, at the same time, that I would not quit the place she left me in, till her return. She obeyed, though I could perceive with a reluctance, which some remains of fear occasioned in her; and I sat down at the foot of a large oak, in one of the thickest parts of the wood. I had not been in this posture above six minutes, before I was surprised with the sound of a very sweet and harmonious voice, singing at some distance, yet near enough for me to hear the words, which were these:

*Give me love, and liberty :
From an iron grate,
And the man I hate,
Dear fortune, set me free.*

On this I turned my head, and plainly enough discerned through the branches of the trees, somewhat that appeared like a woman, and habited, as they had said, in white garments, which seemed to flow loose in the wind. Her back was towards me, and she seemed moving farther, but in a quite careless degagee manner, and still continued singing:—As I doubted not but this was the apparition so much talked of, I resolved to find the truth, if possible.—*If it be ghost,* said I to myself, *it is certainly a very harmless,*
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merry one.—I do not tell you, however, that I did not feel some little palpitation, but I got the better of it; and rising with as little noise as I could, went in the same tract the *white thing* (for I knew not what to call it) pushed on before me.—It was when I first got up, as I said before, at a good distance from me, but upon the rustling my clothes made among the shrubs, as I suppose, it left off singing, and moved considerably faster, as the people affirmed it always did at the approach of any one. At length it ran with so much swiftness, that I was obliged to do so too, or I must have soon lost sight of it, and then I might have imagined with others, that it had the power of becoming invisible whenever it pleased.—My feet, however, were nimble enough to enable my eyes to pursue it quite out of the wood, into a great wide common, where, on coming to a pretty high hill, it escaped me, on the other side; but fully persuaded in my mind that I should recover it again, as soon as I got over the present impediment which barred my view, I redoubled the race I had taken.—But here I found myself deceived.—I easily ascended this mount, which commanded the whole common, but neither saw what I was in chase of, nor any house, hut, grove, nor even thicket, where any creature could be concealed. This indeed alarmed me. Loth I was to think the figure I had seen was any thing more than

than mortal, yet could conceive no natural means by which it should elude my sight, in such an instant, for at most I could not have been, during the whole pursuit, more than fifty yards behind.—I descended slowly, still throwing my eyes from side to side, though now without hope of recovering what I had lost, when as I was deeply musing on this adventure, I was struck on a sudden with somewhat that looked like smoke, coming out of the side of the hill I had just come over.—On which I drew nearer, and found it was so indeed, and that near the hole whence it proceeded, there was an opening cut out of the earth, which seemed as if a passage to some subterranean cavern.—You will allow I had good courage to attempt exploring the secrets of such a place, yet did I venture to go in, though it was so low at the entrance, that I was obliged to stoop almost double.—As I advanced a few paces, I found it, however, somewhat more lofty, and I proceeded for I believe three times the length of myself, till I came into a pretty wide place, but would have been entirely dark, only for a lamp which burned at one corner of it, and which plainly discovered to me the form I had pursued, sitting just opposite to me, and a woman holding a basin to her, in which she was washing her hands.—The light was so disposed, that she could not avoid seeing me, and starting up, came forward in a good deal
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of confusion.—Indeed I was in little less, but stammered out as handsome an apology as I could for my intrusion. By the time I had done speaking, she had recovered herself enough to reply, “*Though (said she in the most obliging accents) I neither desire nor could expect any guests in a place such as this, where I flattered myself with being effectually hid from all the world, yet as you are of my own sex, and have the appearance of one who will be far from doing me a prejudice, such welcome as is in my power to give, you may command.*” With these words she took me by the hand, and in the most polite manner led me to a seat, ordering her attendant at the same time to get more light.

Her commands were no sooner given than obeyed. Two large candles were immediately lighted, and I had a full prospect of every thing about me; but the lady herself for a time engrossed my attention too much to regard any thing beside. She was not what one may call a perfect beauty, but yet much more lovely than many I have seen who are celebrated for such.—Her age seemed not to exceed eighteen, and, as I was afterwards informed, she had not yet attained to that; but she was tall, admirably well-shaped, had a fine complexion, and somewhat of an uncommon vivacity in her eyes, which gave a lustre to her whole frame.—She had on a robe de chambre, of white lustring, shot

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with silver, which doubtless it was that had acquired her the name of the *white devil*, and also made those who happened to see her in the sunshine say, she had the glitter of a star.—I could not help smiling at the thoughts of what had been told me; which she taking notice of, I frankly related to her the rumours her appearance had occasioned, the fright the country people were in, and all the motives of that curiosity, she had been so good to pardon.—She laughed excessively at it, but assured me that though she ought to be sorry for having been the cause of so much terror and confusion, yet it would be impossible for her to regret it very much, if good-nature would excite me to a continuance of those visits my curiosity had begun; *and to engage you to this act of compassion*, pursued she, *I must entreat you to believe no dishonourable action, nor even the view of any, has made me seek a shelter in this cave.*—I replied, that they must have a very small share of penetration, who needed the testimony of her words, for what her appearance alone was a sufficient proof.

After some few civilities of this sort, I would have taken my leave, but she desired, as it was the hour for tea, I would give her the pleasure of my company.—I must confess I was a little startled at the name of *tea*; for I could not imagine by what magic art any such thing could be prepared in the place we were;
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for I will now acquaint you with the furniture of it.—There was neither grate, chair, nor table; hoops of osier twisted together, somewhat like the wicker of which baskets are made, laid cross-ways, one above another, supporting a long piece of board, from one end of the cave to the other, served as a bench, and was what we both were seated upon. An old tub, turned the bottom upwards, supplied the place of a table, and that fire, the smoke of which had been my director, was contained between two little piles of broken bricks.—The candles, which were lighted up at my approach, were stuck in pieces of clay, with holes in them, and made flat at the bottom.—A great cupboard, that seemed of the same age with Noah's ark, with two bundles rolled up, and disposed in different angles, which, as I afterwards understood, were the beds on which the family reposed, completed all the moveables of the apartment.—Yet, notwithstanding this wretched appearance, we had our tea served very elegantly.——The maid brought a decanter, with water clear as the crystal that enclosed it, and having set it on the fire, laid a clean damask napkin over the tub-table, and placed a tea-pot, two cups and saucers, with a flop-bason of as fine china as I ever saw.—This done, she fetched from the antique cupboard a tea-chest, richly inlaid with mother of pearl and amber, out of which she took a silver

canister, and gold spoons.—We had also exceeding good cake; but the plate in which it was presented, was not at all of a piece with the rest of the equipage; it was of coarse earthen ware, and had the misfortune to have lost more than one half the brim.

So many contradictions joined to make an oddity which I could not imagine a possibility of accounting for.—The young lady easily saw into my thoughts, and as soon as our repast was ended, told me she would not deprive me any longer of the light of the sun, but attend me, if I would give her leave, into the upper-world. I own the proposal was very agreeable to me, and we walked together till we came to a grove, formed by the hand of nature, and more beautiful than art could have made it; there we sat down, and after ushering in what she was about to say, with some compliments on the motives which this first interview had given her, of a perfect confidence in my sincerity, unfolded the whole mystery of her retirement, and all that had so much surprised me in beholding.

She told me she was the daughter of Sir G. M. by whom she was promised in her infancy to Lord H—, but that as she grew up, she could not be prevailed upon to entertain any sentiments, but those of an implacable aversion for her intended bridegroom.—That she had endeavoured, by prayers and tears, not only to her father, but
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also by declaring her hatred to himself, to convince both, of the miseries such an union must produce; but all without the least effect.—Her father found an advantage to his family by the match, and was obstinate in his resolution; nor would Lord H—, recede from his pretensions, either because he really loved her, or that his pride would not suffer him to be disappointed in a thing every body supposed him certain of possessing.—As she was now looked upon of sufficient years, the wedding-day was appointed, and she saw the preparations making for it, with a horror which determined her to run all hazards, rather than it should be completed.—Finding no way to avoid it, but to quit her father's house, she resolved on doing so; but to whom to have recourse she knew not, not daring to go to any of her friends or kindred, as she was certain search would be made for her in every house which could be suspected to give her shelter.—In this distress she communicated all to her woman, who told her she had a kinsman in Hertfordshire, who had indeed but an ordinary habitation, yet such a one as might conceal her till the search should be entirely over, and she might then repair to such of her relations who had the most influence over her father, in order to bring about a reconciliation.—Never, said she, had I known so much transport, as this proposal gave me.—We set immediately about pack-

ing up a little bundle of linen, and some few necessaries, which I thought the mean place I was going to would not be able to supply me with; and the next morning, by day-break, got out of the house, without being seen by any of the family, and came down in the Hertford stage.—Her kinsman, she told me, lived within two small miles of that town, which we easily walked; but how greatly was I disappointed, when, being arrived, we were told that his goods had long ago been seized for rent; that he had been turned out of his house, with all his family; and that, nobody caring to receive them on account of their poverty, he had been obliged to dig himself a cave, where he soon after died of grief, but that his wife still lived in the same place: they then directed us, continued she, to the cave where you found me, which I thought it better to content myself with, than to go to any inn, where I might have been seen by some one who had known me; and my servant had no acquaintance, besides this poor widow, in all these parts.—She added, that it was a fortnight since she came, and did not dare to quit it as yet.

After thanking her for the confidence she reposed in me, I asked her several questions concerning her manner of life, and what she did for provisions? To which she replied, that the widow went every day to Ware, and brought her in wherewith to support nature, which was all she

she desired, or could expect while in her state of exile.

She gave me this detail with so much cheerfulness, and interspersed it with so many pleasantries, that it was easy to see her misfortunes had not consumed her spirits. It growing towards sun-set, when she had finished, I was obliged to take my leave, but not without a promise of meeting her, the next morning in the same grove.

You may imagine, dear Arabella, with how much triumph of mind I came home, on account of the discovery I had made of the supposed spirit.—I found my poor Abigail at the edge of the wood, with two or three of my uncle's servants, who had been sent in quest of me, after she had missed me at the place I had ordered her to come to.—They doubted not but the spirit had run away with me; but my uncle and aunt were in pain, lest some other ill accident had befallen me.—My appearance, however, made all things easy, and I related the whole story, in the same manner I have done to you, only concealed the names and quality of the persons concerned, from all but my uncle and aunt, whose discretion I too well knew to make a doubt of, or that they would not do as I earnestly wished in my heart, which was to invite this distressed young lady to their house. I had no sooner finished my narration, than they cried out both together, *Why,*

*niece, did you not bring her from that wretched place?—*I told them, it was a liberty I would not presume to take, but since they had given me authority, I would let her know the favour they intended her, the next day.

To conclude; I obeyed their commands, and the dictates of my own inclination.—She is now with us.—I am quite charmed with my new friend;—she seems no less so with me; and if she thinks I have done her any service, in removing her from so incommodious a situation, I know myself well repaid in her polite and agreeable conversation.—My aunt is equally pleased with her, and my uncle takes so much part in her distress, that (though he is still very lame) he resolves to go to London, some day this week, and try how far her father's humanity can be wrought on to break off the intended marriage; for on no other terms does she desire a reconciliation, but will sooner forego all the hopes to which her birth entitles her, and get her bread by service, than ever yield to become the wife of the Lord H—.

As soon as I know the success of this negotiation, I will not fail to communicate it to you; in the mean time I flatter myself you will take this as a sufficient excuse for my long silence.

THE SAME SUBJECT CONTINUED.

THE concern you express for our young guest, and impatience for the sequel of her adventures, is so great a proof of your good nature, that it would be unpardonable in me not to give you all the satisfaction in my power; but this is as yet so little, that I should scarce have written, but to shew my readiness in obeying your commands.—I think, for my part, every thing belonging to this lady must be mysterious, and that all who interest themselves in her affairs, must also take a fancy to deal in ambiguities:—But, that I may not seem to do so too, I will relate in a few words all we know here of the matter.

My uncle set out on his expedition last Monday was se'nnight. His first letter gave an account of his safe arrival, but no more; nor indeed could any more be expected from that.—The second, which was about five days after, related that he had seen Sir G. M——; that he had been extremely well received by him, and did not doubt but every thing would be accom-

modated agreeably to *The lady of the cave*; (for so he always calls her.)—Since this, we heard nothing from him, till last night, when a large portmanteau, with a great many rich suits of clothes, and other wearing-apparel, which she had no opportunity of bringing away with her, came down by the stage-coach, and with it a third letter to my aunt, wherein my uncle desires her to prepare the most elegant entertainment the country can furnish, against next Friday, on which day he proposes being at home, and says, he shall bring with him a stranger of condition, and for whom he has a particular esteem.—He then tells her, she may acquaint the young lady, that she must prepare to receive him as the person who has now the sole power over her; that her father has invested him with all his authority, by way of guardian, and adds, in very humorous terms, that she must not flatter herself with escaping from him, in case he should happen to enjoin any thing she might not so well relish.—All this we can make nothing of; but, by the air of merriment, which runs through the whole, have no room to doubt but that he is very much pleased, and has succeeded in his negociation, though we are entirely in the dark, by what means, or on what conditions.

The poor young lady is, however, in very great agitations! she trembles lest this stranger, who comes down with my uncle, should be her
2 father,

father, and that under the pretence of being reconciled, he should take her home with him and compel her at last to marry Lord H——. Neither my aunt, nor myself, omit any thing in our power to put other thoughts into her head, but all we can say is insufficient to make her easy.— She can no way conceive for what reason her father should delegate his authority over her (while living) to any other person; and this it is, which chiefly makes her fear my uncle has been imposed upon by a feigned condescension on his part.

But I am too well assured of my uncle's good sense and penetration, to harbour the least thought of his being capable of suffering so gross a deception to pass upon him; nor is it indeed probable, that the other would attempt to treat a person, of his rank and character in the world, in such a manner.—We are all, notwithstanding, in a good deal of suspense, and long for Friday with as much impatience as ever a young heir did for the arrival of dear one-and-twenty.

When relieved from this uneasy situation, you may depend on being informed of the result, as soon as the post can bring it.

THE STORY OF THE LADY OF THE CAVE
CONCLUDED.

THE riddle is at last explained.——My uncle is returned, and has brought with him ——I will not tell you who, till I have prepared you to give him that welcome in your imagination, which he certainly deserves.—Besides, it would be letting you into the plot too soon, and destroying that surprise, which so much heightens the beauty of any great catastrophe.—Gradually then to begin:—My uncle no sooner got to London, than he went to Sir G. M——, whom he found in a good deal of perplexity, not only on account of the little hope he had of recovering his daughter, but also on that of some consequences her elopement had occasioned, which he did not as yet think fit to mention.—My uncle told him, he had casually heard of a young lady, who was said to be concealed at the house of one of his intimate friends, and having good reasons for suspecting it was his daughter, he had taken the liberty to wait on him, in order to assure him, that in case the person

person he meant was really her, he needed be under no apprehensions that she had fled from his authority on any motive which could bring dishonour on his family; and then proceeded to excuse this act of disobedience in her, by remonstrating how impossible it was for any considerations to overcome an aversion, grounded on a natural antipathy, and the ill effects which forced marriages, for the most part, produce.

Sir G. M—— heard him with a great deal of patience, and then told him, that he had not so strenuously insisted on his daughter's obedience in this point, on the score of any advantage he proposed by the marriage, but merely to comply with the promise he had given to Lord H——; *for in truth, said he, I have heard some things of late concerning him, which had I known before, I never should have approved of the alliance.*—To these he added many other expressions, which made my uncle see that a reconciliation between them would not be difficult to accomplish; and having brought him entirely into the disposition he wished, he at length ventured to inform him, that to his certain knowledge, the young lady he had mentioned, was no other than his daughter; but at the same time told him, that he must not expect to be made acquainted with the place of her retreat, till he had given his word and honour to forgive her, and to make no use of his authority as a parent to force her inclinations.

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To this, the other said he would readily agree, provided still her conduct, since her quitting his house, had given him no fresh subject of complaint against her.

My uncle thought there needed no more from a person who he found was nicely tenacious of his promises, and immediately related the whole story of her concealment in the cave, how I had found her there, and afterwards at his desire, brought her home with me.—The good old gentleman, it seems, listened to this recital with tears of joy, and as soon as it was ended, embraced my uncle, said he never could sufficiently acknowledge the obligations he had to him, called him the protector of his daughter's and his family's honour, and swore he should always regard him with much more than a brotherly affection.

Such extraordinary demonstrations of gratitude, for an action, which, in reality, was no more than common humanity would have obliged any man to, very much embarrassed my uncle. He was not sorry, however, to find the impression it made on him, because it could not but facilitate the good work he had so happily begun.—Indeed there now required no more solicitations. The father threw off all reserve, and frankly owned, that as things had happened, he was so far from being troubled his daughter had been guilty of swerving from that duty she had
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in every other article observed towards him, that he rather looked on what she had done, as inspired by Divine Providence.—*For a girl of her years, said he, to run all hazards, expose herself to all dangers, rather than become the wife of a man, whose exterior form has nothing to create so strong an aversion, seems to me to have something supernatural in it; and I must think it was by the direction of her guardian angel, that she took this only method to avoid a man, whom I am now well convinced she never could have been happy with, even had her love been as extreme as her hatred is at present.*

All this a little astonished my uncle; but the other soon put an end to the suspense he was in, by telling him on what occasion his sentiments were changed, so much to the reverse of what they had been.

It seems, some little time before it was publicly known that Sir G. M—— had resolved to dispose of his daughter to Lord H——, a young gentleman of family, equal in fortune to him, and much his superior in accomplishments and personal graces, came to demand permission to make his addresses to that young beauty; but the father was obliged to reject his offers, on account of his promise being already given; on which the other desisted.—The father, however, after her elopement, was not without some apprehensions, that she had privately encouraged the passion of this new lover, and might possibly re-
turn

turn it in a manner no way to the advantage of her character, till the rivals happening to meet in public company, and this lady being the topic of conversation, Lord H—— spoke of her in terms highly injurious, which the other, who truly loved, though without hopes, resented, by sending him a challenge the next morning; but Lord H—— refused to accept it, saying he knew better things than to fight on the score of so worthless a girl, who, he doubted not, was by this time a common prostitute. This affair made a great noise in town, and it was not without the interposition of all the friends on both sides, that it was made up, by Lord H—— consenting to ask pardon, and declaring he knew no ill of the young lady, but had spoke prematurely.—The faithful lover, however, was so uneasy at this slur on the reputation of a woman he sincerely believed innocent, that he came to her father, and offered to do his utmost in assisting the search he was then making after her; still declaring, that if she could be found, and would accept his hand, he would ask no other fortune with her, than the happiness of possessing her.—This generosity so much charmed the old gentleman, that he wished to recover her, not only from principles of tender affection, but chiefly that he might give her hand to a person so extremely deserving.—This it was that had made him now express himself in the

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terms

terms he did, on hearing the account my uncle gave of her.

In fine, the lover was sent for the next day, to be made partaker of the joyful news; and, after some consultation, it was thought best he should come down with my uncle, and make his addresses in person to the young lady; that her father was not to appear in the affair; but that if she consented, the marriage should be solemnized here.—My uncle is to act as her guardian, and have the management of every thing. This seemed, in all their opinions, the most effectual way of silencing the tongue of censure, on her departing from home in that clandestine manner; since it must appear she went away for no other reason, than to flee from the cruelty of a parent who forced her to receive the addresses of a man she could not love.

Now, dear Arabella, you have the whole of this mysterious matter; but you would have pitied the poor creature, if you had seen the agitation she was in, on hearing my uncle's coach was coming up the lane that leads to the house.—She ran to the window, endeavouring to discover, while at a distance, who was with him; but a tall row of thick-set elms, with their intermingling branches, deprived her of the power; and not till they alighted, and were just entering, could she persuade herself it was any other than her father.—It is possible, however, that on sight

fight of this stranger, who is an extreme handsome well-made man, she might guess part of the truth; for, as she has since confessed to me, he had given her some reasons to imagine he loved her, though he had never any opportunity of declaring his passion to herself.

My uncle made no mention of any thing that had passed, and matters of mere indifference filled up the conversation all supper-time. When the hour arrived for repose, he saw his guest into a chamber prepared for him, and then returned to give us an account you may believe we were impatient enough to hear. The young lady could not be told that the consequence of her pardon depended on her accepting this gentleman for a husband, without blushing excessively. The proofs he had given, however, of his love and generosity, had all the weight they ought to have with her; and I do not doubt but that a very few days courtship will entirely subdue all the scruples her excess of modesty raises, in opposition to the wishes of so ardent and faithful a lover.

When the wedding is over, we shall all go to town together. The bride and bridegroom are to wait on the old gentleman in form, and ask pardon for having married without his knowledge; after which, the feasting, ball, and every thing proper for celebrating the nuptials of people of their distinction, shall be elegantly furnished out; and you will have the pleasure of seeing *the lady*
of

of the cave shine out with all the advantages of pomp and grandeur. It will also, I flatter myself, add to your satisfaction, that this happy catastrophe is greatly owing to my courage, in pursuing and discovering the *white devil* of Broxbon wood. If it would have so good an effect on you, as to rid you of the fears you are in of ghosts and apparitions, I shall have a double cause of rejoicing.

THE COTTAGE OF LOVE.

CHARLES ROPER, the son of a rich and respectable tradesman, in one of our sea-port towns, having very early discovered strong propensities to a naval life, was, on his arrival at a proper age, in consequence of the interest which his father had made with some men of consequence in the admiralty-office, placed on board one of his majesty's ships, and behaved so well in his new station, that he was soon taken notice of

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of by the captain. Indeed, he often exhibited proofs of a courageous disposition, which made him doubly esteemed by all the brave fellows with whom he served.

Charles, however, though not a very polished youth, had not all the roughness by which a mere *tar* is strikingly distinguished; he was of a tender, as well as of an intrepid constitution, and had a heart in which *love* operated with so much power, that he sometimes found it difficult to stifle its softening sensations. Having a *person* which strongly recommended him to the attention of the fair sex, he was sufficiently induced to believe that he might be upon a very easy footing with many of them, upon his own terms; but as he derived no real satisfaction from his promiscuous amours, he wished to have a girl to himself alone, honourably united; and a girl, answerable to his wishes, he at last thought he met with.

Strolling one day to a town, not far distant from that in which he was born and bred, he was struck by the appearance of a very pretty young woman, spinning at the door of a cottage, whose beauty affected him in such a manner, that he could not help stopping to admire her. He gazed in silence at her; he was root-bound, rivetted to the spot, unable to utter a syllable; he was “all eye, and as he *looked* he worshipped.”

Sally Martin—that was the name of the girl—blushed exceedingly at the sight of him, and was
not

not a little surprised at his staring at her with so much earnestness; she did not, however, quit her work, as he made no attempt to molest her, but upon his changing his attitude, and making approaches towards her, she made a hasty retreat, and running into the house to her mother, told her that she had never been so much affected by the sight of any man in her life. This speech was rather equivocal; the good woman took it in the most obvious sense, and actually imagining that the young man who followed her, had offered some rudeness to her, marched up to him with a ferocity in her countenance, which always appeared in it when she was provoked to wrath, and demanded in a loud voice, not remarkable for its sweetness, what he wanted with *her* daughter, and what business he had in *her* house.

Charles, who had often seen motherly women in his line of life, in such agitated situations upon irritating occasions, was not in the least frightened by her wrathful appearance; there was no terror in her looks to *him*; he therefore, with great composure, endeavoured to pacify her, and by making all the explanations which he deemed necessary at the moment, was happy to turn the tide of her anger, to convert her frowns into smiles, and her rough tones into soft accents. In short, she became so well satisfied with his feelings in her daughter's favour,
and

and with the account which he gave of his family, with much freedom, as he was not ashamed of his relations, and had no criminal designs to conceal, that she permitted him to renew his visits as often as it was convenient to him; a permission which gave him the greatest pleasure; and as *Sally* looked consent to all her mother had said relating to her, the pleasure he felt on his departure from the cottage was considerably increased.

As Charles became, in consequence of repeated visits to the cottage, almost one of the family, he was finally prompted, one day, by the indisputable satisfaction which he discovered in the eyes of *Sally* in his company, to assure her, that if her mother had no objection, he would marry her on his coming of age, in a few months, as he should then come into the possession of a little fortune with which his father had nothing to do, having great reason to believe that he had another woman in his eye for him.

Mrs. Martin, very well pleased with the statement of Charles's case, told him that she should be ready to put *Sally* under his protection at the time mentioned, and *Sally* herself seemed not a little pleased with her conjugal prospects.

With respect to *another woman* Charles was perfectly right; for as soon as he returned to his father's house, the old gentleman acquainted him with the overtures which had been made towards

towards a union betwixt him and Miss Sally —, the daughter of a rich brewer in the neighbourhood; telling him at the same time, without consulting his inclinations, that he could not possibly have any objection to so eligible an alliance.

Charles not caring to provoke his father's resentment by a flat refusal, and knowing that he should be at liberty, in a few months, to act in the manner most agreeable to himself, with regard to the matrimonial state, only begged leave to be allowed three days to consider of so unexpected a proposal, and his request was as unexpectedly agreed to.

By requesting *three days* Charles played a jesuitical part, as he certainly had *determined* to put off the projected union by adjournments, till he reached the flattering age of twenty-one, so consequential in the eyes of every young man perhaps in the three kingdoms.

However we must not presume, in this world, to build upon the carrying all our designs into execution, just when we please to bring them to a conclusion. Before the arrival of the birth-day, which was to place Charles in his ardently wished-for situation. While he was pluming himself on having artfully kept his father in a state of expectation, with respect to Miss Sally, the ship in which he was stationed was ordered upon a voyage which would detain him three
years

years from his native country, and of course all that he held most dear in it. Shocked at this intelligence, he was, at first, ready, in a fit of amorous desperation, to give up all hopes of rising in his professional line, but when *reason* reassumed the *helm*, he grew sufficiently calm to obey the unwelcome summons. After having taken the tenderest farewell of his Sally, with reiterated assurances of fidelity, he added, from an eagerness to convince her that he meant what he said, with a true nautical spirit, that he would be shot if he did not marry her as soon as he came home from the West-Indies.

Soon after this separation, Charles sailed from the Downs, and gave thorough satisfaction to all with whom he was connected during his voyage, but could not help wishing, with no small anxiety, that his duty as a sailor did not strongly militate against his feelings as a lover.

On his return to England, he quitted the ship with transports of joy, which may be easily conceived by those who have felt themselves in nearly similar situations, but which are not easily to be described.

Under the operation of these transports he posted away to the *cottage of love*; but how was he astonished, upon his entrance into the little room in which he had spent so many happy hours, and from which he had torn himself with the most painful reluctance, to behold his Sally,
bathed

bathed in tears, looking with the utmost anxiety upon a child lying in a cradle.

Struck at so unexpected a sight, he stood for some moments fixed like a statue, but at last, impatient to know the cause of so unlooked-for an appearance, he advanced hastily towards her, and with an earnestness which the occasion naturally produced, conjured her to tell him what had happened during his absence to make her so miserable, and to whom the child belonged, on whose account she seemed to be so deeply afflicted.

The sudden appearance of Charles almost overpowered her; and, indeed, made such an addition to her afflictions, fearing that he might have entertained suspicions injurious to her *virtue* or *fidelity*, that, upon her rising to withdraw from a scene which she could not support, she would have fallen on the floor, had he not, by springing forward, fortunately saved her. Having saved her from falling, he adopted the soothing, the softening strain, and did all in his power to make her sufficiently collected to give him the desired explanations. She obeyed him, and made him quite easy with regard to her conduct, by informing him that the child had been left to the care of her mother, by a lady whom she had no reason to suspect of being guilty of a want of maternal affection, but of whom she had heard nothing from the time she brought it to her, and

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who

who was in so poor a state of health that there was no hopes of its being reared.

Just at the conclusion of her daughter's explanations, Mrs. Martin made her appearance, having stepped out to consult an apothecary about the child, and after the first salutations were over, confirmed all Sally had said, and in a manner which left Charles no room to question the veracity of either of them. In consequence of these disclosures, Charles immediately fixed a day for the consummation of his felicity, as he felt himself sufficiently able to maintain the wife he had chosen in a decent style, supposing his father should push his resentment so far as to disinherit him. But he not only married the girl of his heart ; he also came into the possession of a considerable fortune soon afterwards, by the death of his father, who, in having made discoveries concerning his intended daughter, found that she would do no credit to his family, and accordingly received the woman whom Charles had chosen for his wife in a most affectionate manner, in a manner which she certainly deserved.

THE FORTUNATE SECRETARY.

EGINHART, who was secretary to Charles the Great, became exceedingly popular by his behaviour in that post. His great abilities gained him the favour of his master, and the esteem of the whole court. Imma, the daughter of the Emperor, was so pleased with his person and conversation, that she fell in love with him. As she was one of the greatest beauties in the age, Eginhart answered her with a more than equal return of passion. They stifled their flames for some time, under apprehension of the fatal consequences that might ensue. Eginhart at length resolving to hazard all, rather than be deprived of one whom his heart was so much set upon, conveyed himself one night into the princess's apartment, and knocking gently at the door, was admitted as a person who had something to communicate to her from the Emperor. He was with her in private most part of the night, but upon his preparing to go away about break of day, he observed that there had fallen a great snow during his stay

with the Princess. This very much perplexed him, lest the prints of his feet in the snow might make discoveries to the King, who often used to visit his daughter in the morning. He acquainted the Princess Imma with his fears; who, after some consolations upon the matter, prevailed upon him to let her carry him through the snow upon her own shoulders. It happened that the Emperor, not being able to sleep, was at that time up, and walking in his chamber; when, upon looking through the window, he perceived his daughter tottering under her burden, and carrying his first minister across the snow; which she had no sooner done, but she returned again with the utmost speed to her own apartment. The Emperor was extremely troubled and astonished at this accident; but resolved to speak nothing of it till a proper opportunity. In the mean time, Eginhart, knowing that what he had done could not be long a secret, determined to retire from court; and in order to it, begged the Emperor that he would be pleased to dismiss him, pretending a kind of discontent at his not having been rewarded for his long services. The Emperor would not give a direct answer to his petition, but told him he would think of it, and appointed a certain day when he would let him know his pleasure. He then called together the most faithful of his counsellors, acquainted them with his secretary's crime,

crime, and asked their advice in so delicate an affair. They most of them gave their opinion, that the person could not be too severely punished who had thus dishonoured his master. Upon the whole debate, the Emperor declared it was his opinion, that Eginhart's punishment would rather increase than diminish the shame of his family, and that therefore he thought it the most adviseable to wear out the memory of the fact, by marrying him to his daughter. Accordingly Eginhart was called in, and acquainted by the Emperor, that he should no longer have any pretence of complaining his services were not rewarded, for that the Princess Imma should be given him in marriage, with a dowry suitable to her quality; which was soon after performed accordingly.

THE CACIQUE OF ONTARIO:

AN INDIAN TALE*.

MARANO, amiable in her sorrow, sat alone by a shelving rock. She sought in solitude to indulge the anguish of her soul. She leaned on her snowy arm. Her tresses flowed careless to the gale. The blooming beauty of her complexion was flushed with weeping. Her blue eyes were

* The Author of the following Tale, has endeavoured to adhere as closely as possible to the true representation of Indian manners; and if in some passages, the change from enmity to friendship, or from friendship to enmity, shall seem abrupt, he begs that any censure against him may be suspended, till enquiry be made, whether or not, in rude and savage minds, such sudden, and seemingly violent transitions, may not be natural.

full

full of tender anxiety ; and her bosom heaved with repeated sighs.

“ When will he return ! ” she said, “ my beloved Oneyo ! the husband of my affections ! How I long to behold him ! Ye waves of Ontario, convey him to his native shore ; restore him to his friends, restore him to my tender embrace. O when shall I behold him ? When will the swift canoe come bounding over the lake, and waft the hero to his glad some isle ! Yes, thou happy isle ! Thy rocks, thy resounding glades, and thy forests shall then rejoice. Gladness shall be in the village. The Elders shall come forth to receive him. The festival shall be prepared. Ah me ! Peradventure he hath perished ! Or now expires in some bloody field ! Impetuous in his valour, and eager in the ardour of youth, perchance he rushes on the foe, and falls ! ” While Marano thus indulged her inquietude, the venerable Ononthio was drawing nigh to console her. He had perceived the uneasiness of her soul, and had followed her unobserved from the village. He was the father of Oneyo, one of the Elders of the nation, revered for his wisdom, and beloved for his humanity. Temperate in his youth, and active in his old age, he was vigorous and cheerful. The furrows on his brow were not those of anxiety, but of time. His gait was stately, and his aspect gracious. He loved Marano with the affection

of a father. "Be comforted," he said; "give not thy soul to despondency. The great Spirit who rides in the whirlwind, and speaks from the passing thunder, the father and governor of all things, will protect thee. But to merit his favour, be resigned to his will. It is impious to anticipate misery, and render ourselves unhappy before we are actually afflicted. Yet capricious, inconsistent mortals, timid at once and presumptuous, tremble with the imagination of danger, and complain as if their sufferings were real. They create miseries to themselves, and arrogantly charge them on the Almighty. Beware, my daughter, beware of rebellion against the Almighty Spirit. If you repine inconsiderately, if you complain without actual cause, you rebel. He hath commanded us to be happy, he is ever offended with our disobedience; but if we encourage groundless anxiety, we disobey. By destroying your own tranquillity, you are no less an enemy to the general system of happiness he hath ordained, than if you injured the peace of another. Be comforted. Oneyo may soon return loaded with the spoils of the Briton, and extolled by the gallant warriors of France."

"To see my husband return in safety," she replied, "is the sum of my desires. To see him loaded with the spoils of the Briton will be no addition to my joy." The Indian seemed astonished

nished. "Have you forgotten," she continued, "that I myself am a Briton? That I was carried violently from my father's house, when the Outagami ravaged our land, and carried terror to the gates of Albany? My parents perished. I was yet a child, but I remember the bloody carnage. My brother of riper years was rescued, but I became the prey of their fury. Since that time, many years are elapsed; yet at the name of Briton, my bosom glows with peculiar transport."

"I fondly imagined," answered the Indian, "that you loved us. We named you after the manner of our tribe. But your affections are estranged, and you languish for the land of your fathers. I called you my daughter, but, Marano, you would leave me." Uttering these words he looked tenderly upon her. "You would leave me," he repeated, and a tear rose in his eye. Marano was affected. She clasped his hand, and pressed it to her rosy lips. "No, I will never leave thee. My heart is thine and my beloved Oneyo's. I revere thee. Can I forget thy compassion? Can I forget the dreadful day when the Outagami, in an assembly of their nation, decreed me a sacrifice to their god Areskouï. You was present on an embassy from your people, Oneyo in the bloom of early years had accompanied his father. He was beside you. He sighed when he beheld me weeping. Alas! I was feeble, friendless, and beset with foes. Oneyo intreated
you

you to relieve me. Your own heart was affected, you interposed in my behalf, you redeemed me and called me your's. Oneyo hastened to my deliverance, he loosened my fetters, and clasped me to his breast. Our affection grew with our years: you beheld it with kind indulgence, and ratified our wishes with your consent. I have heard of European refinements, of costly raiment and lofty palaces; yet to me the simplicity of these rocks and forests seems far more delightful. But if Oneyo returns not, I am undone. Many moons have arisen since with the flower of our tribe he departed. The matrons are already wailing for their sons.—Oneyo, alas! is impetuous, and the warriors of Albion are undaunted. The blood of their foes has already tinged the Ohio; Canada trembled at their approach, and may ere now have become the prize of their valour. Ah me! if thy son hath fallen, grief will subdue thee; I know the tenderness of thine affection, it will pull thee down to the grave. Who then will be a comforter to me? Who will be my friend? Among a strange people I have no father to protect me, no brother to counsel and give me aid."

Ononthio was about to reply, when an Indian from the village accosted them. He told them with a sorrowful aspect that the hopes of their tribe were blasted, for that some Indians of a neighbouring nation, having returned from Canada,

nada, brought certain intelligence of the total overthrow of their friends; that they had with difficulty escaped; that Oneyo was seen fierce and intrepid in the heat of the battle; that he was surrounded by the foe, and must have fallen a victim to their fury.

Marano was overwhelmed. Ononthio heaved a sigh: but the hapless condition of his daughter, and the desire of yielding her consolation, suspended and relieved his sorrow. "If my son hath fallen," he said, "he hath fallen as became a warrior. His praise shall be preserved by his kindred, and descend to posterity in the war-song. His name shall terrify the European, when the chieftains of future times, rushing fierce from their forests, shall surround his habitations at midnight, and raise the yell of death in his ear. Oneyo shall not die unrevenged." "He shall not," interrupted the Indian. "The messengers of our misfortune hovered after the discomfiture of their allies, around the walls of Quebec. They surprised a party of the foe; they have brought captives to our islands: the Elders of the nation are now assembled: they have doomed them a sacrifice to the memory of the dead, and defer their execution only till your arrival." "Alas!" said Marano, "the sacrifice of a captive will afford me small consolation. Will the death of a foe restore life to my husband? Or heal his ghastly wounds? Or reanimate his breathless bosom?"

form? Leave me to my woe. Leave me to wail on these lonely mountains. Here I will not long be a sojourner. I will away to my love. I will meet him beyond the deserts, in some blissful valley, where no bloody foe shall invade us. Leave me to my sorrow, for I will not live." She intreated in vain: the Indian was urgent, and Ononchio seconded his solicitation.

That nation of Indians of which Oneyo was a leader, inhabited an island in the lake Ontario. Their principal village was situated by a pleasant stream issuing from a rock, and running through a narrow valley into the lake. The surrounding hills were adorned with forests. The adjacent meadows were arrayed with verdure, or enamelled with flowers. The village was of a circular form, and was fenced by a wooden palisade. The walls of the cottages were composed of green turf with interwoven branches, and the roofs were covered with reeds and withered leaves. Every thing was simple. No pompous pillars, embellished with quaint devices and the parade of masonry, lifted the lofty edifice to the skies. No magnificent temples, no threatening battlements, no stupendous domes nor palaces, flattered the vanity of priests, politicians and soldiers. The young men of the nation in the prime of health and vigour, were usually engaged in the chase. Their principal business was to provide sustenance for the community, or to defend

fend them against any hostile assault. The women, and all who were too old or too young to engage in any toilsome or hazardous enterprize, remained at the village, and had a variety of occupations suited to their age and condition. They improved some adjacent fields for the culture of maize and other salutary plants. They also cultivated medicinal herbs, studied their virtues, and prepared them for use. The women, besides the care of their children, and other domestic concerns, were dexterous in weaving apparel, the materials of which were supplied by the rind of odoriferous trees; and in extracting tinctures from various herbs and blossoms, to stain the faces of their warriors, and render their aspect more terrible in the field. They were particularly ingenious in weaving strings and girdles of Wampum. These, according as the colours were variously combined, served them as tokens of friendship to their kindred, allies, and the captives whom they adopted into their tribe. Their children were early inured to labour, danger, and fatigue; and were soon initiated in the use of the bow, the oar, the tomahawk, and the javelin. When their young men returned from the chase, or from any warlike expedition, the whole village was a scene of joy and festivity. Both old and young mingled in the dance, and recorded the exploits of their warriors in the song. But when any business of consequence
was

was to be transacted, every thing was conducted with gravity and composure. The Elders of the village, who were promoted to authority not by fraud or violence, but who were revered agreeably to the simplicity of nature, for their wisdom and experience, assembled in an open space in the center of the village, and deliberated beneath a venerable oak. The business was proposed, and every one declared his opinion sedately, and without interruption. Their decrees were ratified by a majority of voices, and every one acquiesced in their decisions. In this manner they lived innocent and happy. As they had no particular property, they were untainted with the love of wealth, that bane of social felicity, that poison of the heart. As they possessed every thing in common, they knew not the pangs of avarice, nor the torment of apprehended poverty. No sort of consequence was conferred by riches, and they were innocent of guile, perfidy, and oppression. Power and authority could only be obtained by superior and acknowledged merit; they were exerted without any vain parade; there was therefore no room for ambition, no occasion of envy, nor any incitement to revenge. Temperate and inured to labour, they were brave, vigorous and active. Their affections of love and friendship, as they were unwarped by unnatural distinctions, and unrestrained by supercilious and pedantic formalities, were ardent and unaffected.

They

They expressed their emotions with all the freedom and simplicity of nature: their joy was rapturous, and their sorrow vehement.

They were therefore no sooner informed of the death of Oneyo and of their brethren, than they abandoned themselves to loud lamentation. The matrons, with rent garments and dishevelled tresses, ran forth into the fields, and filled the air with their wailing. They then crowded around the captives, whom, in the bitterness of their woe, they loaded with keen invectives. The Elders were assembled: the boiling caldron into which the victims, after suffering every species of torment, were to be precipitated, was suspended over a raging fire; the knives, tomahawks, and other implements of cruelty, were exhibited in dreadful array; and the prisoners, loaded with heavy fetters, were conducted to the place of sacrifice.

Tho' Marano was deeply afflicted, the screams of the Indians, and the horrid preparations of torture, drew her attention to the prisoners. She regarded them with an eye of pity. Their leader, in the prime of youth, was comely, vigorous, and graceful. The fullness of undaunted and indignant valour was portrayed by nature in his fearless aspect. His eye, full of ardour and invincible firmness, surveyed the preparations of death with indifference, and shot defiance on the foe. His followers, though valiant, seemed incapable of the same obstinate resolution; their
features

features betrayed symptoms of dismay; but turning to their leader, they were struck with his unshaken boldness, they resumed their native courage, and armed their minds with becoming fortitude. Marano sighed. The sense of her own misfortune was for a moment suspended. "Peradventure," said she in her soul, this valiant youth like Oneyo may be lamented. Some tender maiden to whom his faith has been plighted may now languish for his return. Some aged parent, whose infirmities he relieved and supported, may be sighing anxious for his safety. Or some orphan sister, helpless and forsaken like me, may by his death be made desolate. She then reflected on her own condition, and on the variety of her misfortunes. Carried into captivity in her early years, she was a stranger to her people, and to her kindred. Her husband no longer existed: and he who had been to her as a father, overcome by age and calamity, was now declining into the grave. Yet, alive to compassion, she was moved for the unhappy victims. She admired the magnanimity of their leader, and in regarding him she felt unusual emotions, and a pang that she could not express. She longed to accost him. "He was of her nation! Could she behold him perish, and not endeavour to save him; could she behold him tortured, nor shed a tear for his sufferings? Meantime one of the Elders of the nation made a signal to the multitude. Immediate silence ensued. Then
with

with a look of stern severity he thus addressed himself to the captive! The caldron boils, the ax is sharpened. Be prepared for torture and painful death. The spirit of the deceased is yet among us: he lingers on the mountains, or hovers amid the winds. He expects a sacrifice, and shall not chide our delay. Have you a parent or a friend? they shall never behold thee. Prepare for torture and painful death." "Infllict your tortures," he replied, "my soul contemns them. I have no parents to lament for Sidney. In Albany they were massacred; massacred by inhuman Indians. I had a sister—I lost her. She was carried into captivity, and became the victim of your savage fury. I have friends, but they are fearless, for they are Britons. Infllict your tortures: my soul contemns them; but remember, the day of vengeance shall overtake you."

Marano was astonished—"Of Albany! Rest of his parents by the sword! And of a sister!"—Suffice it to say, he was her brother—Mutual was their amazement, their affection mutual. She fell on his throbbing breast. He received her into his arms. His soul was softened. Marano for a time was speechless. At length weeping, and in broken accents, "And have I found thee! a brother to solace and support me! who will soothe me with sympathizing tenderness! who will guide me through the weary wilderness of my sorrow! who will be to me as a parent! I was desolate and forlorn; my soul languished and wa
afflicted;

afflicted; but now I will endure with patience." Then turning to the astonished multitude. "He is my brother! Born of the same parents! If I have ever merited your favour, O save him from destruction." They were deeply affected. "Be not dismayed," said Ononthio. He spoke with the consent of the Elders. "Be not dismayed. The brother of Marano shall be to us as Oneyo." Then addressing himself with an air of dignity to the stranger. "Young man, I have lost a son, Marano a husband, and our nation a gallant warrior. He was slain by the people of your land, and we are desirous of gratifying his spirit before it passes the mountains, by offering a sacrifice to his memory. But you are the brother of Marano; by her intercession we have changed our design, and adopt you into our tribe. Be a brother to our people, and to me a son. Supply the place of the dead; and as you possess his valour, and steady boldness, may you inherit his renown." So saying, he presented to him the Calumet of peace, and a girdle of Wampum. Sidney listened to him with respect, but expressed amazement at a change so unexpected: "To have given him his life, would not have surprised him; but the transition from resentment to ardent and immediate friendship, exceeded his comprehension." "You, reason," answered the Indian, "according to the maxims of Europeans, whose external guise is imposing, but whose souls are treacherous

treacherous and implacable. They array their countenance with smiles, while perfidy is in their bosoms; and they give the hand of friendship, while they meditate injury. As their resentments are ever mingled with malice, they are lasting. They are not satisfied with testifying a sense of injury or insult sufficient to secure them from future wrong, but endeavour to ruin the offender, and overwhelm him with utter infamy. Conscious of the bitterness of their own souls, they impute a corresponding temper to their adversaries. Their resentment, instead of being lessened by gratification, grows inveterate by fear, it waxes into hatred, and thus it becomes easier for them to forgive the wrong they suffer, than the injury they inflict. The implacable, unforgiving temper produced by malevolence, timidity, and conscious weakness, ever predominates in effeminate and feeble natures. But the resentment of generous souls is liberal, and leaves room for reconciliation and future friendship. Men of mild and benevolent dispositions, unpolluted by covetous or ambitious desires, and therefore unimbittered by their unhappy effects, by envy, rancour, and malice, are magnanimous without any effort, ever desirous of being forgiven, and ever apt to forgive. You was about to suffer death, and you accuse us in your heart of cruelty. But it is uncandid to pronounce of any man, to whom the Great Spirit hath imparted reason and reflection,

reflection, that he is more depraved than the wild beasts of the desert : for even they are not cruel, but in their own defence, and for their own preservation. Judge not therefore of our conduct till you are acquainted with our motives, and have reflected on our condition. He truly is barbarous and inhuman, who to satisfy some lewd or selfish appetite, unworthy of reason, unworthy of human nature, destroys the peace of the innocent, practises guile against the unsuspecting, oppresses the feeble and defenceless, betrays the friend of his bosom, or sells the freedom of his people for gold. But the simple Indian is not inhuman. Our reason may be obscured, but our principles are innocent. Our passions may be excessive, but they are not corrupt. Deeply afflicted for the calamity that hath befallen us, and moved with high veneration for the memory of a gallant warrior, we thought of gratifying his spirit, and of paying a tribute due to his virtues. As we grieve not for the deceased who is happy, and whose memory will be for ever revered, but for ourselves, who are deprived of him, our intention was not to injure you, but to honour the dead. You was about to suffer death, but to a resolute, undaunted warrior, death is not an injury ; it exempts him from corporeal infirmities, and conveys him to the western vales of the blessed. Death is not a misfortune but to the feeble, to those whose lives have dishonoured
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their memory, who disgrace their nature by unseemly fears, and affront the Almighty with their distrust. We admired your intrepidity and perseverance; and conscious of having entertained no sentiment of hatred or malignity against you, nor any intention of exposing your memory to insult or contempt, without fear or reserve we now offer you our friendship."

"Can I," answered the European, filled with astonishment and admiration, "who am of a different origin, born of a people whom you have reason to execrate, and the votary of a different religion, can I be adopted into your nation?"

"It is the language of prejudice," replied Ononthio, "the simple unaffected Indian, the child of nature, unwarped by servile prepossessions, is a stranger to your distinctions. Is not the Great Spirit the father of us all? Are we not all children of the same family? And have we not in the structure both of body and mind, undoubted evidence of the same original? Nature, ever wise and provident for her children, attaches us to our friends, and rivets in magnanimous souls the unshaken love of their country. But nature never commanded us to hate or condemn the stranger. Avoid the contagion of vice, avoid all those whose corrupt and degenerate nature may contaminate the purity of your innocence, and infect your bosom with guilt. But every other distinction estranging us from mankind,
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and setting us at variance with society, is the offspring of pride and ignoble prejudice. That you are of a different religion I deny. Like the Indian, you acknowledge the power, wisdom, and benignity of the creating Spirit: It matters not though the external form and mode of your acknowledgment be different, or though you discover his clemency and omnipotence in extraordinary and peculiar displays. Enjoy your faith, your freedom, and the love of your country; but give us your friendship and intrepid valour."

To this he replied, " Though I applaud freedom and elevation of sentiment, though I regret the bigotry and narrow prejudices that disgrace human nature even in enlightened ages, yet I cannot allow that the uncivilized life of an Indian is preferable to the culture and refinement of Europe."

" Away with your culture and refinement," said Ononchio, " Do they invigorate the soul, and render you intrepid? Do they enable you to despise pain and acquiesce in the will of heaven? Do they inspire you with patience, resignation and fortitude? No! They unnerve the soul, They render you feeble, plaintive, and unhappy. Do they give health and firmness? Do they enable you to restrain and subdue your appetites? No! They promote intemperance and mental anarchy. They give loose reins to disorder. The parents of discon-

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tent and disease! Away with your culture and refinement! Do they better the heart or improve the affections? The heart despises them. Her affections arise spontaneous. They require no culture. They bloom unbidden. They are essential to our existence, and nature hath not abandoned them to our caprice. All our affections as we receive them from nature are lively and full of vigour. By refinement they are enfeebled. How exquisite the sensations of youth! In the early seasons of life ye are moved with every tale of distress, and mingle tears of sympathy with every sufferer. Ye are then incapable of perfidy, and hold vice in abhorrence. In time ye grow callous; ye become resigned; your feelings are extinguished: ye scoff at benevolence, and reckon friendship a dream. Ye become unjust and perfidious; the slaves of avarice and ambition; the prey of envy, of malice, and revenge. Away with your refinement! enjoy the freedom and simplicity of nature. Be guiltless—Be an Indian.”

Meantime the arrival of some canoes filled with armed warriors attracted the notice of the assembly. They were transported with ecstasy and surprise when they described the ensign of their nation, and recognized some of their brethren whom they imagined slain. The hopes of Marano were revived. She enquired eagerly for Oneyo. “He perished,” answered an Indian.

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She grew pale ; her voice faltered ; faint and speechless, she fell back on the throbbing breast of Ononthio. "He perished," continued the Indian, "and with him the prime of our warriors. The armies of France and Britain were marshalled beneath the walls of Quebec. Direful was the havock of battle. The earth trembled with the shock of the onset. The air was tortured with repeated peals. The commanders of both armies were slain. Their fall was glorious, for their souls were undaunted. Resentment inflamed the combatants. Keen and obstinate was the encounter. Albion at length prevailed. Her sons, like a rapid torrent, overthrew the ranks of their adversaries. We counselled Oneyo to retire. Raging against the foe, and performing feats of amazing valour, we saw him environed beyond all hope of retreat. We saw the impetuosity of a youthful warrior who brandished a bloody sword, rushing on to destroy him. We hastened from the field of death. We tarried some time in the adjacent forests, and observed the progress of the foe. The walls of our allies were overthrown. The sword of Albion will pursue us, and our shield, our gallant warrior, our Oneyo is no more."

This melancholy recital filled the audience with lamentation. But their sorrow was interrupted by the sudden astonishment of the narrator. Casting his eyes accidentally on the Briton,

"Seize

"Seize him, tear him," he exclaimed; "his was the lifted sword I beheld! It was he cleft the breast of our chieftain! It was he that destroyed him."

The resentment of the assembly was again inflamed. "I am innocent of his blood," said the captive. But his declaration, and the entreaties of Ononthio in his behalf, were lost in furious screams and invectives. They dragged him again to the place of sacrifice. Marano distracted with contending woes, "Spare him! spare him!" exclaimed, "He is my brother!" fixing her eyes on him with a look of exquisite anguish, "whose hands are red with the blood of my husband! and was there none but thee to destroy him?" "Tear him!" exclaimed the multitude. Marano clasped him to her bosom, and turning to the outrageous and menacing crowd, with a wild and frantic demeanour, "Bloody, bloody though he be, I will defend him or perish! Let the same javelin transfix us both! Smite, and our kindred gore shall be mingled." The transcendent greatness of her calamity, who had lost a husband by the hand of a brother, and the resistless energy of her features, expressive of woe, tenderness, and despair, awed the violence of the assembly, and disposed them to pity. Ononthio took advantage of the change. He waved his hand with parental love and authority. His hoary locks gave dignity to his gesture. The usual benignity of his counte-

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nance was softened with sorrow. He spoke the language of his soul, and was eloquent; spoke the language of feeling, and was persuasive. They listened to him with profound veneration, were moved, and deferred the sacrifice. He then comforted Marano, and conveyed the captives to a place of security.

When they were apart from the multitude, "Tell me," said he to the Briton, "are you guiltless of the death of my son?" "I know not," he replied, for he had resumed the pride of indignant courage. "I know not whom I have slain. I drew my sword against the foes of my country, and I am not answerable for the blood I have spilt." "Young man," said Ononchio, full of solicitude and parental tenderness, "O reflect on a father's feelings. I had an only son. He was valiant. He was the prop and solace of my old age: if he hath gone down to darkness and the grave, I have no longer any joy in existence. But if he lives, and lives by thy clemency, the prayers of an old man shall implore blessings upon thee, and the Great Spirit shall reward thee." While he was yet speaking, a tear rose in his eye, his voice faltered, he sighed—"O tell me if my son survives."

"I slew him not," he replied. "I know not that I slew thy son. To his name and quality I was a stranger. In the heat of the encounter a gallant Indian assailed me. He was
tired

tired and exhausted. I disarmed him, and my sword was lifted against his life." "Briton," said he, with a resolute tone, "think not that death dismays me. I have braved perils and the sword. I am not a suppliant for myself. I have an aged parent whose life depends upon mine: the wife of my bosom is a stranger among my people, and I alone can protect her." "Generous youth," I replied, "go, comfort and protect thy friends. I sent him forthwith from the field. I never enquired into his condition, for in preserving him I obeyed my heart." Marano and Ononthio were overjoyed. But reflecting that many days had elapsed since the discomfiture of their allies, and that hitherto they had received no intelligence of Oneyo, their joy suffered abatement.

Meantime Ononthio counselled his daughter to conduct the strangers to a distant retreat, and preserve them there, till by his influence and authority he had appeased the violence of his brethren. "Judge not unfavourably of my nation," said he, "from this instance of impetuosity. They follow the immediate impulse of nature, and are often extravagant. But the vehemence of passion will soon abate, and reason will resume her authority. You see nature unrestrained, but not perverted; luxuriant, but not corrupt. My brethren are wrathful; but to latent or lasting enmity they are utter strangers."

It was already night. The Indians were dispersed to their hamlets. The sky was calm, and unclouded. The full-orbed moon in serene and solemn majesty arose in the east. Her beams were reflected in a blaze of silver radiance from the smooth and untroubled breast of the lake. The gray hills and awful forests were solitary and silent. No noise was heard, save the roaring of a distant cascade, save the interrupted wailing of matrons, who lamented the untimely death of their sons. Marano with the captives, issuing unperceived from the village, pursued their way along the silent shore, till they arrived at a narrow, unfrequented recess. It was open to the lake, bounded on either side by abrupt and shelving precipices, arrayed with living verdure, and parted by a winding rivulet. A venerable oak overshadowed the fountain, and rendered the scene more solemn. The other captives were overcome with fatigue, and finding some withered leaves in an adjoining cavern, they indulged themselves in repose. Marano conversed long with her brother; she poured out her soul in his sympathizing bosom; she was comforted and relieved. While she leaned on his breast, while his arm was folded gently around her, a balmy slumber surprised them. Their features even in sleep preserved the character of their souls. A smile played innocent on the lips of Marano; her countenance was
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ineffably tender, and her tresses lay careless on her snowy bosom. The features of Sidney, of a bolder and more manly expression, seemed full of benignity and complacence. Calm and unruffled was their repose, they enjoyed the happy visions of innocence, and dreamed not of impending danger.

The moon in unrivalled glory had now attained her meridian, when the intermitting noise of rowers came slowly along the lake. A canoe was advancing, and the dripping oars arising at intervals from the water, shone gleaming along the deep. The boat-men, silent and unobserved, moored their vessel on the sandy beach, and a young man of a keen and animated aspect, arrayed in the shaggy skin of a bear, armed with a bow and a javelin, having left his companions, was hastening along the shore. It was Oneyo. Having received wounds in the battle, he had been unable to prosecute his return, and had tarried with some Indians in the neighbourhood of Montreal. By the skilful application of herbs and balsams, his cure was at length effectuated, and he returned impatient to his nation.

“I will return secretly,” he said, “I will enjoy the sorrow and regret of Marano and of my brethren, who doubtless believe me dead. I will enjoy the ecstasy of their affection, and their surprise on my unexpected arrival. My lovely Marano now laments unconsolated. I will

hasten to relieve her, and press her weeping with joy to my faithful, transported bosom."

Such were the sentiments of anticipated rapture that occupied the soul of Oneyo, when he discovered Marano in the arms of a stranger. He recoiled. He stood motionless in an agony of grief, anger, and astonishment. Pale and trembling, he uttered some words incoherently. He again advanced, again recognised her, then turning abruptly, in bitter anguish, smiting his breast, "Faithless and inconstant," he cried, "and is this my expected meeting! In the arms of a stranger! Arrogant invader of my felicity! He shall perish! His blood shall expiate his offence." Fury flashed in his eye, he grasped his javelin, he aimed the blow, and recognised his deliverer. Surprise and horror seized him. "Injured by my deliverer! By him whom my soul revered! And shall I dip my hands in his blood! My life he preserved. Would to heaven he had slain me! Thus injured and betrayed, Oneyo shall not live. Thou great Universal Spirit whose path is in the clouds! Whose voice is in the thunder! and whose eye pierces the heart! O conduct me to the blissful valley, for Oneyo will not live." He sighed. "One look, one parting look of my love. I believed her faithful, for her I lived, for her I die." He advanced towards her, he gazed on her with anguish and regret. "She will not weep for me!

me! faithless and inconstant. She will exult! Exult to behold me bleeding! And shall it be? For this have I cherished her? Lavished my soul on her? To be betrayed! To give her love to a stranger?" He paused, trembled, his countenance grew fierce, his eye wild, he grasped his javelin.—Marano named him: her voice was soft and plaintive, her visions were of Oneyo, "O come," she said, "hasten to thy love! Tarry not, my Oneyo! How I long to behold thee!" "For this," said he, "I'll embrace thee." He embraced her; she awaked, discovered her husband, and flew eagerly into his arms. He flung from her in fierce indignation. "Away," he cried, "go cherish thy stranger. Away perfidious!" She followed him trembling and aghast. "He is my brother." "Thy brother!——" "Stranger," said he to the Briton who now approached him, "you preserved my life. You are generous and valiant. Tell me then, am I to salute thee as a friend, and give full vent to my gratitude? Or must I view thee as a guileful seducer, and lift my javelin against thy life?"

The Briton perceiving his error, answered him with brevity and composure: he related to him the circumstances of his captivity, and in confirmation appealed to the testimony of his father. The Indian was satisfied. He embraced them. They returned by morning to the vil-

lage. Ononchio received them with becoming gladness, and the day was crowned with rejoicing.

THE HISTORY OF A FEMALE GOSSIP.

I AM far from thinking, dear Eliza, that it is necessary to travel abroad to know human characters; where can characters exhibit themselves so freely and openly as in this busy, tumultuous town of London, where every body lives as they please, and where censoriousness, instead of being dreaded, is really courted—for there are people—though you will scarcely credit me—that would be miserable were they not for something or other the subject of conversation.—To be paragraphed in the papers—O! 'tis delightful—and more than delightful to be the subject of the buzz of a public circle—and to have things said of one which one never did—but which one nevertheless would fain have the reputation of.—This is *life*! Eliza—downright high-

high-life—but lest you should think *I* have caught the distemper—I will resume my pen or pencil, which you please to call it.

Pray, my dear, did you ever know what a necessary *evil* is? Then I will describe one—a gossiping woman is really a necessary evil—and I have met with such a one—take her portrait.

Mrs. Martha Tattle is now about her sixty-fourth year—she allows fifty, which is pretty reasonable—if she would but hold her tongue and not talk so much about the old duke of Cumberland when he was a young man, and such other matters as have obliged her friends to add fourteen to her fifty, just to balance accounts, and make her stories probable at the expence of her age. Nature, too, is not at all on her side as to the *fifty*; nature, indeed, is more unmerciful than her friends, and *seventy* seems written in distinct characters on her forehead, although she endeavours to hide them under a pretty thick layer of *stucco*, which fine people call *paint*. Handsome, it is said, Mrs. Tattle never was, and as nature makes every thing very consistently, so Mrs. Tattle has always entertained a sovereign and truly philosophic contempt for what silly people call beauty. She says it only makes men foolish and women naughty, and “happy are they that are without it.” In person Mrs. Martha is about the middle size, stoops notwithstanding, and her gait is an op-

position between nature and vanity which shall have the preference. In walking into a room and paying her compliments, you may see that she means well, and knows perfectly what is to be done—like some actors I have witnessed—who conceive their character, and understand their author perfectly, but cannot produce effect, from wanting powers of voice, look, and person. Mrs. Martha is, indeed, what is called a well-bred woman, but wants to be as graceful now as she was when “this King came to the throne,”—one of her favourite expressions.

Mrs. Martha was the youngest daughter of a gentleman of fortune, who involved his affairs, and died nearly insolvent—so that her education was superior to her fortune; and while the latter kept her on the list of matrimonial candidates, the former recommended her to those families who hold it as a maxim that a gentlewoman beggar is a much superior character to a rich trader's wife, although they may be otherwise equal in accomplishments. It has been the whole employment of Mrs. Tattle's life to render herself agreeable to the very extensive circle of acquaintances in which she is known—and this she has done by studying their foibles, their follies, their wants, and their wishes, and accommodating herself to all parties. Not that any body seems to have a very violent attachment to her, but she has rendered herself so necessary

cessary to them, either by knowing their secrets, assisting them in private matters, or some reason or other, that they are always ready to receive her as a *necessary evil*.

But it was not until I had met with Mrs. Tattle twice or thrice that I discovered the magnetism of her conversation, and in one word I must pronounce it, that she is the most finished, the most arrant, the most accomplished gossip, dealer in scandal, teller of stories, and fabricator of falsehoods, to be found in any part of this town from Hyde-park-corner to Whitechapel-turnpike—and when I have told you this, Eliza, I have told you all, and can now only, like the parsons, make some remarks on what has been said by way of enlargement.

Mrs. Tattle is none of those who take up a profession for which they are not qualified—for in the first place she has an excellent memory—and having all her life had nothing to do but observe what other people were doing, she has laid up such a store of family histories, genealogies, anecdotes, &c. &c. as, if put down upon paper, would fill more volumes than could be read in an age. Joined to this great memory, she has a fine, bold, *dashing* imagination; and when she tells a story, does not tell it with the simple circumstances of place, time, and person, like a bit of news in a paper, but embellishes it with so many little touches of her

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own, as to make it pass for new, although she may have told it twenty times to nearly the same company. Is not this an agreeable companion? Alas! Eliza, too much so I am afraid.—As to occasional slips of memory, for who are free from these, she gets over them with the best grace imaginable; and if you happen to say—“Mrs. Tattle, that is not the story *as you* told it when we were at such a place,” she would immediately prove, and almost persuade you, that the story you allude to was quite a different one. Most of her stories, indeed, carry double, and when she is completely overthrown, it is not easy to make her blush, her complexion remaining invariably the same as *put on* in the morning at the toilet.

I was at lady L——’s lately (whom I described to you in my first letter) when Mrs. Tattle was announced. The company seemed to revive, when she made her appearance—all was life and expectation—“Now we shall have the news,” was in every person’s mouth—“Well, Mrs. Tattle, and what have you brought us?”

“O, Lady L——! such an affair—you will be so surprised—well, I vow I never could have thought—do you know Sir John Wilkins? Would you believe that his lady and he have fallen out?—but it is always as I say—these young girls, who think they are handsome—ah! she was always a forward slut—but colonel Taper is
at

at the bottom of all—ay, ay, I thought what would come of going to Brighthelmstone last summer.”

This story having undergone the examination of all the company, it was agreed, *nem. con.* that it was very wonderful—and Mrs. Tattle received the thanks of the lady of the house, and the compliments of all for her penetration in discovering such things so much sooner than any body else. This was a signal, and an encouragement both, for the old lady to proceed.

“ Ay—I knew the whole family of them—Sir John was always a favourite with me—he is a very good sort of man, not very sensible indeed, but he has three thousand a year—though by the bye, captain Whiffle hinted to me that his lady had played the very devil with the estate—a mortgage on half of it, I assure you—what an ungrateful woman, though, Lady Wilkins must have been—for Sir John is a handsome man, though he stoops in the shoulders, and is knock-kneed, yet his face is a good one, notwithstanding he squints—and that ugly mark on his nose, that he got by a fall from a horse when he was at Westminster school, and there is no helping accidents—and what was she forsooth before he married her ?”

“ I have heard,” said Lady L——, “ she was a merchant’s daughter in the city.”

“ A mer-

“ A merchant ! quotha—no such thing, I assure you, Lady L—— : she was neither more nor less than the daughter of Tom Weston, who kept a great inn on the Western road—a merchant, indeed !—Captain Story assured us last night at the *conversazione* that she had often mixed a glass of wine and water for him at the bar—and when a coach came into the yard, would bawl out *ostler ! Thomas ! house !* as loud as e’er a coachman on the road.”

It is impossible for me to give you any idea of the effect this story had on the company ; they laughed and cried most immoderately, and were ready to hug the dear dispenser of intelligence. Thus encouraged, she went on with a variety of other articles, which served to shew in how many capacities she was useful.—One asked her if she had seen the new silk at Ibbetson’s—— another, when the King was expected to go to the play—a third, whether she had managed for her the business of a subscription to the Opera—a fourth, whether she had seen *that person* she went to—a fifth put her in mind that she had a rout on Friday—and a sixth requested her to procure a dozen yards more of that lace she got before—and “ at the same price.” To all these she gave such satisfactory answers, that I perceive she has rendered herself extremely useful in all the employments of a “ better sort of servant,” as well as in many, the execution of which cannot

not so well be trusted to servants, because not quite so creditable to mistresses.

But what was my astonishment, Eliza, when next day I found that the story of Sir John was a mere fabrication—a story something similar had appeared in the papers, with the initials Sir J. W. a very different person, but whom Mrs. Tattle not knowing, very generously gave all the happiness and eclat of the transaction to poor Sir John Wilkins and his innocent lady.

Such is the character and the employment of Mrs. Martha Tattle—and I would not have you think, Eliza, that she is the only one who professes such an employment. In high life you will meet with many characters who entirely support themselves by administering to the follies and prejudices of others—and I have described Mrs. Tattle, because she has more fully displayed her vocation in my hearing than any other of the same tribe.

FIRNAZ AND MIRVAN :

AN EASTERN TALE.

IN the earlier ages of the world, mankind knew no other ties but those of nature. No throne was then erected upon the ruins of liberty, and no men were taught, like the savage of the forest, to bow the neck to force and usurpation. The earth, covered with riches, supplied a healthful and harmless repast, and at once gave her inhabitants security and content.

In those happy times it was, that fortune had showered down its gifts upon Mirvan, who took up his residence by the borders of the Caspian sea. Here in a country replete with every convenience that could supply necessity, and every charm that could invite the eye, he enjoyed, or might have enjoyed, uninterrupted tranquillity. He was rich,—but he was not happy. Wisdom requires no abundance to make man content. Though the education of this youth was cultivated with all imaginable assiduity,

fiduity, yet his natural impatience taught him to spurn the blessings with which he was surrounded, and carried his wishes even beyond the capacity of nature to satisfy. His soul soon saw only a disgusting uniformity in the good which he enjoyed. What remedy for a pain that seemed incurable? Though nature be never so indulgent, she is poor to the desiring son of folly.

One day, fatigued with winding through all the mazes of his anxious desires, he insensibly fell asleep. Firnaz, the king of the Genii, had compassion upon his wretched situation, and undertook to cure him of his illusions, by convincing his imagination in a dream of truths he had seemed to despise when waking.

Mirvan fancied himself placed on the summit of a mountain, where, leaning against the trunk of a spreading cedar, he enjoyed at one view, all the possessions of his ancestors, which covered the valley beneath. But far from regarding this wealth with joy, he burst into complaint and invective. Assaulted by a thousand different desires, he walked forward with an uncertain pace, when suddenly his eyes were struck with a light that seemed more than terrestrial. His surprise was still increased by the appearance of a cloud with all the beautiful variations of the rainbow; which phænomenon Firnaz, king of the Genii, conducted to the place where the discontented youth was standing, and thus addressed him.

him. "Son of mortality, speak thy griefs, in order to find redress." Encouraged by the voice, the youth replied: "The dull uniformity of my condition is insupportable; the morning differs not from the night, and to-day resembles yesterday; all my life appears but a moment lengthened by disgusting repetition. The valley and the forest are stripped of their beauty, in my eye.—Even the charms of the beauteous Thyrza herself, are no longer pleasing since she has blest me with enjoyment.

"Favourable Genius," continued he, "for thy looks bespeak thy compassion, change the country which we now behold, into a region resembling that possessed by those beings who reside above the stars. Let it contain an abstract of all those beauties which are dispersed round the creation, that all may flatter my senses, and that my soul may have entire fruition in all that imagination can conceive of pleasure."

He wished, and the indulgent Genius soon complied with his importunate request. The face of nature grew ten thousand times more beautiful than ever rapturous poet had fancied. The violet and the amaranthus sprung up beneath their steps. The zephyr, enchanted with this delightful landscape, wafted its odoriferous breath on every side.—All that could gratify sense, or excite satiety, were there in profusion. Mirvan, now began to revive. He perceived himself placed

placed upon a bed of roses, over-shaded by a bower of never-fading green. In the enthusiasm of his rapture he arose, and traversed the charming plain with an hasty step. Here, distracted in a variety of beauty, he seemed at a loss what to prefer. The juicy anana, the delicate lotos, by turns, attract his hand and his eye. His ears are flattered by the consort of the grove.—Like a weary traveller, our youthful complainant seemed now at ease, having come to the seat of destination. He had not wandered long in this ideal scene of beauty, when he discovered seven nymphs, who fixed their regards upon him.—They moved with unspeakable grace, and all their looks served to inspire pleasure. Mirvan saw and was enchanted with their beauty. The other charms of the country now seemed lost in the comparison. The nymphs seemed to be conscious of his passion, and assuming an air of modesty, fled to the thickest shades, sure of being pursued.

Thus blest and blessing, he at first thought his raptures would never end. But scarce were eight days passed in this abode, when the minutes began to lengthen, and new wishes to interrupt his happiness. His ears were fatigued with continued harmony, his eyes with the repetition of beauty. The reasoning principle seemed sunk on the bed of sloth, and the soul had no opportunity of vigorous exertion.—I detest, cried he,

he, a life where nothing is found but softness and ease, no variety to amuse, no danger to excite resolution. Ah! would Firnaz but once more hear my prayer. It is not to spend my days in the arms of pleasure. I could wish to embark in greater raptures. I could wish for power, as I see the plain without limits lying around me, I would desire also to govern a people with unbounded authority.

He had scarce spoken, when an invisible arm seizing him instantly, transported him through the air. He beheld a country without limits, diversified with forests of cedars, whose tops seemed to reach the clouds. Large rivers divided it, at once supplying an easy conveyance, and giving fertility. Beautiful cities were scattered up and down without number. All that you see, cried his conductor, is thine. Mirvan, with a joyful heart bowed to the ground, and thanked the indulgent Genius. He scarce concluded this instance of gratitude, when he found himself in the midst of a circle of heroes and ancient sages, who chose him their king, even before he had time to return from his astonishment. His brows were bound with a diadem, and the silver sounding-trumpet proclaimed his accession among the the people. The populace thronged around to kiss the steps of his throne, while numberless camels came loaded with all the riches of the East, and the spices of the neighbouring isles.

The

The ears of Mirvan were charmed with the martial notes of the trumpet, and the neighing of the horses equipped for war. His heart began to beat for conquest, and as they who wish for enemies easily create them, he soon went to war, attacked the foe, and was victorious. One conquest seemed only to induce him to wish for more. He went from victory to victory, till all his neighbours became tributary, or all their countries were laid in ruin. He first then began to form the wish of a once famous European hero, namely, that of new worlds to conquer; but the time approached that his vanity was to be humbled. A distant country that had, with jealous eyes, seen his progress in invading the liberties of others, began to fear for their own. A love of freedom supplied them with both conduct and courage. They attacked the enemy of mankind with a force, which it was impossible to resist. The army of slaves fell by myriads. The hero now began to consider that he was but man. He fled for safety to the forest alone, deserted by the crowd of flatterers, and now given up a prey to famine, fatigue, and his own reflections, still more mortifying than either. After a long journey he found himself in the midst of a plain, encircled by a mountain. He reposed himself on a bank by a glassy rivulet that poured from a neighbouring hill. The soul of Mirvan seemed all discord and confusion.

Wretch

Wretch that I am, cried he, why was I born to this variety of distress? Why brought into the world to survive every felicity? The poor peasant who feeds upon roots and water; the wandering savage, that hunts for a precarious meal, is happier far than I. I will not, I cannot survive it! He had scarce finished, when throwing himself headlong into the water, he there expected to terminate a wretched existence; when the fancied coldness of the waves gave an instant shock, which awaked him from his dream. Beside him lay the lovely Thyrza, his favourite wife, more beautiful than the morning. His attendants came with submissive assiduity, to know his pleasure. In short, he found all his possessions real, all his wants imaginary, and ever after retained a proper share of gratitude, for the benefits he enjoyed from heaven, without once murmuring at its having been more indulgent to others.

THE LOVES OF ANAS-ELOUJOUND AND OUARDI.

AN ARABIAN TALE*.

ANAS-ELOUJOUND is the hero I sing.
He had no equal in beauty, and he triumphed
over all the efforts of jealousy ; his eyes were
black,

* The late Monf. Savary had, during his residence in Egypt, collected a number of Arabian tales, which he, at first, translated, for the purpose of rendering the language familiar to him. Many fragments of these translations have been found among his manuscripts, which the author, cut off in the prime of life, had not been able to finish. But the Loves of Anas-Eloujound and Ouardi form an exception, the Author having, before he died, prepared every thing for the publication of this little Romance, such as it now appears. It will easily be seen how well the pen of M. Savary was adapted to this kind of production,

black, without the assistance of art †; his cheeks were brilliant as the stars which shine in the bosom of darkness. Nature had bestowed on him so many charms, that whoever saw, could not but love him. Wherever he appeared, the gracefulness of his deportment secured him universal favour; whenever he spake, the fascinating magic of his wit extorted universal admiration. When the sultan, at any extraordinary festival, drank the nectar of Schiras, he received his cup from the hands of Anas-Eloujoud, which seemed to impart additional sweetness to the delicious beverage. When this young lord was absent, the pleasures of the table became insipid to the sultan, who found fault with every thing about him, and even spilled his wine, saying, "This is forbidden liquor!"

duction, which he considered as a relaxation from more serious labours; and it will be regretted, that his premature death should have prevented him from publishing, in his native tongue, a complete collection of all the Arabian tales, the originals of which he had procured in his travels.

† The women of the East make their eyes black with *cobel*, that is to say, with a preparation of black-lead. The coxcombs of the country follow their example.

When

When the day arrived, on which the anniversary of the sultan's accession to the throne was to be celebrated by public games, and solemn feasts, Anas-Eloujound approached him, and said—"Sublime emperor, deign to gratify my ambition, by permitting me to shine in the splendour of royalty; by permitting your soldiers to line the road as I pass to the plain where I mean to dispute the prize of the course with the young nobles of Isapahan. May heaven deign to protect your glorious days!"—"Go," replied the sultan, "and command in my empire."

Anas-Eloujound, surrounded by a magnificent train, traversed the city, amidst soldiers ranged on either side, and repaired to the plain, where he combated with the lance and the javelin. His dexterity and strength were eminently conspicuous in both these exercises. He disarmed the bravest warriors. To these encounters succeeded horse-racing. A hundred Persian gentlemen start from the barrier; the earth resounds beneath the feet of their horses; they dart forward with the rapidity of lightning; they are enveloped in a cloud of dust; one might almost say, they are borne on the wings of the tempest. Anas-Eloujound, bending o'er the floating mane of his courser, caressed him with his hand, and encouraged him by his voice. Thrice he outstripped his illustrious rivals; thrice he arrived, the first, at the appointed goal. Having borne

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away

away every prize, in the evening he re-entered the gates of the capital, preceded by musicians, and announced by the sound of trumpets; he advanced, followed by the acclamations of the people, and the despair of those who envied his glory; while the jealous moon hid her silver orb.

The daughter of the visir, the beautiful Ouardi, is about to appear in my song. With secret emotion she had beheld this illustrious youth, as he passed along; already had swift-winged Fame proclaimed his success; she ran to her window to witness his glorious return. Innumerable torches lighted his triumphal march. The conqueror was accompanied by two thousand Mamlouks, skilled in the use of the bow. Mounted on the courser of the sultan, he rode in the midst of the troops, and his towering head appeared above them all. His turban was decorated with a green bough, the signal of victory. Ouardi saw him, in the flower of youth, and crowned with glory. She felt the first symptoms of a rising passion, which robbed her of her rest. For the first time she experienced desires, and her heart, by an irresistible impulse, flew towards Anas-Eloujoud. In the contemplation of his grace, his beauty and his noble deportment, she inhaled the insidious poison of love. Confused and agitated, she wishes to turn her eyes from this fascinating object; but, in vain, they immediately return, to fix on her conqueror with

re-

redoubled eagerness. The bright colour of his cheeks, the clearness of his complexion, the equal curves of his black eyebrows; the fire of his eyes, alternately attract her admiration, and tempt her to exclaim—"Happy the woman whom fate has destined to be united to thee, who shall pass the days by thy side, or in thine arms! Alas! I love thee; may thy heart burn with an equal flame!"

Anas-Eloujoud having traversed the city with his pompous retinue, went to visit the sultan, and received with transport the congratulations of his master. When a splendid supper had concluded the rejoicings of the day, he returned to his palace, to enjoy the sweets of repose. But the fair Ouardi has lost her tranquillity; Love has descended from her eyes to her heart, and inflicted an incurable wound. A secret flame pervades her every sense; the distracted virgin loses the use of her reason, and can no longer resist the violence of her disorder. She called her governess, and as the tears flowed from her eyes, she wiped them away with a slight tissue of oriental silk.

"Whence these tears?" said the governess, "you have no reason to be dissatisfied with your lot; your father is visier, and walks on the right of the sultan; chief magistrate of the realm, the people pay implicit obedience to his laws."

—"Alas!" answered Ouardi, "thou knowest

not the cause of my pain ; these tears flow for a young lord, whose wonderful beauty has captivated my heart. Overcome by an impetuous passion, I have now discovered the fatal secret. Before I saw him, I enjoyed all the sweets of indifference. But those blessed days of tranquil happiness are past. I love ; I burn.—Oh, my friend ! go to the author of my trouble, let him receive from thy mouth the confession of my love ; paint its violence in the glowing colours of truth ; shrink not from the task, but be faithful and expeditious.” She then took a sheet of paper ; and as the tears again rushed in torrents from her eyes, and her bosom burnt with additional heat, she penned this tender epistle——

“ Illustrious youth ! thou hast conquered all thy noble competitors on the plain. The moon has been jealous of thy superior splendour. I have seen thee, and have lost my repose. He who named thee Anas-Eloujoud* had read the book of fate. Oh ! thou who inspirest thy friends with joy, and drivest the envious to despair ! Oh thou whom nature formed for love, compassionate those pains of which thou art the author ! Take pity of one who is dying for love of thee ! Take pity of the state to which thou hast reduced me ! My strength, my reason, are

* The accomplished man.

He^d. I swear by the God of worlds*, that love is a devouring fire! there is no torment equal to that which his slaves experience."

The governess immediately repaired to the palace of Anas-Eloujound; whom she found in a retired apartment; and, throwing herself at his feet, she embraced his knees, and said—"My lord, I salute you on the part of her who sent me hither; may I hope that my message will be favourably received, or must I return dissatisfied? The beauty I serve is overwhelmed with grief, and her lovely eyes are drowned with tears." At these words she presented the letter, which Anas-Eloujound opened with great eagerness; and, having read it, found the sure proofs of Ouardi's passion. As his mind was endued with exquisite sensibility, and impressed with the most generous sentiments, the candour of the visier's daughter filled his heart with joy. The same irresistible flame which raged in her bosom, now burnt in his, and he burst forth into this involuntary exclamation—"O heavens! what infinite happiness would be the portion of that mortal who could unite his

* This oath is frequently used in the Alcoran. The inhabitants of the East, who hold it inviolate, sometimes pronounce it in cases of importance.

fate to that of so tender a lover!" He then took up his pen, and wrote these words——

"Oh thou who reignest over all Persia, the unrivalled queen of Beauty! thou, whose grace, whose art, whose talents, are the universal theme of commendation; daughter of the visier, lovely Ouardi, thou hast sent me a letter, and hast deigned to supplicate! Thy generosity has won my heart; it is wholly thine; Anas-Eloujoud becomes thy eternal adorer, and the slave of thy will!"

The governess returned with this answer, which delighted the beautiful Ouardi; as she read it, her cheeks were covered with roses, her heart palpitated with joy, and her bosom heaved like that of the dove. She again took up her pen, and Love dictated these verses, which were incessantly watered with her tears. "Oh! Anas-Eloujoud! Oh! thou loveliest of thy sex, listen to the vows of thy mistress. Come, and reap the reward of thy affection. Come to my arms, or I shall sink beneath the violence of my love. By the Creator of worlds, I swear, a burning passion consumes me! It has banished sleep from mine eye-lids; it has preyed upon my heart from the first moment I saw thee, mounted on the sultan's horse, eclipse with thy glory, all the nobles who surrounded thee. I can no longer support thy absence. My whole soul is filled with thy image; it is ever before my eyes in the day, and

at night I think I see it at my side: but when I awake, the illusion disappears. Alas! sleep is a deceiver!"

The governess carried this second epistle to the favourite of the sultan. He was negligently reclining on a rich sofa, and still perusing the letter of his beauteous mistress; his looks were uncommonly animated, and his face was radiant as that of Aurora. "My lord," said the messenger, prostrating herself before him, "these are the words of a lover who weeps thy absence." Anas-Eloujound read them with transport, and thus answered—"Tender Ouardi, beloved mistress! nothing should prevent me from flying to thy arms; not death itself, suspended o'er my head, could stop me, did I not fear that the vigilant eyes of thy guardians might discover the secret, and thy life become the price of my pleasures. Wait till night shall come, to conceal our loves beneath her propitious veil. Mark but the moment, and I will rush into thy arms, to intoxicate myself with the enjoyments of love."

The governess hastened to the palace of her mistress—"Oh, my good friend!" said Ouardi, "what news dost thou bring me?" "The letter of an impassioned lover." Ouardi trembled as she read it; and sent this reply—"O thou who art endued with little sensibility, with little courage; reflect on what I have done for thee: I have trusted myself to thy discretion. The

consideration that thou wert a stranger, and an orphan, was insufficient to deter me from pursuing the dictates of my heart; and yet thou seemest to hesitate!—How am I led away by the blindness of my passion?—Oh! thou dearest of men! I expect thee, this very night. When the moon shall have traversed half her destined space, come to me, that I may press thee to my bosom—and then die, if it must be so. I swear by the God of worlds, that, were my father present, I would set his looks and his threats at defiance!”

When she had folded up the letter, and given it to her faithful governess, she added, “Exaggerate the advantages I have received from nature, and the splendour of my birth. Tell him that he has never seen beauty equal to that of his beloved, and that there is none superior to be found among the daughters of kings!” The messenger was going to execute her commission, when she met the visier at the door, and being alarmed at the unexpected sight of him, she let the letter fall from her hands. The visier seized it, and discovered the passion of Ouardi. Filled with rage, he immediately went to his wife; and, presenting the letter, said—“See the misconduct of your daughter. How long has Anas-Eloujoud, the favourite of our sovereign, been the object of her affections? How long has this base connection been maintained? Should the sultan be apprised of it, I should lose my head.

But

But I will instantly punish the guilty girl, and in her blood wash away our disgrace."

"My lord!" replied his affrighted wife, "this affair was unknown to me; it drives me to despair. But, if you wish to keep it secret, and to escape the storm that threatens you, shut up your daughter in the palace built by your ancestors, in the middle of the Solitary Island; and let her be guarded by slaves, on whose fidelity and virtue you can depend. The smallest pretext will suffice for carrying her away before her infamy becomes public. She will there live, far removed from her lover, till the recollection of her dishonour be buried in the tomb."

The visier was pleased with her advice. Being sprung from the blood of the caliphs, he possessed an island towards the extremity of the Persian Gulph, surrounded by nature with lofty rocks, the dread of mariners, against whose sides the waves dashed furious with a horrid noise, and accessible only by one small inlet. When the least wind was stirring, the vessels, tossed by the waves, strove in vain to enter the harbour, and, driven on the points of the rocks, were broken into pieces, and the wretched sailors consigned to a watery grave. Many were deterred by these dangers from approaching this formidable abode. Although it contained an antique castle, surrounded by shady bowers, incessantly refreshed by rivulets, which flowed

from the foot of the mountains, the Solitary Island was uninhabited. Thither did the visier resolve to convey the unfortunate Ouardi. His power was great, and his word was law. He issues his orders, and instantly a superb vessel, commanded by an experienced captain, is laden with furniture, carpets, and other precious effects, and only waits his pleasure to depart.

When every thing was prepared, the visier, dissembling his grief, repaired to his daughter's apartment, and said to her—"Mother of the Graces, arise, and follow me; and bring with thee such slaves as best please thee." Having pronounced these words, he left her. Ouardi, knowing the unhappy fate of her letter, perceived that she was about to quit her paternal mansion for a distant exile. She gave herself up to tears and lamentations; but in vain; the die is cast; she is going to be eternally separated from the object of her adoration. This misfortune, however, only serving to increase the violence of her passion, she exclaimed—"No! death alone can extinguish the flame that consumes me. Could I but hope to see my lover again! Would some kind friend restore him to my wishes! Oh, place of my birth, I quit thee, perhaps for ever! If thou wouldst but have suffered me to receive the youth for whom my tears now flow! to bestow on him the title of husband! to repose, by his side, on voluptuous cushions!

to

to yield up my heart and my senses to his transports ! to give him, with my own hand, a delicious beverage !”—She had scarcely uttered these words, when a slave entered and said—“ Princess, come down ; the visier is waiting for you.” The beautiful Ouardi arose, and slowly descended the stairs, surrounded by her afflicted women. When she came to the bottom of the stair-case*, she stopped, and, in obedience to the dictates of her passion, wrote the following words on the wall.

“ O palace, which I have inhabited from my infancy ! should my lover repair hither, in the name of God make known to him my destiny ! Tell him the unfortunate Ouardi has been carried away before the dawn of day, before she could taste, with him, the sweets of love. To repay her for those tears which she has shed, do thou shed tears in thy turn, and upon this stone read the marks of her disgrace. Her vows have been frustrated—her father has intercepted the letter which she wrote to thee. If, after her

* There are two stair-cases to the haram ; one for those men who have the privilege of admission, the other solely for the use of the women. It was at the bottom of this last, by which her lover was to be introduced, that Ouardi wrote these words.

misfortune, thou quitteſt not thy palace to follow her, ſhe will riſe up againſt thee at the day of judgment, and accuſe thee before the face of the univerſe.”

When ſhe was about to depart, her mother ran up to her, embraced her tenderly, and having bathed her face with tears, exclaimed—“ O my daughter ! who can penetrate into futurity ? One day you will perhaps return, to reſtore joy to our hearts. O unhappy error, which compels us to ſentence thee to baniſhment ! Muſt we redeem, by the loſs of thee, the honour of our family ? Thou art going to leave us, and the place in which I have watched over your infancy, will now become a dreary ſolitude. How dear was thy preſence to my heart ; thou wert my glory and my conſolation. Alas ! my happineſs will take its flight with thee, and grief henceforth will be my only gueſt. Thy abſence is about to cover my days with darkneſs. Thy deſerted apartment will be a place of ſhelter to the birds of night. Never more ſhall I enter it. Alas ! my ſtrength forſakes me. My clothes are become an inſupportable burden. Thy departure kills me.”

The tender Ouardi, almoſt ſtified by her tears and ſobs, could not give utterance to a ſingle word. Groaning, ſhe kiſſed her mother's hands, and preſſed them to her boſom. They were obliged to force Ouardi from her arms, in order to
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put her into the litter which had been prepared for her. 'Twas now she felt all the horrors of her destiny, and appeared to be plunged in the deepest affliction. The visier, seeing her in this condition, forgot his anger to indulge in tenderness. "O my daughter," cried he, "add not to the evils which thy parents suffer. I am like the eye that has lost its beloved object. Its disorder continues to increase, and it requires the aid of the physician. My days are about to be changed into gloomy nights; I shall be a stranger in my own palace. But let us not banish hope. Ah! who can penetrate into the decrees of the Most High!"

The camels which carried the wretched Ouardi advanced with astonishing rapidity, while the visier followed with her women, and the moon lighted them on their way. By day-break they arrived at the sea-side, and went on board the vessel which was ready to receive them. The captain immediately unfurled the sail, and a favourable breeze carried them into the open sea. Scarce had the sun attained the zenith, when, in the skirts of the horizon, they descried the summit of the mountains of the Solitary Island, where they landed safely before night. The visier soothed his daughter with expressions of kindness, and conducted her to the ancient castle which had been built by his ancestors. It contained apartments of a vast extent, whose cielings
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were covered with cloth of gold ; and which they now embellished with magnificent carpets, and rich cushions ; while the fountains which rose in the center of each room, preserved a constant freshness, that revived the senses, and kept up a pleasing murmur, that charmed the ear.

The visier, afraid that his departure might be noticed by the public, hastened his return to the city. Steered by a skilful pilot, he avoided the rocks (which extended to a considerable distance from the shore, beneath the surface of the water), and reached the coast of Persia. In order to destroy all traces of his voyage, he ordered the vessel to be instantly burned ; and the next day, he re-entered the gates of Ispahan. The wretched Ouardi remained a prey to the deepest sorrow ; she passed her days and nights in lamentation, and tears were her only sustenance.

In the mean time, Anas-Eloujoud, after waiting two days for the commands of his mistress, began to be greatly alarmed. He had taken no kind of nourishment, and sleep was a stranger to his eyes. Unable any longer to support the torments of uncertainty, he rises before the break of day, and slipping out unperceived by his attendants, secretly repairs to the palace of Ouardi. He climbs to the top of a wall ; and neither seeing nor hearing any one near, he imagines that the whole family are still asleep ; and, sliding down into the court which leads to his mistress's apartment,

ment, he discovers the characters which her hand had traced out on the wall. He had come with a bosom palpitating with joy; but he returned with a heart oppressed with grief. "Such then," he exclaimed, "is the fate of man! He sows the pregnant seeds of hope, and reaps nothing but despair!"

Anas-Eloujound returned to his palace, with a look that betrayed the trouble of his soul. "Was ever," said he, "a separation so cruel! when on the point of possessing the adorable object of my love, she is snatched away from me.—Abode of luxury, thou shalt no longer be my residence! Ye gilded cornices, ye magnificent carpets, ye have no longer any attractions for Anas-Eloujound." As he uttered these words, he threw aside his sword, and all the ornamental parts of his dress. "Why are not wings permitted to a lover, when in pursuit of a fugitive mistress? I will seek her to the farthest extremity of the world!" He then put on a mean dress, that he might not be known; and taking a stick, the emblem of misfortune, in his hand, set out in search of Ouardi.

Anas-Eloujound, being thus disguised, went from city to city, and from country to country; he traversed horrid deserts, strayed through gloomy vales, and climbed over shaggy mountains, calling on men, on heaven, and on earth, for news of his beloved. Long did he pursue his fruitless search;

search ; long were his lamentations repeated only by the plaintive voice of echo. At length, being overcome with fatigue, and having reached the entrance of a cave, which was the residence of a venerable dervise, bending beneath the weight of years, he stopped, to indulge his melancholy thoughts. The image of Ouardi was ever present to his mind, embellished with all those nameless perfections, which the flattering pencil of love never fails to bestow. Yielding to the dictates of his passion, he exclaimed—"O ye inhabitants of this cave, whoever ye be, pity the hapless fate of a wretched wanderer ! Have ye not seen the lovely object of my affection ? Her skin is whiter than the purest alabaster ; her cheeks excel the blushing beauties of the new-blown rose ; her hair, in waving ringlets, hangs over her snowy shoulders ; her looks are more piercing than the tempered steel.—Alas ! I have lost her !—Ye inhabitants of this friendly cave, have ye not seen the fair Ouardi ?"

The dervise, struck with this portrait, and feeling the embers of a flame, that was scarcely extinguished, glow within his bosom, left his prayers to attend the lover. "Young man," said he, "enter this cave, and we will attempt the pleasing task of mutual consolation. We are not the only victims of the tyrant Love !—Be seated, and I will endeavour to find a cure for your wound. Suffer, meanwhile, the genial

nial rays of hope to cheer your drooping mind ; your misfortunes are perhaps drawing near to an end : rest yourself, therefore, and accept such nourishment as my cave affords."

The old man, whose white beard descended to his girdle, and whose venerable mien enforced respect, immediately placed before his youthful guest a rustic repast, consisting of sweet-scented honey ; dates fresh gathered ; and luscious grapes, which hung in purple clusters on the mountain's side. His beverage was the cold stream, pure as the virgin crystal from the neighbouring brook. As soon as Anas-Eloujound had finished his frugal meal, the dervise thus addressed him : " Young man, I am pleased with your countenance ; and, as your heart is exempt from corruption, I am anxious to merit your confidence. Listen to my story ; it may serve to soothe your anxiety ; and will give me the satisfaction of imparting my misfortunes to one who is endued with sufficient sensibility to bestow on them the tear of compassion, and the sigh of sympathy.

" I am the son of the visier Sarmacand ; my father brought me up, amidst the pomp of his court, to the noble profession of arms ; in which, during my early youth, I gained such distinction as procured me the appointment of commander in chief. The reputation I acquired by some brilliant exploits, excited the hatred of envy ; but the protection of my prince, and the credit
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of his minister, sheltered me from its stings. The rank which I now enjoyed satisfied my ambition, and gave me content; but love, alas! was destined to interrupt my felicity, and promote my destruction. The most beautiful of all the sultan's slaves, having conceived a passion for me, sent me an invitation, which the frozen breast of apathy itself could not have slighted. In short, she made me the happiest of mortals; and every thought was employed in giving her the most unequivocal proofs of grateful tenderness: I was lost in delight. At length, however, the keen eye of envy pierced the mysterious veil which concealed our joys; while its malicious tongue betrayed us to the monarch. This fatal discovery caused the ruin of my family, and the death of my beloved; while I myself, disguised in the dress of a dervise, escaped the rage of persecution. I wandered over the frozen climes of Tartary; descended, from the summits of Tibet, into the plains of India; visited the happy isles, where spice and perfumes grow; then returned to the continent; and, after traversing all Persia, I retired to this solitary retreat, overcome with care, fatigue, and melancholy. It is now forty years since I first established my residence in this rugged cave. I live on the fruits of yonder date-trees, and of these vines which decorate the mountain; and the water of the rivulet forms my only beverage. Would you believe, my son,
that

that this long space of time has been insufficient to efface from my heart the image of Nadira? The impression is now as strong as in the days of my happiness; methinks I see her lovely shade wandering round my lonely cave; hear her melodious voice break the dread silence of the gloomy night. Not a day passes but I pay her the tearful tribute of affection; and while I mourn the rigour of her fate, I lament my own, which has reserved me for severer trials!—O Nadira! Nadira! soon shall I join thee; soon shall I terminate a life of misery!—As for you, my son, who have but just entered on the flowery path, exert your courage; and may you be more fortunate than me!—But, tell me, what brought you to this unfrequented spot?”

Anas-Eloujoud, deeply affected with his story, embraced the venerable old man, whose face he bathed with his tears. When he had somewhat recovered from the first transports of sympathizing grief, he thus replied: “I was born in the province of Cachemir; but being stolen from my parents by robbers, I was sold to the king of the Persians. That prince, being struck with those talents, which the liberal hand of nature had bestowed on me, ordered them to be cultivated with extraordinary care, and brought me up to the first employments in the state. Having saved his life in battle, at the head of the Mamalouks, who fought under my command,
and

and having turned the fortune of the day in his favour, I entirely gained his confidence and esteem. At his court, I enjoyed all the splendour of wealth, the attractions of rank, and the influence of unlimited power. O my father! the daughter of the visier, the most lovely of all the virgins of Ispahan, has inspired me with a passion as violent as ever glowed within the bosom of man. I have sacrificed every thing to my love; and, for three whole years, have sought her, by sea and by land. At the very moment when possession was about to render me the happiest of mortals, she disappeared; and I know not to what country her barbarous father has banished her."

The old dervise, after remaining some time in deep meditation, suddenly exclaimed, "If the knowledge I derive from my misfortunes deceive me not, you will find the object of your adoration, in an island situated at the extremity of the Persian Gulph, which belongs to the visier. Arise, and follow me!" As he said this, he led Anas-Eloujoud over a sandy plain, whose surface had been long stript of its verdure by the devouring heat of the sun. After a painful march of several hours, they arrived at a narrow path, that led to the summit of those hills which skirt the southern banks of the Euphrates. "Do you see," said the old man, "yonder noble river, rolling its impetuous waves towards the sea?

Descend

Descend the hill; pursue its course, and it will bring you opposite to the Solitary Island, which you will know by the lofty mountains that surround it. When you approach it, turn to the south-east, as that is the only part in which it is accessible." The dervise then embraced the youthful traveller; and, having offered up vows for the success of his enterprise, returned to his cave, to lament the loss of his unfortunate Nadira.

Anas-Eloujound thanked his generous host; and, invoking benedictions on his head, departed, with a heart elated by joy and hope. He descended swiftly into the valley, and reached the banks of the river, where he found a bark, the owner of which he engaged, by liberal promises, to conduct him to the place of his destination. The sail was unfurled, and the wind seconding the impetuosity of the current, pressed them forward with the rapidity of an arrow. Anas-Eloujound paid no attention to the numerous flocks which embellished the verdant pastures, nor to the smiling landscapes dissected by rivulets, which pour into the Euphrates the fulness of their waves. His heart, animated with a single desire; his mind, wholly engrossed by a single sentiment; in all nature he sees nothing but his beloved, nothing but the tender Ouardi.

He had passed the mouth of the river, and having lost sight of land, stretched his longing eyes

eyes over the vast expanse of water, when he discovered some shining objects in the skirts of the horizon. They were the rocks of the Solitary Island! He trembled with joy, and his ardent fancy overleaped the intermediate space. Mindful of the directions he had received from the dervise, he directed the helm to the south-east. He approached the island, and the mountains encreasing, soon convinced him he was not deceived. At that instant, the pilot descried a small dark cloud, which, as he knew it to be the sure sign of a storm, filled his heart with terror. He was anxious to return to the coast he had left, but Anas-Eloujoud compelled him to proceed. The cloud, though at first almost imperceptible, gradually encreased in bulk, till, like a vast chain of mountains, it obscured a part of the firmament; while, as the wind agitated the waves, the sea acquired a gloomy aspect, and sent forth a dismal noise. The rocks became white with the foam; the storm raged with redoubled violence; the slender bark was one moment raised to the skies, and the next plunged into a deep abyfs; death threatened them on every side. The affrighted pilot could no longer steer, but exclaimed, with a voice expressive of horror, that they were about to dash against the rocks. Anas-Eloujoud had but just time to untie his girdle, and throw off a part of his dress, when a roaring wave shattered the vessel, and plunged them

into the bosom of the ocean. The unhappy lover rose to the surface, and exerted his utmost efforts to gain the neighbouring shore, beating, with sinewy arms, the foaming billows. Having seen the pilot dashed against the rocks, he made a long circuit, in order to avoid a similar fate: long did he struggle with the impetuous waves; till at length he felt his limbs grow stiff, and his strength forsake him. He made, however, one bold effort, which fortunately threw him on a rock, to which he clung with all his force; and, as the watery mountains passed over his head, he held his breath, and remained motionless. By degrees, the fury of the storm subsided; the sky recovered its wonted serenity, and the cheerful rays of hope once more beamed on the bosom of the wretched lover. After an hour's repose, he again plunged into the sea, and gained the shore, on which he lay for some time in a state of stupefaction; till, his vital heat being restored by the warmth of the sun, he recovered sufficient strength to ascend the hill, where he laid himself down in an arbour of orange-trees, and fell into a profound sleep.

Meanwhile, the fair Ouardi's love acquired fresh force, from the obstacles opposed to its gratification. Ever intent on its object, she thought of nothing but Anas-Eloujoud; she could see nothing but his image. Her days were passed in fruitless desires, and unavailing sorrow.

row. Her slaves, in order to amuse her mind, led her to those enchanted bowers, with which the island was covered; while the earth's surface exhibited a constant verdure, the grateful produce of perpetual spring. The myrtle, the orange, the scarlet-flowered pomegranate, and the Arabian jasmine, formed, with their spreading branches, a delicious shade. These were inhabited by cooing turtles, and the little songsters of the grove, who hailed, with their harmonious warblings, the rising and the setting sun. Silver rivulets flowed between banks of the most fragrant flowers. In this delightful spot, Ouardi indulged her amorous thoughts; she gathered, for her lover, the pomegranate, and the orange; she wove a garland of myrtle to embellish his hair; she pressed him to sit by her side on the verdant turf, to inhale the balsamic emanations of odoriferous plants; while she addressed him in the warmest language of love. But when this illusion vanished, and truth's sober ray dispelled the mist which obscured her reason, and her eternal separation from Anas-Eloujoud recurred to her distracted mind, her strength forsook her, torrents of tears streamed down her lovely face, and a settled melancholy took possession of her heart. For a long time did she flatter herself that he would discover her retreat; but three years, passed in fruitless expectation, having deprived her of that pleasing hope, she gave herself up to despair,

despair, and resolved to attempt her escape, though at the risk of being swallowed up by the waves. At length she found means to elude the vigilance of her guards; and, getting out of a window which looked to the sea, she walked towards the harbour. At break of day she climbed the summit of a lofty rock, and casting her eyes over the vast expanse of water, she perceived, at a little distance, a fisherman throwing his nets. She made a sign to him with her handkerchief, upon which he immediately sailed towards her; and when he approached, remained for some time motionless with surprise, at seeing a woman of her youth and beauty, arrayed too with such magnificence, wandering in that desert place.

“Enter my bark,” said he; “you have nothing to fear. Are you a mortal, or of the race of the Genii? Tell me, celestial maid; tell me who you are, and command your devoted slave.”

"I am the daughter of a visier," replied Ourdi; "and love has conducted me hither. O fisherman, deign to convey me to the nearest city. Perhaps, I may there gain intelligence of my lover. I can no longer support life without him!" She then wiped the tears from her eyes, and entered the bark.

The fisherman hoisted the sail, and sung the following verses, which he composed extempore.

"I have seen thee, and my heart is inspired with
sensations,

sensations, that have been hitherto unknown to it. Who can refrain from loving the most perfect beauty which adorns the earth? She has a right to the homage of all mankind. Her eyes sparkle with celestial fire. Her jetty locks descend in waving ringlets to her feet, and shed a sweet perfume all around. This incomparable beauty, before whom the trees, as she passes, bow down their heads, is the master-piece of the Most High!"

After sailing for three days, a favourable wind brought them safe into the harbour of Bagdad; that celebrated city, in which commerce and the laws prosper, from unremitting encouragement. It was then governed by a monarch who distributed justice with an impartial hand; his name was Diwan. He had acquired great reputation by his military exploits: but beneficence was his chief virtue; and in generosity he was unrivalled. From the window of his palace he beheld the lovely Ouardi, and was struck with her beauty: astonished at seeing a young maid so richly dressed, in a fisherman's bark, he sent two of his slaves to her with a consolatory message. "Come," said they, "to speak to the sultan, our master: he is of a generous nature; and they who place themselves under his protection, are secure from danger, or insult." Ouardi followed them to the palace with trembling steps; and being conducted into the king's presence, she kissed his hand,

hand, while the tears flowed from her eyes, and her bosom swelled with despair.

“Lovely maid,” said the monarch, “what accident has brought you to this place? Has some ruffian carried you off by force? or are you the hapless victim of love? Tell me your name, who is your father, and where the place of your birth?”

“Sublime Emperor,” answered she, “my name is Ouardi, and my birth illustrious, my father being sprung from a race of kings. His authority is extensive: when he appears in public, he is attended by two thousand lances. He is called Ibrahim; he is visier to the Sultan Chamier, who governs the kingdom of Ispahan. A fatal passion which I conceived for a young nobleman of his court, is the cause of my disgrace, my banishment, and my tears. Alas! when I first knew Love, I was ignorant of the torments he gives birth to. My lover’s name is Anas-Eloujoud: in grace, in talents, and in courage, he excels all the youths of the age. My union with him can alone remove the cause of my sorrow.”

“Let the visier be called,” said the sultan. “Prince, I am here in readiness to execute your orders.”—“Take eighty camels, load them with the richest stuffs, and instantly repair to the Sultan Chamier. Say to him—“The Emperor Diwan greets thee: he asks thee a favour. Send

him Anas-Eloujoud : he is desirous of seeing a nobleman of whom report speaks so highly." The visier obeyed, and departed.

The sun, disengaged from the vapours of the horizon, shed waves of light over the earth ; giving new life to plants, and joy to animated beings. Already had he completed a third of his career, when the shrill notes of the feathered songsters, celebrating his presence, awakened Anas-Eloujoud ; who had dreamed, during the night, that he saw the fair Ouardi approach him, and in kind accents invite him to follow her. After many useless efforts to awake him, she plunged into the waves, making the air resound with her plaintive cries. He now arose, with his mind still disturbed by his dream ; and, having left the harbour, discovered a castle, built in the middle of the island. A ray of hope revived his drooping courage, as he walked with trembling steps towards that asylum which had so long concealed his beloved. When he arrived at the gate, a surly porter thus addressed him—"Whence come you ? whither are you going ? and what is your design ? No stranger, without the risk of his life, can enter this solitude. Speak, and declare the truth."

"I am an unfortunate merchant," answered Anas-Eloujoud. "I had a vessel laden with silk, which the late storm has shipwrecked on the neighbouring rocks ; and I am the only person
who

who escaped. Behold this cloak, which scarcely suffices to cover my nakedness: it is all that remains of my whole fortune." The porter, moved by his story, suffered him to enter. A profound silence prevailed through the various courts of the palace, which he traversed, with anxious step, without meeting a single person, all the slaves being engaged in search of their mistress. As he entered those delightful bowers which Ouardi had just quitted, he perceived the cypher of his mistress, cut by the side of his own, in the bark of the orange-trees; and their names were interwoven in different places. He no longer doubts that the object of his adoration is near at hand: his heart palpitates with fear and hope; he is at a loss whither to direct his steps; now running through the winding labyrinth which enclose the bower, and now stopping with attentive ear to catch each vagrant sound, which he fondly hopes will prove the voice of his divinity. The gentle murmur of the distant wave alarms his heart; he shudders at the rustling leaves, moved by the mild breath of Zephyr: the smallest noise inspires him with dread; and his senses are in a state of inexpressible agitation as he walks through the groves, beneath whose grateful shades the fair Ouardi had reposed her lovely limbs. As he wandered about the gardens, he met Ouardi's attendants, who were searching after their mistress. At the sight of a

man they started back with terror. "Do not be afraid," said Anas-Eloujoud; "you have nothing to fear from an unfortunate stranger, who has been shipwrecked on this solitary coast. But whence those tears?—" Alas!" said they, "the visier of a great king had entrusted his daughter to our care; and last night she eluded our vigilance, and effected her escape. All our endeavours to find her have proved fruitless. When the visier shall be apprized of this event, he will order us all to be put to death!" Anas-Eloujoud was now convinced that this island had been the place of his lover's confinement; and he therefore joined in the pursuit.

Diwan's visier had, in the mean time, arrived at the court of Ispahan; and, having obtained an audience of the Sultan Chamier, thus addressed him—"Magnificent Emperor, the Sultan Diwan has sent me to greet thee in his name; and to request that thou wouldst suffer Anas-Eloujoud, whose talents and exploits are the theme of universal commendation, to accompany me to his court. Accept the congratulations of my master, and eighty camels loaded with riches. These presents, ample as they are, are still far beneath thy power and thy majesty."

"Alas!" exclaimed Chamier, "where is Anas-Eloujoud to be found? Three years have now elapsed since he first disappeared; during which time, all my attempts to discover his retreat have

have proved fruitless. He was general of my armies, and my grand cup-bearer."

"Glorious Emperor!" replied the ambassador, a young maiden is lately arrived at Bagdad, who calls herself the Princess Ouardi. She loves Anas-Eloujound, and mourns his absence."—

"She must have occasioned his flight," said the sultan: let her father be brought before me."—

"Behold me at your feet," said the visier. "If thou dost not depart, this instant, in search of Anas-Eloujound, and bring him back with thee, thou shalt feel the effects of my vengeance: thee and thy whole race will I destroy."

The father of Ouardi set out for the Solitary Island; and the ambassador of Diwan returned to Bagdad, to give an account of his embassy. The news of Anas-Eloujound's flight, and the uncertainty of his fate, gave fresh subject of uneasiness to the beautiful Ouardi: she not only trembled for his life, but for that of her father. The kindness of the Prince, who had received her so graciously; the magnificent palace which he had assigned her for her residence; the superb gardens that surrounded it; the numerous slaves who were appointed to attend her; in short, all the luxuries she enjoyed, were incapable of affording the smallest mitigation to her grief. Alas! can the heart, that has lost the object of its affections, admit of consolation? "Unhappy love!" would she frequently exclaim; "delicious senti-

ment! which I received as the purest source of voluptuousness, why art thou so fertile in pains? I am banished from my family; I have left a mother to mourn my loss; I have endangered the life of a father, who cherished me with the utmost fervour of paternal fondness: and yet all these misfortunes united would be insufficient to make me renounce my lover. The more I endeavour to tear his image from my heart, the deeper does the dear impression sink. I wish to forget, but continue to adore. Should he fall a victim to the fatal passion which I have raised in his bosom!—Alas!—day and night do I torment myself with painful conjectures, and unavailing lamentations. O death! approach, and put an end to my sufferings!” Thus did the amorous Ouardi vent her grief in complaints.

The visier Ibrahim arrived at the Solitary Island, and found his slaves in tears. “Wretches!” said he, “what have ye done with my daughter?”—“My lord, we have merited death! Our mistress has eluded our vigilance, and profited by the darkness of the night to effect her escape. We have in vain endeavoured to discover her retreat, though assisted in our search by a merchant who was cast away on the island.”—“You shall feel the effects of my vengeance!” said the visier. “But who is this stranger?”—“We know him not, my lord: he says that his ship was driven by a storm on the rocks which surround

round the island, where it was dashed to pieces, and his whole fortune lost in the sea. This disaster seems to have deprived him of his senses. Deep sighs issue from his bosom; he rolls himself upon the sand; and sometimes glews his lips to the bark of the trees."—"Bring him hither." At these words, one of the slaves departed in search of Anas-Eloujoud, whom she found in the garden, deeply involved in thought. "Stranger," said she, follow me; the visier requires your presence." Though he started at the name of visier, he determined to obey the summons. Ibrahim immediately recollected him, notwithstanding the change of his dress, and the alteration made in his countenance by the corroding hand of sorrow.

"Unhappy youth!" said he, "to what dreadful evils has thy imprudence exposed us! Give me back my daughter, the honour of my house, and the consolation of my old age. Thou hast lost her! She is now wandering about, from city to city, like a deserted victim; while the sultan demands my life as the punishment of thy crime."—"O my father!" replied Anas-Eloujoud, "do not insult the fair Ouardi; but pardon the violence of that passion which has led us astray. Look on me as your son; my utmost efforts shall be exerted to merit that title: but do not require the sacrifice of a sentiment which no power on earth shall compel me to renounce."

These affectionate expressions disarmed the anger of Ibrahim, who embraced the man that had called him father, while they mingled their sighs together. He obliged him to exchange his garment for one of silk and gold, placed a rich scimitar at his side, covered his head with a turban adorned with precious stones, and then made the necessary preparations for embarking him to Ispahan.

Anas-Eloujoud, when bathed, perfumed, and thus superbly arrayed, still eclipsed in beauty all the young nobles of the court. His cheek, indeed, had less colour, and his eyes less vivacity, than before; but the paleness of his countenance, and the languor of his looks, gave him an interesting appearance, which influenced in his favour all those who beheld him. When he had taken two days rest, Ibrahim said to him—"The sultan has commanded me to conduct you to his court; and I have not the smallest doubt but he will sanction with his consent your marriage with my unhappy daughter, who is now passing her days in sorrow. She has retired to the court of the Emperor Diwan, who interests himself in her fate: he retains her in his palace; and has sent an ambassador to our sublime master, in order to obtain his permission for you to repair to Bagdad."—"Let us fly thither instantaneously!" said Anas-Eloujoud, "since there resides the object of my affections. Do not let us return to Ispahan!"—"But Chamier has ordered
me

me to return ; and my death will be the consequence of my disobedience.”—“ I no longer oppose your design : but are we sure of meeting with a favourable reception ?”

The *presentimens* of the grand cup-bearer were founded in reason. The courtiers dreaded his return, from an apprehension that he would once more monopolize the favour of their prince. That monarch was now surrounded by a crowd of nobles, who, actuated by motives of envy, eagerly embraced the present opportunity to calumniate the man, whose talents, virtues, and glory, had long eclipsed them all. They represented him as a young debauchee, who, forgetful of the favours he had received from his sovereign, had basely deserted him, for the purpose of following an abandoned mistress. They insinuated, that Ibrahim had entered into a secret correspondence with the enemies of the state—that he had concluded a treaty with the ambitious Diwan, with the view of placing the crown of Persia on his own head, and of transmitting it to Anas-Eloujoud, by giving him his daughter in marriage. They persuaded him that the embassy from the king of Bagdad was intended for the sole purpose of reconnoitring the state of his dominions, in order to attack them whenever a favourable opportunity should occur. The chiefs of the Mamlouks, whom Anas-Eloujoud had, more than once led on to victory, had alone the justice

to shew, by their gloomy silence, their disapprobation of these calumnious assertions. But the consequence of their honest zeal was, an accusation exhibited against them as accomplices, which caused several of them to be disgraced.

The perfidious courtiers having thus excited the resentment of the prince against two of his most faithful subjects, and fearing that they might be able to justify their conduct, obtained an order to arrest them before they entered the capital.

The visier and the grand cup-bearer directed their steps towards Ispahan. Anas-Eloujoud, borne on the wings of hope, regaled his imagination with the pleasing prospect of a speedy union with his beloved mistress. Before his departure, he had written the following letter. "O thou, who first madest me feel the power of love, dry up thy tears; our griefs are near at an end. For the space of three years, we have experienced all the rigours of adversity; but the moment approaches, when happiness, unsullied happiness, shall be our lot. The sultan has sent for me; and he will doubtless sanction our union by his approbation. Will it then be permitted us to taste the sweets of love, exempt from the fear of interruption? I have visited those delightful bowers, where our names had been engraven by thy hand, on the bark of the orange-trees. I covered them with kisses; they had been blessed with thy presence; I inhaled, with the breeze, thy odoriferous breath,

breath, which had imparted additional sweetness to every flower;—ah! happy flowers! they had been touched by the hand of Ouardi! Life of my life! our woes are past, we shall now be united, never more to part.” The faithful messenger to whose care he entrusted this letter, conveyed it safe to Bagdad.

The two travellers, in the mean time, continued their route to Ispahan, and had approached within half a day’s journey of the city, when they were arrested in the king’s name, by a troop of royal guards: in vain did they remonstrate, in vain attempt to resist; they were overpowered by numbers, and conducted to a strong castle, where they were closely confined. This was a stroke for which they were wholly unprepared; it almost deprived them of their senses; they mingled their tears together, but neither of them possessed the power of utterance.

The fair Ouardi, having received her lover’s epistle, read it a hundred times, and as often covered it with kisses: “I shall again then behold the delight of my life; shall press him to my fond bosom, and console him for all the ills he has experienced! My father has pardoned him; I shall be restored to my family! I shall dry up the tears of her who gave me birth, and watched over my infancy!—Love! what a torrent of pleasures dost thou pour in upon my soul! But should the sultan detain my Anas-Eloujound! Impossible! he
never

never *can* render *him* wretched, who was always the object of his esteem. . From that moment, she gave herself up to those amusements which her companions had been studious to provide for her pleasure; she suffered her slaves to dance in her presence, and listened to the tender airs they sang. Often, seated beneath a bower shaded by orange trees that were loaded with blossoms and with fruit, would she accompany her melodious voice with the cithern. The passion which impregnated her words, passed into the bosoms of all who heard her: while she sang, an universal silence prevailed; the birds suspended their notes; Zephyr retained his breath; the fugitive stream forgot its murmur; and Echo joyfully repeated the harmonious sounds. The sultan frequently came to hear her sing, and listened to her, whole hours, with rapture.

Hope had restored to Ouardi the primitive splendour of her beauty: at all the festivals given by the sultan, her grace and agility were the theme of universal applause; whenever she appeared in public, a murmur of approbation was heard from every quarter; whenever she spoke, the brilliancy of her wit delighted all who heard her. Such a combination of charms made a deep impression on the heart of Diwan; but his generosity was superior to his love, and he had sworn, by his head, to make Ouardi happy.

After waiting a month to see the promises of
Anas-

Anas-Eloujound fulfilled, her joy began to give way to alarm; her sleep was interrupted by horrid dreams: in the day, she ascended the terrace of the palace, and cast her eyes towards Ispahan, in the hope of discovering the retinue of her lover; every object she perceived, made her tremble with pleasure. Often would her wary eyes represent to her a troop of cavaliers, richly clothed, galloping towards the walls of Bagdad—It was Anas-Eloujound—she knew his features—her heart palpitated with excess of joy. But the flattering charm was soon dispelled, and she was again plunged in the deepest melancholy. Unable any longer to bear this dreadful state of suspense, she called one of the officers of her household, whom she ordered to assume the disguise of a Persian, and hasten to Ispahan, that he might bring her news of Anas-Eloujound and her father. No sooner was he departed, than her supplications were offered to heaven for his return.

The daughter of the visier had lost her cheerfulness; absorbed in gloomy thought, she fled the tumult of the court, and shut herself up in her palace, that she might give a free vent to her grief. Her mind was haunted by the most hideous phantoms; every day did she measure the space which separates Bagdad from Ispahan, and accused the slowness of her messenger. At length he arrived: “Well, what news dost thou bring?” said Ouardi with precipitation. The messenger,
after

after prostrating himself before her, and touching the carpet with his forehead, replied—" Princess, the visier your father is deposed and imprisoned; Anas-Eloujoud is involved in his disgrace: the people lament their fate; but their enemies are powerful, and it is much feared they will carry their vengeance still farther." At this news the wretched Ouardi fell, senseless, on the floor. Her attendants endeavoured to restore her to life, by rubbing her temples with spirits: " Barbarians!" she exclaimed with a feeble voice, " what are ye about? Oh! suffer me to die!" She then closed her eyes, and remained, for a considerable time, without sense or motion. When she recovered from her swoon, she shed a torrent of tears; and, beating her bosom, reproached herself with having occasioned the death of her father, and of her lover. Her women exhausted, in vain, every source of consolation; the violence of her despair was too great to admit of comfort. But on a sudden her tears ceased to flow; she checked her sighs; her looks became fixed; and she appeared to be lost in profound meditation; while the same gloomy silence was observed by all around her. At length she spake; and, ordering her most sumptuous garments to be brought, told her women to dress her. She was instantly obeyed; they plaited and perfumed her ebony locks, fixed two crescents of fine pearls on her temples, and placed on her head a Cachemirian shawl,

shawl, embellished with a circle of diamonds. A flowing robe of celestial blue enclosed her waist, and shewed her heavenly bosom's beauteous form; a rich girdle, buckled loosely round her, hung negligently down below her knee; and a veil of snowy white, richly embroidered, concealed her charms. Thus arrayed, she called the principal officer of her household, and ordered him to go to the sultan, and in her name demand a secret audience.

The emperor immediately commanded the eunuchs to fetch the princess, and conduct her to his palace. Misram was prompt to obey. The beauteous Ouardi bowed, as she entered the sultan's apartment, and was going to throw herself at the feet of her benefactor: but Diwan prevented her; and having placed her at his side, enquired the subject of her visit, and asked her what favour it was in his power to grant her. The daughter of the visier, after remaining silent for some minutes, from inability to utter her sentiments, made an effort to speak, and thus addressed him: "Mighty sovereign, my heart is impressed with a due sense of thy goodness, and my life will be too short to express the fulness of my gratitude: but, alas! I am still miserable; my father and my lover are imprisoned, through the calumnious accusations of those who envied their greatness; and they will soon be put to death, unless thy powerful protection be interposed,

posed, to snatch them from destruction. Magnanimous emperor, as a farther proof of thy kindness to Ouardi, deign to lengthen her days, by the preservation of their lives."

The sultan was deeply affected with this discourse; he had known the power of love, and could feel for the fate of the wretched. Ouardi's tears only served to render her more interesting; he confessed the power of her charms, and nobly resolved to crown the protection he had afforded her, by saving the object of her affections: besides, he regarded the refusal of the sultan Chamier as an affront which required the severest vengeance. He therefore ordered his visier to depart for Persia, to demand, in his name, the release of the two prisoners, and to send him the answer of Chamier without delay. These marks of attention, joined to the consolatory discourse of Diwan, allayed the grief of the princess, who returned to her palace, accompanied by Hope, the best companion of the wretched.

But the anxious fears of Ouardi, were soon renewed; sometimes she saw the executioner on the point of shedding that blood, which she would gladly have saved at the expence of her own; at others, she flattered herself that Diwan's entreaties would be complied with. Hope and fear bore alternate sway in her mind, and each of them occasioned the most violent agitation. Every day appeared an age to her; and the weight

weight of suspense, at length, became insupportable. Such is the fate of those who are endued with sensibility; all their pleasures are purchased with torments; but one moment of ecstatic bliss makes them forget whole years of misfortune.

When the visier arrived on the frontiers of Persia, he made known the purport of his journey to the sultan Chamier, and asked his permission to repair to Ispahan, that he might treat with him for the liberty of the two prisoners. The counsel accordingly assembled; but the enemies of Ibrahim and Anas-Eloujoud prevailed; they represented the ambassador from Bagdad as a dangerous emissary, who came for the purpose of promoting an insurrection in their favour. They maintained, that a rebellion was on the point of breaking out, that the life of the monarch was in danger, and the sceptre about to pass into other hands. The Emperor trembled in his palace; and orders were sent to the ambassador to return without delay. The two innocent captives were confined more closely, and the propriety of sacrificing their lives to the public safety was submitted to the discussion of the council. A courier, in the mean time, being dispatched to Bagdad, with intelligence of these events, the sultan Diwan immediately determined to enforce his demands; for which purpose he assembled his warriors,

riors, and in a few days began his march towards Persia, at the head of an hundred thousand men.

The Sultan, on his departure, sent a message to Ouardi, requesting her to dry up her tears, and promising to release her father and her lover; but this promise filled her heart with additional terrors, as it convinced her the evil must be great to require so desperate a remedy. She addressed her vows to heaven for the prosperity of the Sultan's arms: and continually reproached herself with her love, as if the consequences it had produced, rendered it criminal.

The Emperor of Bagdad arrived on the enemy's frontiers, after dispersing the different bodies of troops which had been sent to oppose his passage. Like an impetuous river, which, having broken down its banks, carries away the flocks, the shepherds, and the villages, he had overturned ramparts, massacred whole armies, and now directed his march to the gates of Ispahan. When he came to that extensive plain, from whence the lofty towers of the capital are discerned, in the distant horizon, he saw two hundred thousand men drawn up in battle array, for the purpose of impeding his further progress. Sixty thousand horse, posted on the wings, only waited for the signal of battle to begin the attack. The Sultan appeared in the center, surrounded by a chosen corps, and mounted on a superb charger. The
squadrons.

squadrons appeared like a forest of lances; the brazen shields and helmets reflected from afar the rays of the sun; the neighing of horses, and the sounds of drums and trumpets, inspired every generous soul with martial ardour, and filled the bosom of the coward with alarm. The intrepid Diwan was not dismayed at the number of his enemies; but, in order to prevent the effusion of blood, he sent a herald to the king of the Persians, to inform him that he would withdraw his troops, and restore the places he had conquered, on condition that Anas-Eloujoud and Ibrahim should be delivered up to him. This step, however, was regarded as the effect of fear; and his messenger, in violation of the law of nations, was put to death. This barbarous action excited universal indignation, and a general cry of vengeance was heard throughout the army. The Emperor Diwan made a prudent disposition of his troops, and placed his light cavalry in the wings, to prevent their being surrounded. He posted himself in the center, opposite to Chamier, at the head of ten thousand Mamlouks, trained from their infancy to the use of arms. The two armies being put in motion, the advanced troops commenced the attack; the air was darkened with clouds of arrows; the earth resounded beneath the horses feet; the combatants were enveloped in whirlwinds of dust. On every side were heard the shouts of the warriors, the clashing of swords, and the shock of lances.

lances. The demon of war filled every heart with rage, while the angel of death, flying from rank to rank, singled out his victims; the earth became red with streams of blood; and men, and dying horses, lay, in confused heaps, about the plain. Victory long remained doubtful, now favouring the Persians, who repulsed their enemies; now passing over to the people of Bagdad, who spread dismay among the inhabitants of Ispahan. At length, she appeared to decide in favour of the most numerous, and the troops of Diwan began to give way; the ranks of infantry were already broken, though the corps which he headed in person still continued to fight; the horsemen, encouraged by the example of their sovereign, repelled all the attacks of the enemy, with astonishing intrepidity. He was soon, however, surrounded; when, undismayed at the danger which threatened him, he resolved to lose his life, rather than quit the field.

At that moment a youthful warrior, like the god of battles, cut his way through the Persians, followed by two thousand horse; he mowed down their battalions, and marked his passage with terror, and with death:—It was Anas-Eloujoud! His brave companions, the Mamlouks, who loved him in the time of his glory, and who deplored his misfortunes, had left the army at the commencement of the battle, and releasing him from confinement, came to fight under his orders.

Roused

Roused on by love and revenge, he performed prodigies of valour; he rallied the flying troops, and repulsing the vanquishers, made his way to the corps which was commanded by the valiant Diwan. "Prince, said he, let us fly to victory." He then rushed into the thickest of the fight, and pressing forward to the royal battalion of Ispahan, made it retreat. It seemed as if the warriors of Bagdad had received some supernatural aid; they returned to their standards, followed their intrepid leader, and falling on the scattered troops, compelled them to seek for safety in flight. The confusion now became general; and Chamier, with difficulty, escaped to his capital with the remains of his army. Thither he was pursued, and he found himself constrained to purchase the possession of his dominions by an annual tribute. Anas-Eloujoud, after he had embraced the generous Diwan, who loaded him with praises, wrote the following billet to his mistress, on the field of battle: "Ibrahim and myself are safe; we have fought under the colours of the invincible Diwan, and victory has declared in our favour. Light of my life, rejoice, for our misfortunes are at an end: all that thou holdest dear in the world will be restored to thee; enjoy the happiness which awaits us: constancy is now crowned by love; I fly to thy arms!"

The messenger arrived with joy on his countenance, and, having prostrated himself at the feet
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of the Princess, delivered the letter of her lover. No sooner did she begin to read it, than her head became giddy, and her reason forsook her. When Ouardi had recovered her senses, she read the letter several times, before she could be convinced of its reality. She then said to the messenger—"Is the news thou bringest me true? Dost thou know Anas-Eloujoud? Did he give thee this letter?—" "Princess, I fought by his side; and with that valiant hand which conquered the foes, I saw him write this billet, which he ordered me to bring to you without delay." She now commanded her attendants to reward the messenger; and taking a string of emeralds from her hair, said, "Return to your master; carry him this token of my joy; let him fix it to his turban; it is a present worthy to embellish the head of a conqueror." The messenger departed; and the beauteous Ouardi gave a loose to the extreme pleasure which this happy news had occasioned; a hundred times she read the letter of her lover, a hundred times she pressed it to her heart, and covered it with tears and kisses.

Meanwhile the Sultan approached at the head of his army, mounted on a superb courser, who proudly pranced the ground, and made the bit of his bridle white with foam, while his long mane floated in the wind, and his eyes darted lightning. Anas-Eloujoud advanced at his right hand, with a golden helmet on his head, and clothed

clothed in the habit of a warrior: the two vi-
siers followed, and all the troops filed off in good
order, with colours flying, amidst the joyful ac-
clamations of the people. This triumphal band
passed under the window of Ouardi, who beheld
her father, the Sultan, and her lover. It was
the happiest moment of her life; with what ecstacy
did she contemplate all that was dear to her on
earth! Love, in her heart, still acquired addi-
tional charms from the splendour of glory.

While the warriors were conducting the Sultan
to his palace, the mother of Ouardi arrived in a
litter, supported by camels; when this amiable
daughter descended the stairs, with precipitation,
and threw herself at her feet, which she bathed
with her tears, then pressing her in her arms, en-
treated her to forgive all her past offences. "My
daughter, they are forgotten; I shall now die
content, since I have the happiness of seeing you
again. Thy exile had embittered my life; what
torrents of tears has it caused me to shed!—At
length, however, I press my daughter to the
bosom which nourished her; I pardon her past
errors, and esteem myself the happiest of parents."

While they were mutually enjoying these delight-
ful sensations, which nature has implanted in the
breast of man, to console him for all the pains he
is doomed to experience, the Sultan, accom-
panied by old Ibrahim, entered the apartment.
Ouardi prostrated herself before him; but the

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emperor

emperor immediately raised her from the ground, and told her to embrace the visier. She then threw herself into the arms of her father; and the old man, overcome with joy, said to her, "There is the magnanimous Sultan, to whom we are indebted for our lives: return him thanks, my daughter." But the heart of Ouardi was too full for utterance; her animated looks, her heaving bosom, and her flowing tears, were alone capable of expressing her gratitude.

"Your father," added the sultan, "shall be my second visier. Anas-Eloujoud shall occupy, about my person, the same post which he enjoyed in Persia: I now appoint him commander in chief of my armies: prepare yourself, therefore, to receive his hand; to-morrow at sunset, he shall become your husband. This palace, with a hundred thousand sequins, shall be Ouardi's dower; it is just she should receive a compensation for the ills she has experienced." When he had said this, he retired. The visier and his daughter kissed his hand, and offered up a thousand vows for the prosperity of his reign. This happy family passed a great part of the night in the pleasing task of mutual consolation, in congratulating themselves on the unexpected felicity which now awaited them, and in enjoying the grateful sentiments of parental affection and filial piety.

Ouardi was too deeply affected to taste of repose; her happiness exceeded her most sanguine hopes.

hopes. In the midst of her transports, she was often tempted to believe she was in a dream; her whole soul was absorbed in contemplation on the delightful pleasures of love. Anas-Eloujoud, crowned by victory, appeared to her as a god; and she began to fear that her beauty was inadequate to secure his affections. Before the morning dawned, she called her women, and gave orders about her dress. Although her charms had received no refreshment from the balm of sleep, the contentment which cheered her heart, animated her features, and the roses of her cheeks recovered their primitive splendor. Love had fixed his torch in her eyes; and if her long sufferings had left any slender traces of melancholy on her countenance, far from proving prejudicial to her beauty, they only served to render it more affecting. As soon as she was dressed in her sumptuous robes, and her face was concealed from the eyes of men, by a splendid veil, embroidered with gold and precious stones, she went in pomp to the bath, which had been prepared for her reception. Two troops of youthful maidens, arrayed in silken garments, sang verses composed for the occasion: accompanied by the cithern and the cymbals, they repeated the following chorus.—

“Happy pair! let every sense be drowned in the pleasures of love; love has rewarded your constancy; ye both enjoy the full vigour of youth; ye are both fit for the combats of Hymen—

Youthful warrior, open your eyes, and see if a more perfect beauty ever embellished the earth. Thou alone art worthy to triumph over her charms; thou alone hast deserved her heart. Tear off those envious garments, which conceal such wondrous treasures. Ye are both fit for the combats of Hymen; let every sense be drowned in the pleasures of love."

After the choir of singers came the most distinguished ladies of Bagdad, covered with pearls and diamonds. The youthful bride walked by the side of her mother, under a canopy supported by four slaves. The procession advanced with a slow pace, while the music played; and the people, delighted with the glorious sight, made the air resound with a thousand benedictions. After the visier's daughter had remained some hours in the bath; after the ladies had undressed her with great solemnity, and she had inhaled the fragrant vapours of burnt aloes, been duly perfumed, and undergone all the usual ceremonies, she was taken back to the palace with the same ceremonies.

She waited with the most anxious impatience for the moment which was destined for the reception of her lover; and often, as it occupied her thoughts, her heart beat high, and the warm blood flew to her face. At sun-set all the streets of the city were illuminated, and the sound of drums and trumpets announced the Sultan's arrival. He alighted at the gate of the visier's palace,

lace, and led his favourite to the apartment, which was decorated with a profusion of lamps. As he entered, he took him by the hand; and presenting him to Ouardi, said, with a gracious smile, "Receive him as your husband; he is worthy to render you happy. Anas-Eloujound contemplated with extreme pleasure the maid he had so long and so tenderly loved; he found her still more lovely than his fancy had formed her, and he remained motionless with surprize and joy. Ouardi, endued with the most exquisite sensibility, was unable to contain her passion. Her bosom heaved with strong and frequent palpitations, while her knees trembled under her, and her eyes were modestly cast down before her vanquisher; but, in the midst of her agitation, it was evident that pleasure animated all her motions, and gave a celestial splendour to her charms. At length, surmounting her timidity, she bowed to the Sultan, and said, "My lord, I receive him from your hands; and if love can make him happy——" She could proceed no farther; the sensations she experienced overpowered her, and she fell senseless on a sofa; while Anas-Eloujound, rushing to her assistance, seized her in his arms, and, by imprinting a fervid kiss on her ruby lips, restored her to life. The generous Diwan, willing to leave them at full liberty to give way to their mutual transports, withdrew; and, though secretly jealous of his

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favourite, he congratulated himself on the performance of a glorious action, by uniting two persons who were so truly worthy of each other.

Ouardi and Anas-Eloujoud passed the remainder of their days in peace and happiness; and their posterity, at a subsequent period, filled the throne of Ispahan, to which Ibrahim had some hereditary claims.

THE VISION OF THEODORE, THE HERMIT OF
TENERIFFE,

FOUND IN HIS CELL.

SON of Perseverance, whoever thou art, whose curiosity has led thee hither, read and be wise. He that now calls upon thee is Theodore, the Hermit of Teneriffe, who in the 57th year of his retreat left this instruction to mankind, lest his solitary hour should be spent in vain.

I was once what thou art now, a groveller on the earth, and a gazer at the sky; I trafficked, and heaped wealth together, I loved and was favoured,

voured, I wore the robe of honour, and heard the music of adulation; I was ambitious, and rose to greatness; I was unhappy, and retired. I sought for some time what I at length found here, a place where all real wants might be easily supplied, and where I might not be under the necessity of purchasing the assistance of men by the toleration of their follies. Here I saw fruits, and herbs, and water, and here determined to wait the hand of death, which I hope, when at last it comes, will fall lightly upon me.

Forty-eight years had I now passed in forgetfulness of all mortal cares, and without any inclination to wander farther than the necessity of procuring sustenance required; but as I stood one day beholding the rock that overhangs my cell, I found in myself a desire to climb it; and when I was on its top, was in the same manner determined to scale the next, till by degrees I conceived a wish to view the summit of the mountain, at the foot of which I had so long resided. This motion of my thoughts I endeavoured to suppress, not because it appeared criminal, but because it was new; and all change, not evidently for the better, alarms a mind taught by experience to distrust itself. I was often afraid that my heart was deceiving me, that my impatience of confinement rose from some earthly passion, and that my ardour to survey the works of nature, was only a hidden longing to mingle once again

in the scenes of life.—I therefore endeavoured to settle my thoughts into their former state, but found their distraction every day greater. I was always reproaching myself with the want of happiness within my reach; and at last began to question whether it was not laziness rather than caution, that restrained me from climbing to the summit of Teneriffe.

I rose therefore before the day, and began my journey up the steep of the mountain; but I had not advanced far, old as I was, and burdened with provisions, when the day began to shine upon me; the acclivities grew more steep, and the sand slid from beneath my feet; at last, fainting with labour, I arrived at a small plain, almost inclosed by rocks, and open only to the east. I sat down to rest awhile, in full persuasion that when I had recovered my strength, I should proceed on my design; but when once I had tasted ease, I found many reasons against disturbing it. The branches spread a shade over my head, and the gales of spring wafted odours to my bosom.

As I sat thus forming alternately excuses for delay, and resolutions to go forward, an irresistible heaviness suddenly surprized me; I laid my head upon the bank, and resigned myself to sleep, when methought I heard a sound as of the flight of eagles, and a being of more than human dignity stood before me. While I was deliberating how
to

to address him, he took me by the hand with an air of kindness, and asked me solemnly, but without severity, "Theodore, whither art thou going?" "I am climbing, answered I, to the top of the mountain, to enjoy a more extensive prospect of the works of nature." "Attend first, said he, to the prospect which this place affords, and what thou dost not understand I will explain. I am one of the benevolent beings who watch over the children of the dust, to preserve them from those evils which will not ultimately terminate in good, and which they do not, by their own faults, bring upon themselves. Look round therefore, without fear, observe, contemplate, and be instructed."

Encouraged by this assurance, I looked and beheld a mountain higher than Teneriffe, to the summit of which the human eye could never reach: when I had tired myself with gazing upon its height, I turned my eyes towards its foot, which I could easily discover, but was amazed to find it without foundation, and placed inconceivably in emptiness and darkness. Thus I stood terrified and confused; above were tracts inscrutable, and below was total vacuity. But my protector, with a voice of admonition, cried out, "Theodore, be not affrighted, but raise thy eyes again; the mountain of existence is before thee, survey it, and be wise."

P 5

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I then looked with more deliberate attention, and observed the bottom of the mountain to be of gentle rise, and overspread with flowers; the middle to be more steep, embarrassed with crags, and interrupted by precipices, over which hung branches loaded with fruits, and among which were scattered palaces and bowers. The tracts which my eye could reach nearest the top were generally barren; but there were among the clefts of the rocks a few hardy ever-greens; which, though they did not give much pleasure to the sight or smell, yet seemed to cheer the labour, and facilitate the steps of those who were climbing among them.

Then beginning to examine more minutely the different parts, I observed, at a great distance, a multitude of sexes issuing into view from the bottom of the mountain. Their first actions I could not accurately discern; but as they every moment approached nearer, I found that they amused themselves with gathering flowers, under the superintendence of a modest virgin in a white robe, who seemed not over-solicitous to confine them to any settled pace, or certain tract; for she knew that the whole ground was smooth and solid, and that they could not easily be hurt or bewildered.—When, as it often happened, they plucked a thistle for a flower, Innocence, so was she called,

would smile at the mistake. Happy, said I, are they who are under so gentle a government, and yet are safe. But I had no opportunity to dwell long on the consideration of their felicity; for I found that Innocence continued her attendance but a little way, and seemed to consider only the flowery bottom of the mountain as her proper province. Those whom she abandoned scarcely knew that they were left, before they perceived themselves in the hands of Education, a nymph more severe in her aspect, and imperious in her commands, who confined them to certain paths, in their opinion, too narrow and too rough. These they were continually solicited to leave by Appetite, whom Education could never fright away, though she sometimes awed her to such timidity, that the effects of her presence were scarcely perceptible. Some went back to the first part of the mountain, and seemed desirous of continuing busied in plucking flowers, but were no longer guarded by Innocence; and such as Education could not force back, proceeded up the mountain by some miry road, in which they were seldom seen, and scarcely ever regarded.

As Education led her troop up the mountain, nothing was more observable than that she was frequently giving them cautions to beware of Habits; and was calling out to one or another at every step, that a Habit was ensnaring them; that they would be under the dominion of Habit

before they perceived their danger; and that those whom a Habit should once subdue, had little hope of regaining their liberty.

Of this caution, so frequently repeated, I was very solicitous to know the reason, when my protector directed my regard to a troop of pigmies, which appeared to walk silently before those that were climbing the mountain, and each to smooth the way before her follower. I found that I had missed the notice of them before, both because they were so minute as not easily to be discerned, and because they grew every moment nearer in their colour to the objects with which they were surrounded. As the followers of Education did not appear to be sensible of the presence of these dangerous associates, or, ridiculing their diminutive size, did not think it possible that human beings should ever be brought into subjection by such feeble enemies, they generally heard her precepts of vigilance with wonder; and, when they thought her eye withdrawn, treated them with contempt. Nor could I myself think her cautious so necessary as her frequent inculcation seemed to suppose, till I observed that each of these petty beings held secretly a chain in her hand, with which she prepared to bind those whom she found within her power. Yet these Habits, under the eye of Education, went quietly forward, and seemed very little to encrease in bulk or strength; for though they were always
willing

willing to join with Appetite, yet when Education kept them apart from her, they would punctually obey command, and make the narrow roads in which they were confined easier and smoother.

It was observable, that their stature was never at a stand, but continually growing or decreasing, yet not always in the same proportions; nor could I forbear to express my admiration, when I saw in how much less time they generally gained than lost bulk. Though they grew slowly in the road of Education, it might however be perceived that they grew; but if they once deviated at the call of Appetite, their stature soon became gigantic, and their strength was such that Education pointed out to her tribe many that were led in chains by them, whom she could never more rescue from their slavery. She pointed them out, but with little effect, for all her pupils appeared confident of their own superiority to the strongest Habit, and some seemed in secret to regret that they were hindered from following the triumph of Appetite.

It was the peculiar artifice of Habit not to suffer her power to be felt at first. Those whom she led, she had the address of appearing only to attend, but was continually doubling her chains upon her companions, which were so slender in themselves, and so silently fastened, that while the attention was engaged by other objects, they were not easily perceived. Each link grew tight-

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er as it had been longer worn, and when, by continual additions, they became so heavy as to be felt, they were very frequently too strong to be broken.

When Education had proceeded in this manner to the part of the mountain where the acclivity began to grow craggy, she resigned her charge to two powers of superior aspect. The meaner of them appeared capable of presiding in senates, or governing nations, and yet watched the steps of the other with the most anxious attention, and was visibly confounded and perplexed if ever she suffered her regard to be drawn away. The other seemed to approve her submission as pleasing, but with such a condescension as plainly shewed that she claimed it as due; and indeed so great was her dignity and sweetness, that he who would not reverence, must not behold her.

“Theodore (said my protector) be fearless and be wise; approach these powers, whose dominion extends to all the remaining part of the mountain of Existence.” I trembled, and ventured to address the inferior nymph, whose eyes, though piercing and awful, I was not able to sustain. “Bright power (said I) by whatever name it is lawful to address thee, tell me, thou who presidest here, on what condition thy protection will be granted.”—It will be granted (said she) only to Obedience. I am Reason, of all subordinate beings the noblest and the greatest;

est; who, if thou wilt receive my laws, will regard thee like the rest of my votaries, by conducting thee to Religion."—Charmed by her voice and aspect, I professed my readiness to follow her. She then presented me to her mistress, who looked upon me with tenderness. I bowed before her, and she smiled.

When Education delivered up those for whose happiness she had been so long solicitous, she seemed to expect that they should express some gratitude for her care, or some regret at the loss of that protection which she had hitherto afforded them. But it was easy to discover by the alacrity which broke out at her departure, that her presence had been long displeasing, and that she had been teaching those who felt in themselves no want of instruction. They all agreed in rejoicing that they would no longer be subject to her caprices, or disturbed by her documents, but should be now under the direction only of Reason, to whom they made no doubt of being able to recommend themselves by a steady adherence to all her precepts. Reason counselled them at their first entrance upon her province, to enlist themselves among the votaries of Religion, and informed them, that if they trusted to her alone, they would find the same fate with her other admirers, whom she had not been able to secure against Appetites and Passions, and who having been seized by Habits in the regions of Desire, had been dragged away to the caverns of Despair.

Despair. Her admonition was vain, the greatest number declared against any other direction, and doubted not but by her superintendency they should climb with safety up the mountain of Existence. "My power (said Reason) is to advise, not to compel; I have already told you the danger of your choice. The path now seems plain and even, but there are asperities and pitfalls, over which religion only can conduct you. Look upwards, and you perceive a mist before you, settled upon the highest visible part of the mountain, a mist by which my prospect is terminated, and which is pierced only by the eyes of Religion. Beyond it are the temples of Happiness, in which those who climb the precipice by her direction, after the toil of their pilgrimage, repose for ever. I know not the way, and therefore can only conduct you to a better guide. Pride has sometimes reproached me with the narrowness of my view, but when she endeavoured to extend it, could only shew me, below the mist, the bowers of Content; even they vanished as I fixed my eyes upon them; and those whom she persuaded to travel towards them were chained by Habits, and ingulfed by Despair, a cruel tyrant, whose caverns are beyond the darkness on the right side and on the left, from whose prisons none can escape, and whom I cannot teach you to avoid."

Such was the declaration of Reason, to those who demanded her protection. Some that recollected

lected the dictates of Education, finding them now seconded by another authority, submitted with reluctance to the strict decree, and engaged themselves among the followers of Religion, who were distinguished by the uniformity of their march, though many of them were women, and by their continual endeavours to move upwards, without appearing to regard the prospects which at every step courted their attention.

All those who determined to follow either Reason or Religion, were continually importuned to forsake the road, sometimes by Passions, and sometimes by Appetites, of whom both had reason to boast of the success of their artifices; for so many were drawn into bye paths, that any way was more populous than the right. The attacks of the Appetites were more impetuous, those of the Passions longer continued. The Appetites turned their followers directly from the true way, but the Passions marched at first in a path nearly in the same direction with that of Reason and Religion; but deviated by slow degrees, till at last they entirely changed their course. Appetite drew aside the dull, and Passion the sprightly. Of the Appetites, Lust was the strongest; and of the Passions, Vanity. The most powerful assault was to be feared, when a Passion and an Appetite joined their enticements; and the path of Reason was best followed, when
a Passion

a Passion called to one side, and an Appetite to the other.

These seducers had the greatest success upon the followers of Reason, over whom they scarcely ever failed to prevail, except when they counteracted one another. They had not the same triumphs over the votaries of Religion; for though they were often led aside for a time, Religion commonly called them by her emissary Conscience, before Habit had time to enchain them. But they that professed to obey Reason, if once they forsook her, seldom returned; for she had no messenger to summon them but Pride, who generally betrayed her confidence, and employed all her skill to support Passion; and if ever she did her duty, was found unable to prevail, if Habit had interposed.

I soon found that the great danger to the followers of Religion was only from Habit; every other power was easily resisted, nor did they find any difficulty when they inadvertently quitted her, to find her again by the direction of Conscience, unless they had given time to Habit to draw her chain behind them, and bar up the way by which they had wandered. Of some of those, the condition was justly to be pitied, who turned at every call of Conscience, and tried, but without effect, to burst the chains of Habit; saw Religion walking forward at a distance, saw her
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with reverence, and longed to join her; but were, whenever they approached her, with-held by Habit, and languished in sordid bondage, which they could not escape, though they scorned and hated it.

It was evident that the Habits were so far from growing weaker by these repeated contests, that if they were not totally overcome, every struggle enlarged their bulk, and increased their strength; and a Habit opposed and victorious, was more than twice as strong as before the contest. The manner in which those who were weary of their tyranny endeavoured to escape from them, appeared by the event to be generally wrong; they tried to loose their chains one by one, and to retreat by the same degrees as they advanced; but before the deliverance was completed, Habit always threw new chains upon her fugitive; nor did any escape her but those who by an effort, sudden and violent, burst their shackles at once, and left her at a distance; and even of these, many rushing too precipitately forward, and hindered by their terrors from stopping where they were safe, were fatigued with their own vehemence, and resigned themselves again to that power from whom an escape must be so dearly bought, and whose tyranny was little felt, except when it was resisted.

Some, however there always were, who, when they found Habit prevailing over them, called
upon

upon Reason or Religion for assistance ; each of them willingly came to the succour of her suppliant ; but neither with the same strength nor the same success. Habit, insolent with her power, would often presume to parley with Reason, and offer to loose some of her chains if the rest might remain. To this, Reason, who was never certain of victory, frequently consented, but always found her concession destructive, and saw the captive led away by Habit to his former slavery. Religion never submitted to treaty, but held out her hand with certainty of conquest ; and if the captive to whom she gave it did not quit his hold, always led him away in triumph, and placed him in the direct path to the temple of Happiness, where Reason never failed to congratulate his deliverance, and encourage his adherence to that power to whose timely succour he was indebted for it.

When the traveller was again placed in the road of Happiness, I saw Habit again gliding before him, but reduced to the stature of a dwarf, without strength and without activity ; but when the Passions or Appetites, which had before seduced him, made their approach, Habit would on a sudden start into size, and with unexpected violence push him towards them. The wretch thus impelled on one side, and allured on the other, too frequently quitted the road of Happiness, to which, after his second deviation from
it,

it, he rarely returned. But if by a timely call upon Religion, the force of Habit was eluded, her attacks grew fainter, and at last her correspondence with the enemy was entirely destroyed. She then began to employ those restless faculties in compliance with the power which she could not overcome; and as she grew again in stature and strength, cleared away the asperities of the road to Happiness.

From this road I could not easily withdraw my attention, because all who travelled it appeared cheerful and satisfied; and the farther they proceeded, the greater appeared their alacrity, and the stronger their conviction of the wisdom of their guide. Some who had never deviated but by short excursions, had Habit in the middle of their passage, vigorously supporting them, and driving off their Appetites and Passions, which attempted to interrupt their progress.—Others, who had entered this road late, or had long forsaken it, were toiling on without her help at least, and commonly against her endeavours. But I observed, when they approached to the barren top, that few were able to proceed without some support from Habit, and that those whose habits were strong, advanced towards the mists with little emotion, and entered them at last with calmness and confidence; after which they were seen only by the eye of Religion, and though Reason looked after them with the most earnest
curi-

curiosity, she could only obtain a faint glimpse, when her mistress, to enlarge her prospect, raised her from the ground. Reason, however, discerned that they were safe, but Religion saw that they were happy.

“ Now, Theodore (said my protector) withdraw thy view from the regions of obscurity, and see the fate of those who, when they were dismissed by Education, would admit no direction but that of Reason. Survey their wanderings, and be wise.”

I looked then upon the road of Reason, which was indeed, so far as it reached, the same with that of Religion, nor had Reason discovered it but by her instructions. Yet, when she had once been taught it, she clearly saw that it was right; and Pride had sometimes incited her to declare, that she discovered it herself, and persuaded her to offer herself as a guide to Religion, whom, after many vain experiments, she found it her highest privilege to follow. Reason was however at last well instructed in part of the way, and appeared to teach it with some success, when her precepts were not misrepresented by Passion, or her influence overborne by Appetite. But neither of these enemies was she able to resist. When Passion seized upon her votaries, she seldom attempted opposition; she seemed indeed to contend with more vigour against Appetite, but was generally overwearied in the contest; and

and if either of her opponents had confederated with Habit, her authority was wholly at an end. When Habit endeavoured to captivate the votaries of Religion, she grew by slow degrees, and gave time to escape; but in seizing the unhappy followers of Reason, she proceeded as one that had nothing to fear, and enlarged her size, and doubled her chains without intermission, and without reserve.

Of those who forsook the directions of Reason, some were led aside by the whispers of Ambition, who was perpetually pointing to stately palaces, situated on eminences on either side, recounting the delights of affluence, and boasting the security of power. They were easily persuaded to follow her, and Habit quickly threw her chains upon them; they were soon convinced of the folly of their choice, but few of them attempted to return. Ambition led them forward from precipice to precipice, where many fell and were seen no more. Those that escaped, were, after a long series of hazards, generally delivered over to Avarice, and enlisted by her in the service of Tyranny, where they continued to heap up gold till their patrons or their heirs pushed them headlong at last into the caverns of Despair.

Others were inticed by Intemperance to ramble in search of those fruits that hung over the rocks, and filled the air with their fragrance. I observed

served that the Habits which hovered about them soon grew to an enormous size, nor were there any who less attempted to return to Reason, or sooner sunk into the gulphs that lay before them. When these first quitted the road, Reason looked after them with a frown of contempt, but had little expectations of being able to reclaim them; for the bowl of intoxication was of such qualities as to make them lose all regard but for the present moment; neither Hope nor Fear could enter their retreats, and Habit had so absolute a power, that even Conscience, if Religion had employed her in their favour, would not have been able to force an entrance.

There were others whose crime it was rather to neglect Reason than to disobey her, and who retreated from the heat and tumult of the way, not to the bowers of Intemperance, but to the maze of Indolence. They had this peculiarity in their condition, that they were always in sight of the road of Reason, always wishing for her presence, and always resolving to return to-morrow. In these was most eminently conspicuous the subtlety of Habit, who hung imperceptible shackles upon them, and was every moment leading them farther from the road, which they always imagined that they had the power of reaching. They wandering on from one double of the labyrinth to another, with the chains of Habit hanging secretly upon them,

till,

till, as they advanced, the flowers grew paler, and the scents fainter; they proceeded in their dreary march without pleasure in their progress, yet without power to return; and had this aggravation above all others, that they were criminal, but not delighted. The drunkard for a time laughed over his wine; the ambitious man triumphed in the miscarriage of his rival; but the captives of Indolence had neither superiority nor merriment. Discontent lowered in their looks, and Sadness hovered round their shades; yet they crawled on reluctant and gloomy, till they arrived at the depth of the recess, varied only with poppies and nightshade, where the dominion of Indolence terminates, and the hopeless wanderer is delivered up to Melancholy: the chains of Habit are rivetted for ever, and Melancholy having tortured her prisoner for a time, consigns him at last to the cruelty of Despair.

While I was musing on this miserable scene, my protector called out to me, "Remember, Theodore, and be wise, and let not Habit prevail against thee." I started, and beheld myself surrounded by the rocks of Teneriffe; the birds of light were singing in the trees, and the glances of the morning darted upon me.

THE STORY OF CLYDAMON AND FLAVIA.

CLYDAMON and Flavia were in a manner bred up together. The near neighbourhood of their parents, and a certain parity of sentiments, occasioned the greatest intimacy between the families. From their most early years, each discovered a more than ordinary tenderness for the other, insomuch that they were called husband and wife, long before there was the least thought of their ever being so. What was spoke in merriment, however, became serious, as the young couple grew nearer to maturity.

The father of Flavia thought he could not dispose of his daughter better than to Clydamon; and the other was very well pleased to give his son to a female of Flavia's education and accomplishments. But while this matter was on the carpet, the mother of the young lady unfortunately died, which put off, for a time, any farther discourse upon that head. It would doubtless have been resumed as soon as the mourning

mourning was over, if an unforeseen misfortune to the lovers hopes had not happened.

The father of Flavia had not buried his inclinations in the grave of his deceased wife. He fell in love with a widow lady, and was married to her in less than three months after the funeral. The first use she made of the too great ascendant she had gained over her husband, was to break off the intended match between Flavia and Clydamon, in favour of a son she had by a former husband, who was unhappily captivated by the charms of that young lady.

The father of Clydamon was so incensed at his alliance being slighted, that his resentment was outrageous; and these two old gentlemen, from being inseparable friends, became the most implacable enemies.

The lovers were forbid to converse with, or to visit each other; but love got the better of their duty, and they chose rather to hazard all the miseries they might share together, than endure those which separation inflicted.

Flavia packed up what valuable trinkets she was mistress of, and quitted her father's house at midnight. Clydamon had provided an equipage, which, with a proper escort, carried them both to London, where, on their arrival, they were married.

After subsisting some little time on the sale of their jewels, they were driven to extreme necessity.

cessity. It was in vain they endeavoured, by the most submissive letters, to move the hearts of their obdurate parents. In vain did Clydamon use his utmost efforts to procure some post, or employment, by which he might support himself and his beloved Flavia. Every attempt he made was unsuccessful; and the distress of this unhappy pair was such, as no human patience could sustain. I heard they had not food for several days, when Clydamon, grown desperate, resolved on measures to force that relief, which the cruel world refused to his complaints. He became a robber on the highway, was taken, tried, and condemned to death.

The shocking news soon reached his father's ears, and what paternal affection could not induce him to grant, the fears of disgracing the family now wrung from him. He came immediately to town, and by the power of a large sum of money, properly applied, obtained a pardon for his son, on condition that he should transport himself to some one or other of our colonies abroad, the choice of which was left to his own option.

This unfortunate young gentleman earnestly begged permission to throw himself at his father's feet before his departure, but could neither obtain a grant of that request, nor of any thing, wherewith he might have been enabled to get his bread in the place to which he was going,
and

and he embarked with the unhappy Flavia, who, on no terms would be persuaded to stay behind him, in such a condition as gave him little room to rejoice that his forfeited life had been redeemed.

Providence, however, so ordered it, that they stood in need of no farther human assistance. The ship they sailed in sprung a leak, and the greatest part of those on board were lost, among the number of whom were this faithful pair, whom no afflictions could change from that inviolable love they had vowed to each other.

THE ROMANTIC ATTACHMENT.

NOTHING is more common than the complaints of the sexes against the treachery and inconstancy of each other. The foundation of these complaints, which, it must be confessed, are but too just, is generally attributed to the fickleness and depravity of human nature: but I am rather inclined to trace them from the af-

sectations which result from modern education. There was a time when the youth just starting from the indifference of puerile insensibility, could gaze upon a graceful form with the emotions of tenderness, without immediately supposing himself captivated by the endowments of the mind; when every lovely countenance alike could charm him, and he roved from beauty to beauty, as chance directed, with the playful and unsettled pleasure natural to his years, without fancying himself inspired by any one with an *eternal passion*, or attracted by the *sympathy of souls*. There was also a time when a young coquette would be satisfied with a compliment paid to her person, and did not exact adoration to her *mind*, from those who scarcely had enjoyed the opportunity of contemplating her *form*. But refinement has now taught the sex to slight the commendations of their beauty, if not accompanied by the higher flattery of intellectual merit. They seem to expect all mankind to be physiognomists, and to discover, at first view, all their internal accomplishments:—or rather, they demand of us that, in bold defiance of all the lessons of Lavater, we panegyrize those intellectual graces of which the vanity and frivolity of their countenances assure us they are destitute. Indeed, our sex seldom disappoint them. Nay, not content with deceiving *them*, we even deceive ourselves. For having been inspired by
novels,

novels, and the retailed delusions of novels, with romantic ideas of early attachment, and having learned by rote a sentiment which few can feel, "That all true love must have its source in mental excellence,"—we are no sooner conscious of the flutterings of *desire*, than we fancy ourselves in *love*; and no sooner do we suppose ourselves in love, than we conceive that the fair object must be a paragon of wisdom and refinement. The next step is to pour forth vows of *eternal constancy*: in which we are as sincere as self-delusion will permit, and which Miss receives with a satisfaction equally delusive. Both find something in the affair, similar to what they have met with in romances, and both of course believe, that they have formed an *eternal bond of amity*, which all the powers of earth and heaven can never dissolve. But delusions will not last for ever. The *ignis fatuus* flies before the approach of morning; the sun must at length arise, and the glow-worm must disappear. Accordingly, when all the vows of sincerity are exhausted on the one side, and all the arts of coquetry on the other, some accident or another occasions a temporary separation, and it is ten to one if they ever behold one another again, without disgust or aversion. If this were all the evil attendant on this affectation, it would not call for much severity; and both might be readily absolved for deceptions, into the practice of which themselves had been deluded by the

unsuspected influence of artificial sentiment. But it sometimes happens, that what began in delusion, ripens (on the one side or on the other) into real affection. The separation in this case being productive of much unhappiness, the suffering party acquires an asperity against the opposite sex; condemning the whole of treachery and inconstancy, without considering that the accuser has, perhaps, under similar circumstances, been repeatedly guilty of similar aberrations.

I was led to these reflections by a circumstance which happened within the sphere of my own acquaintance. A genteel young fellow, who at the age of seventeen had suffered all the vicissitudes of four or five *immoveable affections*, was one day walking through one of the principal streets at the west end of the town, when he was suddenly seized with a most *sentimental* attachment for a young lady, who was sitting at a window. With a sprightly effrontery natural to him, he bowed to the object of his adorations. His person was pleasing—his appearance was fashionable—and Miss was not quite sixteen.—Need I add, that she regarded him with some degree of complacency? He repeated his bow as he walked slowly along—and she graciously condescended to favour him with a slight reclamation of the head. He was all enthusiasm—the lady was a paragon of mental, as well as personal, excellence—and he was most desperately in love. He visited the window again
the

the next day—his goddess was there again—his bow was returned by a still more gracious nod (for he had increased the elegance of his dress).—He was now more sure than ever, that nothing but death could triumph over his affections. He went home immediately, and wrote the following letter; which, in the ardour of his enthusiasm, he sincerely believed contained not a word which did not flow from the warm fountain of his heart.

Dearest Madam,

Charmed with the irresistible graces of your person, my heart will no longer suffer me to delay the declaration of its attachment. Permit me, then, most adorable angel! to assure you how anxious I am to solicit the *friendship* of one whose amiable qualifications I am convinced challenge the highest admiration. O! might I hope the favour of a line!—I assure you nothing on earth could give me greater pleasure than a letter from such a sensible angel as yourself.

Your's, till death,
or your more cruel frown,
shall part us,

W. GAYLOVE.

This letter produced the desired effect. How could a likely young fellow, in fine clothes, call a young lady just emancipated from a boarding-school,

school, a sensible angel, after the experience of two interviews, at no greater distance than from one side of the street to another, and not succeed? Her old lover (who was only the third since she escaped from the tyranny of her school-mistress, the Christmas before) was instantly discarded. Clandestine interviews for a long time were indulged; and the young couple seemed to realize the romantic scenes, which had formerly delighted young Miss in theory, in those novels which an indulgent teacher had used slyly to introduce into the boarding-school.

It happened the spark was possessed of all the accomplishments which her education had taught her to admire. He was unequalled in the minuet, a connoisseur in music, the life of a card party, wonderfully adroit at touching a lady's little finger—knew when to squeeze it, and when to salute her glove; when to heave a sigh, when to whisper a soft thing, and when to pay an audible compliment; in short, he was a paragon of modern perfection. The lady, on her part, had nothing that was to his taste, but her gaiety and her beauty. But there are but two things (possession, or the allurements of newer and more attractive charms) can destroy the lustre of these, in the eye which is neither too often indulged, nor too long restrained. Her dominion continued therefore almost a year. At length, however, an accident separated them. The youth
 pined

pined three days, was dull a whole week, and continued to think of his absent Delia (now and then) for almost a month: but at the end of this *long* age of constancy, he happened to dance with a young lady, whose charms either were, or appeared to be, superior to those of his former goddess. Delia was now forgotten, and another *never-fading affection* was conceived for the bright Amaryllis: nay, as is generally the case when these delusive attachments subside, Gaylove could never again behold the former object of his adoration, or even reflect upon the proofs of her partiality, without sentiments of disgust, and expressions of contempt. Delia, on the other hand, conceived herself most cruelly injured, and railed for ever after against the hypocrisy and cruelty of our sex—quite negligent at the same time of those accusations, which her former lovers were with equal justice breathing against her.

Thus, I believe, the generality of those perfidies with which either sex is charged, originate not so much in the treachery of the human heart, as in the delusions of affected sentiment, and the notions of romantic attachment, which are inspired at a time when the heart is yet too little matured, and too full of levity to be capable of genuine passion.

THE UNHAPPY MARRIAGE.

MR. Watson was an eminent West-India merchant, who had acquired a very large fortune, most of which was vested in the public funds. When he was upwards of forty, he married a brisk young lady who bore him several children; but they all died young, except Emilia, the unhappy subject of this narrative. She was brought up in the most tender manner, under the fond eyes of her indulgent parents, till she was ten years of age, and then she was sent to a boarding-school at Hampstead. There she acquired the knowledge of French and Italian, with music, dancing, and all sorts of needle-work.

When she was fifteen, she lost her mother, who was taken off by a violent fever, in consequence of having over-heated herself, dancing at a city ball. As Mr. Watson loved his wife in the most tender manner, so he remained disconsolate for his loss; but when he began to reflect that his daughter was almost able to manage his domestic affairs, he sent for her home, and was pleased to find what progress she had made in learning.

Emilia

Emilia was tall and well proportioned, had fine dark eyes, and brown hair; her voice was extremely agreeable, and there was something in the whole of her deportment so engaging, that few could behold her without admiration. He gave her every indulgence consistent with his duty as a parent, and by the time she had completed her seventeenth year, he had the pleasure to see her grown up to her full size, and daily acquiring new accomplishments.

In the same street in which Mr. Watson lived, was the house of one Mr. Mellefs, a merchant of great eminence in trade; but, unfortunately, he and Mr. Watson happened once to have a very expensive law-suit, in which the latter was cast, and so enraged were they at each other, that when they met in the streets, they would not speak. The one would not go into the coffee-house which the other frequented; nor was any of their servants allowed to meet at the same alehouse. Mr. Mellefs had several children, some of whom were married; and his domestic affairs were managed by his youngest daughter, an agreeable lady, not much turned of twenty.

Emilia, who was not allowed to speak to any one belonging to Mr. Mellefs, happened one evening to be at a ball, and a young gentleman, finely dressed, made choice of her as a partner. She did not know his name; but, when the dancing was over, and he conducted her to his coach,
how

how great was her surprise to hear him called Mellefs. This young gentleman was the son of Mr. Mellefs, and had managed the greatest part of his business several years; but Emilia had never seen him before.

He was extremely handsome in his shape, and agreeable in his features; but had not read much, nor was he very well acquainted with the world. He was, however, very polite in his manners, and had something in his behaviour that charmed all those who conversed with him. In his dress he was neat rather than fine; and was altogether free from the least affectation; so that with most people, who knew him, he passed for a more accomplished gentleman than he really was.

He had often seen Emilia; but as it was in company with her father, he knew that he could not be allowed to speak to her; for Mr. Watson would sooner have married his daughter to a footman, than to any one belonging to Mr. Mellefs. Emilia told the young gentleman to set her down before they came to the end of the street where her father lived; but, unfortunately, just as she was coming out of the coach, her father happened to pass by, and saw who she was in company with. He took no notice, but walked home; she called for a chair, that set her down at her father's door.

When she came into the parlour, her father asked with whom she had been dancing; to which she answered, that a young gentleman had chosen

chosen her for a partner at the ball; but she could not tell his name. "That is a little strange," said the father, "that your memory should be so bad, when it is but a few minutes since I saw you come out of his coach. Emilia turned pale, burst into tears, and falling on her knees, implored her father's pardon, declaring, in the most solemn manner, that she never saw the gentleman before that night; and her meeting with him was merely accidental. Mr. Watson, however, did not pay much regard to what was said by his daughter; for he concluded, that they had met together at the ball, in consequence of some previous appointment.

He told her he would forgive her for the present offence; but if ever he should know of her being in his company again, he would dispose of his fortune in such a manner, that she should not enjoy any of it.

Next morning Mr. Watson received the following letter, the contents of which had almost driven him to a state of madness.

"Sir,

"I had the honour to meet your daughter by accident, last night at the ball; and must acknowledge she has many more accomplishments than ever I knew fall to the share of one of her sex; but, alas! I am writing to one who I fear will pay no regard to my strongest arguments.

But surely, Sir, you are a rational creature ; and although my father and you were so unfortunate as to have a law-suit, yet why should you continue your hatred to his son ? If my father ever did you an injury, why should I be blamed for it, seeing I am innocent ? How much more noble would it be to forgive, than resent an injury : nor can we repeat the Lord's Prayer in sincerity, unless we freely forgive our enemies."

" Let me beg, Sir, that a reconciliation may yet take place between my father and you ; that you may live like neighbours ; and, as a bond of that union, let your lovely daughter be mine.

" In hopes of a favourable answer, I am, Sir, with the utmost respect,

" Your most obedient servant,

" CHARLES MELLESE."

Had news arrived that the Spaniards had seized his plantations in the West-Indies ; had all his uninsured vessels been sunk, or had the Gazette told him that his banker had failed, Mr. Watson could not have raved more like a madman than he did when he received the young gentleman's letter. His daughter seeing him in such agitation of mind, and not knowing what was the matter, was going to ask him ; when, in the violence of his passion, he struck her a terrible blow on the temple, which brought her to the ground.

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The poor young lady screamed out, and the servants ran to her assistance; while her father stood trembling with the violence of his passion. The servants told Emilia, that the letter came from young Mr. Mellefs, and therefore they did not wonder that their master should be so enraged, as the parents had kept up a continual hatred of each other for more than twelve years.

“Alas!” said Emilia, and do they expect to be forgiven when they die? But I am innocent, and why should I suffer?”

There is nothing so much stimulates love, as opposition. When young people of both sexes are allowed to meet freely together, while they behave with decency, courtship goes on more rationally and smooth than when the parents are very strict in their orders for them not to meet. Prohibitions of this nature, without the most justifiable reasons, seldom end in any thing good; for they put young lovers upon the invention of schemes that otherwise would never have been thought of by them. Nay, there are many young women, as well as men, who elope with lovers, whom, had they been allowed to meet in a regular manner, they would never have married; because they would have seen into their natural temper.

Such was the case with Miss Watson; she could not bear to think that the young gentleman should be treated with so much indignity,
for

for no other reason than that her father and his once had a law-suit, and that he had danced with her at a ball.

When Mr. Watson's passion had so far subsided, that he was able to hold a pen, he folded up the young gentleman's letter in a cover, on the inside of which he wrote the following, addressed to old Mr. Mellefs.

“ Sir,

“ You will see by the inclosed, what a rascal your son is, to have the impudence to speak to my daughter, or to write letters to me. If he ever presumes to write to me again, I shall not spare his bones, having bought an exceeding good cudgel for that purpose.

“ G. W.”

As old Mr. Mellefs hated Mr. Watson as much as the latter did him, so when he saw the young gentleman's letter, he was as much enraged against his son, as the other had been against his daughter. He told Charles, that he would discard him for ever if he spoke to the young lady again, for he was determined that none of his family should, while he lived, be connected with Mr. Watson's.

Charles promised submission and obedience; but promises are more easily made than kept, especially in love affairs. The week after this
affair

affair of the ball, Mr. Watson was obliged to go to Falmouth, on account of a ship of his being stranded on the coast near that town; and he did not return in less than a week.

Charles, who had learned, by giving a guinea to one of the servants, where Miss Watson's milliner lived, went to the shop, and left a letter for the young lady. It was not long before he received an answer; and from the contents he found, that notwithstanding all that her father had said, yet his person was not indifferent to her.

By the assistance of the very obliging milliner, the two lovers had an interview, which was as affecting as could be imagined, especially when it is considered under what restraints they both lay. But although they kept their meetings as secret as possible, yet it was not long before Mr. Watson discovered them. One of his footmen had lately married the cook-maid; and the young couple had taken a public house, near to where the milliner lived; so that they often saw Miss Watson go in, and Charles soon after her. They knew that these meetings must be unknown to the old gentleman; and therefore the publican, in order to procure favour with his late master, who had lent him money to buy the lease of his house, went and informed Mr. Watson, who ordered his daughter to be confined in a close room, to which there was only one small window, looking into the yard behind the house.

As

As she had never known what confinement was before, this severity threw her into a fever; and though she recovered a little from it, yet melancholy preyed upon her spirits: and her physicians told her father that she must try what effect the waters at Scarborough would have upon her. To this her father consented, because he had been informed that young Mr. Mellefs was gone over to Rotterdam, in Holland, to settle some business relating to a failure that had happened there.

Accordingly, the young lady was sent to Scarborough, under the care of an aged female, a distant relation of Mr. Watson; who had strict orders not to let her see any letters that came to her, unless from him. But this caution was needless; for the day after her arrival at Scarborough, as she was walking by the sea-side, she met young Mr. Mellefs in company with the captain of a Dutch ship.

It seems, Charles had settled his business at Rotterdam; and, as it was in the summer season, he thought he could not spend a few weeks better, than by visiting some of the most noted curiosities in the north of England. For this purpose he landed at Scarborough, and had only been a few hours on shore, when he was met by Emilia. Their mutual transports were so sudden, that they could scarce believe their own eyes; and, lest any thing should separate them
for

for the future, they set off the same night for Scotland, where they were married; and then returned to Scarborough.

As soon as Mr. Watson heard of his daughter's marriage, he made his addressee to a young milliner of nineteen, upon whom he settled all his fortune; and Mr. Melle's so much repented the conduct of his son, that he made his will, and cut him off with a shilling.

The young couple being thus left destitute, were soon reduced to great distress; and Emilia, being taken in labour, died together with her child. Charles did not long survive her; for not being able to endure the thoughts of staying any longer in England, he went over to the East Indies, where he was seized with a fever, which soon put a period to his life.

THE VIRTUOUS VILLAGER :

A MORAL TALE.

THERE are but two many of the Fellows of Fire in this gay metropolis who, in consequence of a licentious education, loose principles, and fortunes sufficient to render them extremely insolent, are led to imagine that they may take the most unwarrantable liberties with the fair sex, and seduce as many women as they possibly can. The success which they meet with in the female world, gives them, it must be owned, too much encouragement to believe that their powers of seduction are irresistible; yet they often find themselves unable, with all their rhetoric, and treachery into the bargain, to carry their iniquitous designs into execution; and, to their additional mortification, sometimes receive noble repulses from those women whom they consider, from the lowness of their stations, as created entirely for their pleasure, and of course attack them with far less ceremony than they would others in a higher sphere: not thinking any delicacy of address necessary with such poor creatures, they proceed at once to the application of their golden arguments, without having the least doubt concerning the efficacy

ficacy of them. Such arguments have too much force over the best educated and most accomplished fair ones, as well as over the inferior part of the female sex: when we therefore see them rendered unavailing by a virtuous opposition among the latter, we are doubly charmed with the spirit by which they are defeated.

Sir Charles Spearman, as fine a young fellow as nature ever formed, and as seducing as art could make him, presumed so much upon his purse, his person, and his address, that he fancied every woman he met with was in love with him: his vanity was excessive, but it would have been a venial failing if it had not prompted him to actions not to be defended in a court of honour, though they might be laughed at in a court of justice.

Being of an amorous complexion, and agreeable in the most extensive sense of the word, Sir Charles naturally employed his talents of pleasing in order to triumph over female frailty, and his gallantries, indeed his victories, though not brilliant in the eye of reason, gave him no small importance in the eye of the world; and every new conquest of the same kind increased it.

In an excursion one day through a village in the west of England, his attention was suddenly engaged by the appearance of a very pretty girl at work with several sun-burnt women, who were admirable foils to her, though she had evident marks in her face of the power of the solar rays over it. Her complexion was certainly brown,
but

but her features were so elegantly arranged, and she had a pair of such bright eyes in her head, that Sir Charles could not for some moments take his eyes from her: he sat upon his horse as if he was glued to his saddle, and stared at the handsome villager before him as if he had never seen a female figure till then. In short, her face, form, and *tout ensemble* had such an effect upon him—(though he had been *un homme de bonne fortune* among some of the first-rate females of the age) that he determined to be very intimately acquainted with her. Charmed with her person, he was sufficiently encouraged by the humility of her dress and employment to believe that he possessed, what would not only facilitate the completion of his wishes but exclude disappointment.

Animated with these considerations, and spurred on by presumption, he ordered his servant to make all the inquiries in his power, about the girl who had occasioned such a violent commotion in his bosom, and rode towards the public house, which was, he knew, at no great distance from the new object of his wishes.

Tom having been long accustomed to any employ of his master, as well as to the other duties of a domestic, very readily undertook to procure all the information he could, and accordingly, upon his master's trotting away, had recourse to a stratagem, in order to force the attention of the females labouring in the adjacent field. Throwing
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ing himself from his horse, with a great deal of dexterity, and roaring out while he lay upon the ground, as if much hurt, he soon brought the very person to his assistance whose notice he had chiefly wished to attract, the rustic herself, whose beauty had so powerfully operated upon his master, and raised such a disturbance in his breast.

This girl being much nearer the road than any of her companions, in a few moments appeared upon the spot where the pretended accident had happened; and as she was naturally of a benevolent disposition, she, with an eagerness which evidently proceeded at once from her fears and her good nature, asked the loudly complaining stranger, where he had hurt himself.

Tom told her the truth when he said that none of his bones were broken, but he stepped over the line of veracity, when he added, that he was bruised from head to foot, and never had received so confounded a fall in his life. Upon some occasions, a lie of this sort might have been honoured with the fashionable appellation of a *white one*; but as Tom uttered it with a wicked design, it was perhaps rather a *black one*. However, it answered his purpose better than he expected, for, in consequence of his dismal groans and wry faces, Patty Fielding (that was the villager's name) pressed him to follow her, if he was able, to her uncle's cottage, assuring him, at the same time,

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with a heartiness which he little merited, that both her uncle and aunt would do the best they could to set him upon his horse again.

With this invitation Tom complied, as it may be easily imagined, without the slightest demurring; and to the care of his innocent conductress we shall leave him for a while, and give some account of the Baronet's proceedings.

Sir Charles, upon his arrival at the house at which he had intended to put up, made the minutest inquiries after the poor people in the neighbouring cottages, and by asking mine host of the Red Lion, if there were any pretty girls near him, received an answer very much to his satisfaction. By that answer he discovered that the girl who had flung him almost into a fever of love, was the niece of an industrious old couple, who made a shift to gain a bare subsistence, and who were then particularly to be pitied, as their landlord, a sour, severe man, had threatened to turn them out of their dwelling, and to seize their goods, as some late losses had prevented them from paying their rent.

As a man not destitute of good nature, Sir Charles felt for the distresses of the worthy pair, struggling with the pressures of poverty and age; but as a libertine, he rejoiced at the tyrannic menace of their ruthless landlord, concluding that his purse, properly employed, would be of singular service to him. He waited therefore with
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the utmost impatience for Tom's intelligence to confirm the information he had himself received.

In a few hours Tom made his appearance. In consequence of his communications, Sir Charles hurried to farmer Fielding's, supplied him with money more than sufficient to answer his landlord's demands, and only desired, in return, to occupy, for a few days, the room in his house which was then vacant, he had been informed, by the absence of the lady who had hired it for the summer; as he had some private reasons for living in a very obscure manner in that part of the country.

Fielding was struck dumb by his generosity: and his dame was not able, though a loquacious woman—to articulate a syllable. When they had recovered the use of their tongues, they expressed the most grateful acknowledgments in language which wanted no tricks of oratory to set it off: it was the language of the heart; and on that account more valuable than the richest flowers of elocution.

Sir Charles's gratitude was by no means equal to that of the honest people under whose roof he was entertained in an homely, indeed, but truly hospitable manner. He was, it is true, entertained, in a great measure, at his own expence; but he plainly perceived that the Fieldings, if fortune and education had placed them in an exalted sphere of life, would have exhibited princely

dispositions.—In return for all the civilities which he received from this humble, happy pair—civilities which no money could buy, he attempted to seduce their Patty, whom they loved as well as if she had been their own daughter, from the paths of innocence. His every attempt was fruitless; for she was neither to be deceived by his promises, nor dazzled with his gold; but nobly rejected all his dishonourable offers, and told him, when he made his last efforts to stagger her virtue, “that she had rather work from morning to night for her bread, for an honest livelihood, than be the mistress of a king: While I am virtuous,” added she, “if am ever so poor, I shall not envy the finest lady in the land who has lost her honour.”

Struck with the conclusion of this speech, Sir Charles, libertine as he was, found himself so much shaken by it, that he resolved (looking upon her as a jewel of considerable value, and thinking that she only wanted to be well set to appear with a lustre equal, if not superior, to the sparklers of a court) to talk to her in a different style. To drop the metaphor, he made honourable addresses to her, provided the most eminent masters of all kinds for her; and as she had an excellent natural understanding, as well as a beautiful person, she in a few months afterwards was, in the character of Lady Spearman, distinguished even in the CIRCLE.

REMARK-

REMARKABLE STORY OF A NUN:

IN A LETTER FROM A LADY AT PARIS TO
HER FRIEND IN LONDON.

My dear Miranda,

I AM sorry to find by yours, that you imagine the short time I have been in *France* has made me cease to be an *English* woman, or that any attachments here can make me forget the more natural ones I have to the country which gave me birth. I can do justice to the pleasures of this place, without loving them beyond those I have found at home, and am not so enchanted with the magnificence of *Versailles* or *Fontainebleau*, as not sometimes to wish myself with you, wandering in the delightful shades of dear *Wind-for* forest.—That curiosity, however, which brought me hither, inclines me to stay till I have seen every thing worthy the observation of a traveller, and I should be glad to atone for that absence you so kindly regret, by faithfully communicating to you all the occurrences which my situation makes me acquainted with,—such of them at least, as appear to me to have any claim to your attention.

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I know nothing mortifies me more, than that it is not in my power to give you any account of that noble stranger, of whom you are so desirous to hear.—I have never yet been able to get the least glimpse of him; he has, it seems of late, kept himself extremely retired, and never goes to court, nor to any other public place.—All his amusements,—his very devotions, are confined within the walls of the castle, where he at present resides, and to which I need not tell you many reasons forbid me to go, in case I might be admitted.—I protest to you I have asked questions enough concerning him, to make me pass for either a very *designing*, or a very *impertinent* woman; yet all my enquiries amount to just nothing.—I cannot dive into the cause of this reserve, but I find every one affects a great caution in speaking of him.—I expected to hear some particulars of his *vices* from the lovers of scandal, but they pretend not to have discovered any in him; and I have perceived that the *French* in general, even those among them who are the greatest admirers of *virtue*, speak but sparingly of the amiable qualities of a person not born among them; so that it will be a kind of miracle if ever I get his character at full. At present I can say no more of him than what you have heard, a thousand times over, from people who perhaps know as little of him as myself.—Instead therefore of the detail I could have wished to give you,
you

you must for this time content yourself with that of an adventure, which, I believe, you will think as odd a one as any you ever met with in romance; but I can assure you, from the testimony of my own eyes, it is a fact which happened but a few days past.

It is the miscalled policy, and I think cruel custom of this country, that when a person of condition has a greater number of daughters than his fortune will allow him to portion off according to their rank, he forces the younger, or the least favourite, into a convent, rather than suffer the dignity of his family to be demeaned by an ignoble marriage—By the laws of the church, it is true no woman can be compelled to take the veil; and after the year of probation, the question is always asked in the most solemn manner by the bishop; but when once a poor young creature is carried within those fatal walls, there are so many insinuations on the one side, from the abbess and sisterhood, and so many threats on the other, from the parents and kindred, that few have had the courage to testify their dislike.

One of these intended victims to pride and ostentation, I happened to be acquainted with at the grate of the *Augustine* monastery, behind which she frequently appeared with some of the nuns, to whom I had been introduced. She was extremely pretty, and her age did not exceed seventeen, but she had an air of dejection in her

face, which shewed how little she was satisfied with the lot assigned her.—She had, it seems, besides a natural aversion to a monastic life, the most tender attachment to this world :——She loved a young gentleman, by whom, as the sequel will prove, she was no less ardently beloved.——The story of their mutual passion was no secret.—I heard it from as many as had the least acquaintance with either of them, and every one compassionated the cruel and eternal separation which must shortly be between them.

But of what service is pity, without the power of helping.—The parents of the young lady were inexorable.—Her year of noviceship was now expired, and the fatal day appointed to tear her for ever from all her hopes, and every enjoyment of life and love.

As I had never seen the ceremony of initiation, and had been told much of it, I was very desirous of being present at this, and no sooner gave a hint of my inclination, than a gentleman and his lady, from whom I have received many signal favours since my arrival, offered to accompany and place me where no part of the solemnity should escape my sight.

Accordingly we went, and had not long attended, before we saw the intended nun appear, led between her father and another grave old gentleman, who was the next of kin, and followed by a vast number of both sexes.—She was habited

bited extremely rich. Her head, stomacher, and the borders of her gown, sparkled with jewels, and seemed rather to bespeak the magnificence of a bride, than of one who was going to be secluded for ever from the world. My obliging guides, however, informed me this was always the custom, but that the instant of her admission, she would be disrobed of all this state.

The splendor in which she appeared, on so sad an occasion, put me in mind of those beautiful lines which Mr. *Phillips* has put into the mouth of *Andromache* :

*Thus the gay victim, with fresh garlands crown'd,
Pleas'd with the sacred fife's enlivening sound,
Through gazing crowds, in solemn state proceeds;
And, dress'd in fatal pomp, magnificently bleeds.*

For I must own, that without any of these tender emotions she was possessed of, I look on a monastic life as a total privation of all the purposes of our being. — Our talents were designed for action, and are not only relative to our own wants, but to the good of social life. Each individual is, in some sense, related to the community in general, as each member is to the body. Their mutual good offices constitute the public welfare. It is therefore a species of murder to inclose, within the prison of monastic walls, a life which might have been valuable to society ; for whoever enters into it is, in a natural sense,

as effectually buried, as if deposited in the *land where all things are forgotten.*

But as, by what I have been told of her, I thought I had reason to guess at the situation of her heart, I was beyond measure surprized to find, instead of that distraction, that melancholy gloom, I expected in her countenance, a look more lively than I had ever seen her put on. — Her pace indeed was even, and composed, befitting the solemnity of the procession, but her eyes darted the most sprightly rays, while she continually turned her head from side to side, as willing no one of that numerous assembly should be unnoticed by her. — The short reflection I had time to make on her behaviour, rendered me incapable of believing her heart was engaged, at least so deeply, as had been represented to me; for it did not enter into my head, that a person of her years, and so extravagantly in love, could have either real fortitude enough to make the cruel sacrifice she was about to do, without the greatest and most visible emotions, or artifice enough to disguise the anguish of her soul, were it, in any measure, proportionable to what the world imagined.

As I had been told the form observed in admitting a young nun, I was not a little impatient to see how she would go through this last scene of her part. I doubt not but you are equally so, and I will not keep you in suspense. She

knocked at the gate of the convent, with the intrepidity she had approached it. The bishop appeared, and asked what was her demand? To which, it seems, she should have answered, *To be admitted within these sacred walls, and that heaven will accept my vows of everlasting chastity.*—But, my dear *Miranda*, she had prepared a speech of a far different nature, and putting one knee to the earth, and at the same time taking hold of the hand of a well-made, agreeable young gentleman, who had pressed through the crowd till he got close to her, *My lord*, said she, *I demand this gentleman for my husband, to whom I have been long since engaged by the most solemn promises, and from whom death only shall divide me.*

Never was any consternation greater, than that which appeared in the faces of all present. —The bishop frowned. —The father of the young lady, and some other of the kindred, endeavoured to force her from her lover; but their hands were too closely locked to be easily unripped, and six or seven gentlemen, who till now had seemed disinterested spectators of the shew, but were in the plot, came that instant up, and each laying his hand on his sword, said, If persuasion was ineffectual, they were prepared to do justice to their friend, who was betrothed to the lady they would compel to be a nun.

On this, the bishop took the old gentleman aside, and as I have been since informed, remon-

frated to him, that as no convent either would, or could, according to the orders of the church, pretend to receive her after this public declaration of her pre-engagement, the most prudent way would be to give his consent to what would doubtless be consummated without it, perhaps, in a less honourable way.—The rest of the kindred were afterwards consulted, and after a short whisper among themselves, they turned to the young lady, who was now encircled by the friends of her lover, and the father said, that though she had taken a step so contrary to his intentions, and the duty she owed him, yet he would no longer oppose her inclinations.—On which, the same bishop, who was to have received her vows of celibacy, performed the ceremony of her nuptials, to the infinite satisfaction of the whole assembly, who loudly expressed their approbation of the conduct both had shewn, and doubted whether the courage of the bride, or the constancy and ingenuity of the bridegroom, were most to be commended.—For my part, as little compassion as you think I have for the woes of love, I was so much affected with those she had laboured under, that I was infinitely rejoiced to see so happy a period put to them.

THE PRUDENT WIFE.

AT Tunbridge, some years ago, a gentleman, whose name was Hedges, made a very brilliant appearance; he had been married about two years to a young lady of great beauty and large fortune; they had one child, a boy, on whom they bestowed all that affection which they could spare from each other. He knew nothing of gaming, nor seemed to have the least passion for play; but he was unacquainted with his own heart. He began by degrees to bett at the tables for trifling sums, and his soul took fire at the prospect of immediate gain. He was soon surrounded with sharpers, who with calmness lay in ambush for his fortune, and coolly took advantage of the precipitancy of his passions.

His lady perceived the ruin of her family approaching, but at first, without being able to form any scheme to prevent it. She advised with her brother, who at that time was possessed of a fellowship in Cambridge. It was easily seen, that whatever passion took the lead in her husband's mind, seemed to be there fixed unalterably; it

was determined therefore, to let him pursue fortune, but previously to take measures to prevent the pursuit's being fatal.

Accordingly, every night this gentleman was a constant attender of the hazard-tables. He understood neither the arts of sharpers, nor even the allowed strokes of a connoisseur, yet he still played. The consequence is obvious. He lost his estate, his equipage, his wife's jewels, and every other moveable that could be parted with, except a repeating watch. His agony upon this occasion was inexpressible. He was even mean enough to ask a gentleman, who sat near him to lend him a few pieces, in order to turn his fortune; but this prudent gamester, who plainly saw there were no expectations of being repaid, refused to lend a farthing, alledging a former resolution against lending. Hedges was at last furious with the continuance of ill success, and pulling out his watch, asked if any person in company would set him sixty guineas upon it. The company were silent. He then demanded fifty. Still no answer. He sunk to forty, thirty, twenty. Finding the company still without answering, he cried out, by G—d it shall never go for less, and dashed it against the floor; at the same time, attempting to dash out his brains against the marble chimney-piece.

This last act of desperation immediately excited the attention of the whole company. They
instantly

instantly gathered round, and prevented the effects of his passion; and after he again became cool, he was permitted to return home, with fullen discontent to his wife. Upon his entering her apartment, she received him with her usual tenderness and satisfaction; while he answered her caresses with contempt and severity; his disposition being quite altered with his misfortunes. But, my dear Jemmy, says his wife, perhaps you do not know the news I have to tell you. My mamma's old uncle is dead, the messenger is now in the house, and you know his estate is settled upon you. This account seemed only to encrease his agony, and looking angrily at her, cried, there you lye, my dear, his estate is not settled upon me. I beg your pardon, says she, I really thought it was, at least you have always told me so. No, returned he, as sure as you and I are to be miserable here, and our children beggars hereafter, I have sold the reversion of it this day, and have lost every farthing I got for it at the hazard-table. What all? replied the lady. Yes, every farthing, returned he, and I owe a thousand pounds more than I have to pay. Thus speaking, he took a few frantic steps across the room. When the lady had a little enjoyed his perplexity —No, my dear, cried she, you have lost but a trifle, and you owe nothing; our brother and I have taken care to prevent the effects of your rashness, and are actually the persons who have won
your

your fortune; we employed proper persons for this purpose, who brought their winnings to me; your money, your equipage, are in my possession, and here I return them to you, from whom they were unjustly taken. I only ask permission to keep my jewels, and to keep you, my greatest jewel, from such dangers for the future. Her prudence had the proper effect; he ever after retained a sense of his former follies, and never played for the smallest sums, even for amusement.

AN INTERESTING SPANISH STORY.

IT was about eleven o'clock, on a summer's night, when the moon shone in its full splendour, that a poor old gentleman returned from his walks in the suburbs of Toledo, accompanied by his whole family, consisting of his wife, his daughter, (a young girl of sixteen) and a female servant. This gentleman, whose virtue had long stood the test of indigence, was called Don Lewis; his wife, Donna Maria; and his daughter, whose mind and person were equally angelic, Leocadia.

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As this worthy groupe approached the city, they were met by a young cavalier named Rodolpho; one of those youths of quality, who think that rank and fortune are adequate substitutes for honour and decency. He had just risen from table, and was proceeding on his nocturnal rambles, attended by a number of his companions, all heated with the dangerous fumes of wine: their meeting with Don Lewis and his family, was that of the wolves and the sheep.

These youthful debauchees stopped short, and stared at the women with an air of insolence. One of them kissed the servant; the old gentleman expostulates; they insult him; he draws his sword with a hand that trembles with age; Rodolpho disarms him, with a contemptuous sneer; then takes Leocadia in his arms, and, escorted by his guilty companions, conveys her in triumph to the city.

While Don Lewis was uttering imprecations against his own weakness, while Donna Maria was rending the air with her cries, and the servant calling in vain for assistance, the wretched Leocadia fainted in the arms of Rodolpho; who, having reached his own mansion, dismissed his friends, and opening a private door, carried his victim to his chamber, without a light, and without being seen by any of the servants. Before she could effectually recover her senses, he there perpetrated

perpetrated the most abominable crime, of which intoxication and brutality can render a man guilty.

When Rodolpho had gratified his infamous desires, he remained for an instant in a state of suspense, at a loss how to act; and he doubtless experienced sentiments of remorse: but before he could come to any determination, Leocadia recovered; all was silence and darkness around her; she sighed, she trembled, and exclaimed with a feeble voice—"My mother! Oh! my mother, where are you?—My father!—Answer me; where am I?—What bed is this? O God! O my God, hast thou forsaken me? Does any one hear me?—Am I in my tomb!—Ah! wretch that I am!—would to Heaven I were there!"

At that moment, Rodolpho seized her hand; she shrieked aloud, started from him, advanced a few steps, and fell on the floor. Rodolpho approached; she then rose on her knees, and in accents of despair, interrupted by frequent sobs, exclaimed, "O you, whoever you are, who are the author of my misery; you, who have just rendered me the most wretched, the most contemptible of creatures; if in your breast remain one single spark of honour; if your heart be susceptible of the least sense of pity; I beseech you, I conjure you, to put an end to my existence: it is the only possible reparation for the injury you have done me. In the name of heaven,

ven, in the name of all that is dear to you, take away my life. You may do it, without incurring the smallest danger; there is no witness here; nobody will know your guilt; the crime will be inferior to that you have already committed: and I think—yes, I think—I can forgive you all that you have done, if you but grant my present prayer, and give me that death which is now my sole resource.” As she uttered these words, she embraced the knees of Rodolpho, who immediately left the room without speaking a syllable; and having locked the door after him, went doubtless to see whether there was any body in the house, or in the street, that could oppose the execution of a project he had just conceived.

As soon as he was gone, Leocadia got up, and approached the window, with a design of throwing herself out of it; but she was prevented by a strong shutter, which she was unable to open. Having drawn aside the window-curtains, the light of the moon entered the apartment. Leocadia remained motionless, reflecting on the misery of her situation: as she cast her eyes around her, she examined with care, the form and size of the room; and having observed the furniture, the pictures, and the tapestry, she discovered a small golden crucifix lying on an *oratory*, which she took up, and hid in her bosom. She then placed the curtain as it was before,
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and waited in darkness for the barbarian who was to decide on her fate.

It was not long before Rodolpho returned; he was alone, and still without a light. He approached Leocadia; and, having tied a handkerchief over her eyes, took her by the hand, without uttering a single word, led her into the street, and, after taking several turns, stopped at the door of the great church, where he left her, and retired with the utmost precipitation.

It was some time before Leocadia durst remove the handkerchief from her eyes. At length, finding every thing quiet around her, she ventured to untie it; and the church being the first object that presented itself to her sight, her first action was to fall on her knees, and address a fervent prayer to Heaven: she then arose, and directed her trembling steps to the house of Don Lewis.

The wretched parents were lamenting the loss of their child, when they heard a knock at the door. Don Lewis ran to open it; and seeing Leocadia, threw his arms round her neck, uttering a loud exclamation of joy, which brought Donna Maria, who, equally surprized and rejoiced, pressed her daughter to her bosom. They both invoked the benedictions of Heaven on their child, whom they called the comfort of their lives, and the sole support of their old age; they bathed her with the tears of affection; and harassed her with
such

such a multiplicity of questions, as effectually precluded the possibility of an answer.

When the first transports were over, the unhappy Leocadia threw herself at her father's feet, and with downcast eyes, and blushing countenance, related every thing that had passed, though she had scarcely strength enough to finish the dismal tale. Don Lewis raised her up, and, pressing her in his arms, said,—“ My dearest child, dishonour can only result from the commission of a *crime*; and thou hast committed none! Interrogate thy conscience; can it find in thy words, actions, or thoughts, the smallest subject for reproach? No, my child, thou art still the same; still my good, my virtuous Leocadia; and my paternal heart esteems, respects, and venerates thee, more perhaps than before thy misfortune.”

Leocadia, encouraged by these affectionate expressions, shewed her father the crucifix, which she had brought away with her, in the hope that it might one day lead to the discovery of her ravisher. The old man, fixing his eyes on the crucifix, and shedding tears, thus addressed it: “ O my God! may your eternal justice deign to discover, deign to present to my sight, the barbarian who has injured my child! My arm shall recover the vigour of youth, and wash away the insult with his guilty blood!”

The transports of Don Lewis augmented the grief of Leocadia; which her mother endeavoured

to

to soothe, by taking the crucifix from her husband; who, forgetting his anger, when the object that caused it was removed, again returned to console his daughter, both by words and caresses.

After some time, wholly devoted to sorrow, the unfortunate Leocadia recovered a small portion of her lost tranquillity; but she never left the house for a moment, from a conviction that her countenance would betray, to every one she met, the cruel outrage she had suffered.—Alas! she soon found more powerful inducements to keep herself concealed! Not many weeks had elapsed, before she perceived she was pregnant; a discovery which affected her so deeply, that her father and mother had the utmost difficulty to prevail on her to survive it. For several days, she refused all kind of nourishment; and courted death, as the only source, from whence she could derive consolation. But affection for her parents, and respect for the new character she was about to assume, overcame, at length, the suggestions of despair, and fortified her mind with sufficient resolution to support the evils she was doomed to experience.

When the time of her delivery approached, Don Lewis and his wife hired a small country house, whither they repaired without a single attendant; and Donna Maria herself supplied the place of the midwife. With her assistance, Leocadia

cadia gave birth to a lovely boy ; to whom Don Lewis stood godfather, and bestowed on him his own name. The mother soon recovered ; and as she experienced the most lively affection for her child, being never easy when he was out of her sight, her parents resolved to keep him in the house, and to pass him for the son of a near relation. When the health of Leocadia was sufficiently re-established, they all returned to Toledo, where no one had suspected the true cause of their absence. The adventure of Rodolpho (who, soon after it happened, had set out on a journey to Naples) made no noise ; and Leocadia, an object of universal respect and esteem, continued to discharge, with equal strictness, the sacred duties of a parent and a child.

Young Lewis, in the mean time, advanced in age and beauty, daily acquiring new charms, and exhibiting frequent proofs of an understanding far above his years. One day, when he had just entered his eighth year, there was a grand combat of bulls in the city ; and the child placed himself at the door of his mother's house, to see the procession of young noblemen, who were to enter the lists with those ferocious animals. Endeavouring to cross the street, in order to obtain a better sight of the procession, he was rode over by one of the troop, whose horse had run away with him, and received a wound in the head, from whence issued a great quantity of blood. A crowd speedily

speedily collected around him, as he lay crying on the pavement; and a venerable cavalier who was going to the combat, attended by a number of servants, having approached to enquire the cause of the tumult, and seeing the child in that condition, immediately alighted, took him up in his arms, and wiped the blood from his wound; then, sending for the best surgeon in the place, pierced the crowd, and carried him to his own house.

During this time, Don Lewis, his wife, and daughter, having been informed of the accident, Leocadia ran into the street, and, as the tears streamed from her eyes, called aloud for her son. Her father followed her, and in vain conjured her to be silent: the people joined in their lamentations, and every one was eager to point out the road which the old cavalier had taken. They pursued him with hasty steps; and being arrived at his house, ran up to the apartment where the child lay, under the hands of the surgeon, who was dressing his wound. Leocadia folded him in her arms, and anxiously enquired whether the wound was dangerous; and being assured of the contrary, her exclamations of grief were succeeded by demonstrations of joy, equally extravagant. While she was thus giving vent to the pleasing effusions of maternal tenderness, Don Lewis and his wife returned thanks to the old cavalier for his kindness and humanity: they told him that the child was the son of a distant relation,

lation, and that having had him in their house from his infancy, their daughter had conceived as great an affection for him, as if he were her own.

When the fears of Leocadia for the safety of her child, had subsided, she set herself down on the bedside, and cast her eyes around the room: but what was her surprise, when she saw the same furniture, and the same pictures, as the light of the moon had once discovered to her sight! She perceived the same *oratory*, from whence she had taken the crucifix; the tapestry was the same; in short, every thing bespoke the fatal apartment in which her chastity had suffered so gross a violation.

The dreadful recollection overpowered her spirits, already exhausted by too violent exertion; the colour forsook her cheeks, and she sunk senseless on the floor. Her parents ran to her assistance; and having, by the usual applications, restored her to her senses, immediately conveyed her to their own house. She would fain have taken her child with her; but the old cavalier was so earnest in his entreaties for him to remain where he was, till his health should be perfectly re-established, that they could not resist his solicitations.

As soon as they were alone, Leocadia communicated to her parents the observations she had

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made, and assured them that the house they had just left, was certainly the residence of her ravisher. Don Lewis instantly went to obtain every species of information, which the importance of the subject demanded. The result of his enquiries was this—That the old cavalier's name was Don Diego de Lara; that he had a son, called Rodolpho, who had passed the last seven years at Naples, where his manners had undergone such a total change, that, from being the most irregular and unprincipled young man in Toledo, he had become a model of prudence and virtue; and that the beauty of his person, joined to his mental accomplishments, rendered him the most desirable man, for a husband, of any in Castile.

Don Lewis and his wife no longer doubted but that Rodolpho was the man who had dishonoured Leocadia. But could they flatter themselves that he would repair the outrage he had committed, by espousing the daughter of a person, who, though he could boast of a noble descent, and a spotless reputation, had the misfortune to be the poorest nobleman in Toledo? No, he did not encourage such pleasing hopes; all his thoughts, therefore were bent on revenge. But Leocadia, beseeching him to leave the management of this intricate affair wholly to her, and not to interfere till she should require his interference, he was induced,

induced, though not without great reluctance, to comply with her request. She now reflected, therefore, on the best mode of reconciling the dictates of prudence, with the preservation of her honour. Her child still remained at Don Diego's; and that worthy old man paid him every possible attention. His wound wore a favourable appearance; and his mother, together with Don Lewis and his wife, passed whole days in his room.

One day, as Leocadia was alone with Don Diego, who held her son in his arms, and caressed him with all the fondness of a parent, she could not refrain from bursting into tears; when Don Diego pressed her with such friendly anxiety to declare the cause of her grief, that, being unable to withstand his sollicitations, she related, with a heavy heart, and dejected countenance, every thing which had happened in his house; and, in proof of her assertions, produced the crucifix, which Don Diego immediately recollected. She then threw herself at his feet, and exclaimed—"Though your son has dishonoured me, I cannot refrain from embracing your knees; though your son has condemned me to disgrace and misery, I cannot withhold my love from you; I cannot but esteem you as the best of fathers."

The child, seeing his mother cry, wept from sympathy; and Don Diego, unable to resist such

an affecting sight, raised up Leocadia, pressing her and her son alternately to his bosom, swore that Rodolpho should either marry her, or remain single during his whole life. In consequence of this declaration, he wrote to his son the very next day, commanding him to repair to Toledo without delay, in order to celebrate his marriage with a lady he had chosen for his daughter-in-law. Rodolpho obeyed the summons, and arrived at his father's house; who, after the first congratulations were over, began to talk of his approaching nuptials. He expatiated greatly on the riches of his destined bride, but concluded by shewing a hideous picture, which he had drawn on purpose, and which could not fail to excite disgust. Rodolpho, accordingly, shuddered at the idea of marrying such an object of deformity, and attempted to remonstrate with his father on the impossibility of obeying his commands: but Don Diego assuming an air of severity, told him, that fortune was the only point worthy of consideration in a matrimonial connexion. Rodolpho, however, declaimed with great eloquence against a principle so destructive of human felicity; adding, that it had been his constant prayer to Heaven to find a wife, endued with prudence and beauty, whose fortune he might make, in return for the happiness he was sure to derive from her society.

Don Diego, dissembling his joy at the promulgation of sentiments so congenial with his own, was

was proceeding to combat the doctrine advanced by his son, when a servant announced Donna Maria Leocadia, and her child, who had come to sup with him. Never did Leocadia appear so lovely; it seemed as if the native graces and beauty of her person had received the aid of supernatural embellishments. Her charms dazzled the eyes of Rodolpho, who eagerly asked his father, who that divine creature was? Don Diego pretending not to hear him, advanced to the ladies, and was grieved to see a deadly paleness overspread the face of Leocadia, to feel her hands trembling within his own, and to perceive that the sight of his son had almost deprived her of her senses. Her utmost efforts were inadequate to support her courage on this trying occasion; she fainted, and Rodolpho ran to her assistance with an enthusiastic ardour, that charmed his worthy parent.

At length she recovered, and supper was served; during which the eyes of Rodolpho were invariably fixed on Leocadia, who scarcely dared look up; she spoke little, but her words were expressive of her sense, and were pronounced in a melancholy tone, which augmented the pleasure Rodolpho experienced in listening to them. Her child was seated by the side of his father, and by his insinuating looks, and innocent caresses, attracted his attention, and gained his friendship, so

far as to extort a remark, that the father of such a child ought to esteem himself a happy mortal.

After supper, Rodolpho, stricken within the charms of Leocadia, took his father aside, and told him, in a respectful but decisive manner, that nothing should ever induce him to marry the person whose portrait he had shewn him. "You must though," replied the old man—"unless you prefer the young and noble lady, with whom you have just supped."—"O gracious heavens! exclaimed Rodolpho, "would she but deign to accept my hand, I should be the happiest of men!" "And I the happiest of fathers—if my son, by such an alliance, could atone for the crime which has polluted his honour!"

He then told Rodolpho all he knew; and drawing the golden crucifix from his bosom—"There, my son," said he, "there is the witness and the judge of that horrible outrage which your blind obedience to a vicious impulse induced you to commit; a judge who will not forgive you, till you shall have obtained the forgiveness of Leocadia." The blush of conscious guilt now tinged the cheek of Rodolpho, who ran to throw himself at Leocadia's feet—"I have deserved your hatred and contempt," exclaimed he; "but if love the most respectful, if repentance the most sincere, can be deemed worthy of pardon, do not refuse to bestow it on me. Consider, that a
single

single word from your lips will either render me the vilest and most wretched of men, or the most tender and happiest of husbands."

Leocadia was silent for an instant, while her eyes, overflowing with tears, were fixed on Rodolpho; then turning to her son, she took him in her arms, and delivered him to his father. "There," said she, with a feeble voice, "there is my answer! May that child render you as happy, as he has made me miserable!"

A priest and two witnesses being immediately sent for, these fortunate nuptials were celebrated that very night; and Rodolpho, restored for ever to virtue, experienced this important truth—That real happiness can only be found in lawful love.

THE PUNISHMENT OF CREDULITY.

A MORAL TALE.

THERE is a great deal of severity, there is also too much truth, in the following advice of *Chamont* to his sister;

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"*Trust*

*“ Trust not a man, we are by nature false,
Dissembling, fickle, cruel, and inconstant.
When, a man talks of love with caution hear him;
But if he swears, he'll certainly deceive you.”*

It would be extremely unjust, indeed, to say, that every man deserves to be stigmatized with the abovementioned cutting epithets; but it is certain that many women who

“ Of broken vows, and faithless men complain,”

have been duped by their own credulity; by placing an indiscreet confidence in those who made their addresses to them: and it is no uncommon thing to hear a deserted female (sometimes a *deserted virgin*) impute, from the predominance of her vanity, her cruel disappointment rather to the treachery of her lover than to her own imprudence.

Miss Arabella Jones, the second daughter of a worthy clergyman on the borders of Wales, whilst she was one summer upon a visit to an aunt of her's, by the mother's side, in a genteel village near London, threw herself into a distressful situation, which she might easily have avoided, had she listened to the salutary admonitions of her *real friends*, instead of the subtle persuasions of her *pretended* ones.

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Being at church a few Sundays after her arrival at her aunt's house, she was distinguished by a young stranger, who sat in the next pew to her, in such a manner that she could not possibly fix her attention to the duty of the morning.

Bell had a person sufficiently striking to attract any man's notice ; and as he who had singled her out for the object of his admiration, was a handsome young fellow, and very smartly dressed, she was not a little flattered ; she was infinitely delighted with the information which *her* eyes gave her about the meaning contained in *his*.

Mrs. Bynford, a good sort of an old lady upon the whole, though she went mechanically to church every Sunday morning, and every prayer-day, if she could possibly crawl to the pew, even when she had great reason to believe that she should deafen the congregation with her coughing, frequently laid down her prayer-book and her spectacles, in order to squint at the gentleman who engrossed the attention of her niece : she leered at him, indeed, so much, that she forgot herself several times, blundered out wrong responses, and made herself not a little ridiculous with her *recollections*.

Bell was so highly satisfied with the adoration which had been paid to her beauty by her unknown admirer, whose looks convinced her that she was of considerable consequence in his eyes, that she intreated her aunt, while they were

walking home, to hurry dinner, as she intended to go to church in the afternoon.

“ Ay, child, and I’ll go myself, though I am not fond of going in an afternoon, as half the pews are filled with servants; but I have a violent curiosity to see if the pretty young gentleman who took so much notice of you, will be there again.”

Some of their inquisitive neighbours joining them at that instant, Bell hastily turned the conversation.

As soon as she entered the church, after dinner, her heart was in a pleasing flutter; for she beheld her new admirer, posted exactly in the place to which he had been admitted in the morning.

Mrs. Bynford twitched her by the sleeve; she coloured, and followed her aunt up the aisle, more and more fluttered.

Mrs. Bynford’s devotions, as well as her niece’s, were again powerfully interrupted; and they both wished to hear particulars about the *dazzling* disturber of them, particulars relating to his character and fortune: Bell was anxiously interested in such a discovery, as she felt very strong prepossessions in his favour, and resolved to procure all the intelligence she could concerning him before she retired to her apartment for the evening.

Just when she was coming out of the pew, Bell tumbled over a hassock, and could not save herself from falling.

Mrs.

Mrs. Bynford cried, "Oh! my dear, I hope you have not hurt yourself," holding out her hand to raise her.

The *sweet fellow*, as Bell really thought him, who had indeed occasioned her fall, by making her regardless of her steps, turned about quick, not being many yards from the spot on which the charmer of his eyes wished for *his* hand, and, with the utmost address, assisted her in rising. After having expressed the warmest satisfaction to find that her spirits had only been flurried a little by the failure of her feet, he begged to have the honour of waiting on her home; bowing at the same time, in the most respectful manner to Mrs. Bynford, who hung over her niece with a maternal tenderness.

The good old lady, transported with the graceful motions with which her petitioner's request was accompanied, could not articulate a refusal; she, therefore, told him, with her usual honest bluntness, that he might go home with them if he liked it.

Elated with a permission by which he hoped to arrive gradually at the consummation of his infamous desires, he waited on the charmer of his eyes with all the obsequiousness of a lover; and, like a man *hackneyed in the ways of women*, was extremely attentive also to her venerable companion. His behaviour, during his visit, was truly polite, and attractive; and he made his

court to Mrs. Bynford with so much dexterity, that when he took his leave, she, on his informing her that he had taken lodging at the milliner's in the next street, gave him a second invitation; that second produced a third, and he soon found himself quite upon an easy footing at her house.

George Danfield, the above-mentioned *sweet fellow*, was the illegitimate son of a country gentleman, with a large estate, and with a very lucrative place under the government, remarkable for his illicit amours, and for his propensity to seduce innocent girls out of the paths of virtue. George having *that* propensity, with a high relish for *those* amours, had bastards in almost every county in England, and took a detestable pleasure in boasting of his original successes in the character of a libertine among his licentious associates.

As the annual allowance which he received from his libidinous father was considerable, he was but too well furnished with strong supplements to those advantages by which nature had liberally distinguished him, and to the pernicious accomplishments which he had acquired in the schools of vice.

George's frequent visits to Miss Jones alarmed the whole neighbourhood: all the girls in it were ready to pull her cap off her head for having so smart a lover; and she, very imprudently, gave herself many unbecoming airs upon the occasion, which sharpened the edge of the sarcasms, circulated

culated pretty freely round the tea-tables through the village.

George having, without much difficulty, prevailed on Mrs. Bynford one afternoon to let him treat her niece with an airing to another village not many miles distant, in which there was a very elegant entertaining house, with pleasant gardens annexed to it, containing some remarkable curiosities in shell-work, hired the genteel carriage in the place, and gave them both no small diversion, by his lively observations upon the various objects which fell under his inspection.

While they were strolling round the gardens, after having expressed much satisfaction at the sight of the *grotto*, George was, with all his constitutional assurance, thrown into a great embarrassment by the approach of a tall, genteel, agreeable girl, who came up to him, and darting resentment from a pair of uncommonly spirited eyes, reproached him, in the severest terms, for his scandalous behaviour to her. "You are a cruel fellow, Danfield," added she, fiercely; "and if you do not fulfil your engagements with me, I will post you for a villain wherever I go."

George, conscious of his having behaved to the lady who attacked him with so much fury in her looks, voice, and whole department, in a most dishonourable manner, was somewhat confounded; but his confusion would, probably,
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have been less had he not apprehended the demolition of his designs against Miss Jones from it.

Hoping, however, to get rid of his troublesome assailant without infusing any suspicions into Bell's mind concerning the sincerity of his attachment to *her*, he turned short upon his heel, saying, at the same time to Mrs. Bynford, "The woman is mad, stark mad: somebody has, by his ill usage turned her head, and she fancies every man she sees is the man who has betrayed her."

"No, Sir," replied she, briskly, and seizing him by the arm, "I am not mad: my head is not turned. You are the man who has deeply injured me, and I will not leave you till you give me a solemn promise under your hand to make me your wife, whenever I call upon you for the performance of it."

George was now exceedingly distressed: however, being determined to deny any knowledge of her, he disengaged himself, with a sudden motion, declared again that she was not in her senses, and, joining Mrs. Bynford and his mistress, who stood a few yards from him looking astonished, intreated them to let him wait on them home immediately. "That impertinent mad woman," added he, "will not suffer us to stay here any longer unmolested."

"No sooner were these words out of his mouth, than a violent scream from her whom he had pronounced

pronounced a lunatic, affected Bell so much, that she could not help running to her assistance, as she saw her upon the ground, apparently in a strong hysteric fit. George could not, without appearing a monster, attempt to hinder the exertion of her humanity; and as Mrs. Bynford seemed to be equally affected by the sight of a fellow creature of her own sex in so pitiable a condition, she followed her niece without delay, pulling out a bottle of salts, which she always carried about her.

By the benevolent efforts of Bell and her aunt, to which George also added his, the lady, whose situation required them, recovered. When she was recovered, George, who had been contriving while he assisted her, how to extricate himself out of the scrape into which she had by the intemperance of her carriage brought him, seized a moment unobserved to whisper a few words in her ear, which proved so conciliating, that she accepted immediately of his offer to conduct her to her party in the house, after having made polite acknowledgments to the ladies who had relieved her.

When he returned to Mrs. Bynford and Miss Jones, he accounted in so plausible a manner, for the extraordinary scene which had so much surprized them, that they really believed the girl had fallen upon him with her reproaches by mistake, and that *he* was not the man who deserved them.

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In a few days after this dramatic adventure Bell received a visit from one of her young female acquaintance, whom she, very unwisely, ranked among her *friends*, a Miss Jenson, who having been informed of many of George's infamous proceedings, came on purpose, *with the best design in the world*, to persuade Bell to give all possible encouragement to *so charming a man*. "I have heard a *prodigious* character of him, my dear." Bell, whose credulity perpetually operated with her vanity, did not perceive that Harriot Jenson's persuasion had been dictated by envy; and that she had delivered them with the most malevolent intentions. She listened to them with too much avidity, and too hastily gave her *false friend* credit for her sincerity. "You may be sure, my dear, that I shall do every thing in my power to make Mr. Danfield constant to me."

Harriot smiled at the word *constant*, and repeating her persuasion, wished her credulous companion a good morning.

"How rarely is a true friend to be met with," said Bell, when she was gone. "If Harriot had the least propensity to act an insincere part, she would certainly, as she has heard a *prodigious character* of Mr. Danfield, take some pains to secure him for herself, as she has still more reason than I have, from the extreme narrowness of her circumstances, to wish to be advantageously married."

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When that short soliloquy was over, she went in search of her aunt, in order to tell her in how very friendly a manner Miss Jenson had behaved.

With her aunt Bell found a prim but worthy maiden lady, in her autumn, a *Miss* Twyford, who, with a very solemn face, accosted her, on her entering the room, in the following terms :

“ I have been acquainting your aunt, Miss Jones, with a piece of intelligence relating to Mr. Danfield, in which you are greatly concerned, and I hope you will so far consult your own interest as to have nothing more to say to him on any account : he is a dangerous man, Miss Jones, and very unworthy of the encouragement which he has hitherto received from you.”

Without waiting for an answer she then made a solemn curtsy, and retired.

“ What is the meaning of all this, madam ?” cried Bell, as soon as Miss Twyford was out of their hearing ; “ what strange story has this sour-faced *old Miss* trumped up to set me against Mr. Danfield ? These *tabbies* are monstrously envious. You look graver than usual, madam ; I hope you do not believe any report to the disadvantage of Mr. Danfield.”

“ Why, child, I do not well know what to think of Miss Twyford’s information : she is not a romancing woman, and I am therefore apt to think that it is to be depended upon. All I can say is, that if what she has told me be true, Mr.
Danfield

Danfield is by no means a man to be encouraged: however, as Miss Twyford may have been misinformed, I am willing to make farther enquiries about Mr. Danfield; but I must insist on his being refused admittance here till my doubts concerning him are entirely removed.

Bell, having particular prejudices against Miss Twyford, was the less inclined to believe the intelligence which she had too officiously, in her opinion, communicated to her aunt, and could not possibly relish that aunt's determination with regard to the non-admittance of her lover: she was just going to mention what had passed between her and Miss Jenson, in hopes of producing a change in her sentiments, when her servant informed her, that a young lady, genteelly dressed, but seemingly in great affliction, begged the favour to speak with her. She went down immediately into the parlour.

At the sight of her unexpected visitor she started, as she directly recognized the young lady, whose singular behaviour to Mr. Danfield had made him pronounce her to be out of her senses, and to whose recovery from her hysteric fit she had herself contributed.

The affecting narrative which that lady delivered, strongly confirmed what Miss Twyford had related; and it was delivered with such striking marks of truth, that Bell could not help looking upon her lover as a man formed for the ruin
of

of her sex, as a man whose supreme delight was to triumph over innocence and virtue.

When the much injured Miss Gatton had taken her leave, with tears in her eyes, Bell hurried up to her aunt, repeated what she had heard concerning Mr. Danfield, and told her, in accents expressive of resentment, that she would not desire to see his face again.

Mrs. Bynford highly commended her spirit; and all her servants were that moment ordered to shut the door against Mr. Danfield whenever he made his appearance.

George, having had no small reason to expect a repulse when he found that Sally Gatton had been with his new mistress, was not surprized at the rebuff he met with; but he, in a short time afterwards contrived to get a letter conveyed to the hand of *her*, whom he, more than ever, longed to draw into his power.

Bell, not in the least guessing by the superscription from whom it came, opened it. When she saw the name of Danfield at the bottom of the paper, she tore it in several pieces, and threw them in a passion upon the floor: but, repenting in a few minutes afterwards, she picked up the scattered fragments carefully. While she was so employed, she said to herself, "It is not fair to condemn a man who has ever behaved to me in the tenderest, most respectful, and generous manner, without hearing his defence."

In

In consequence of this soliloquy, she laid the torn pieces of her love-letter upon her dressing-table, and read them with attention. The perusal of them weakened her resentment to such a degree, that she wrote a favourable answer, and in that answer promised to meet him at the appointed place.

George, on her appearance at that place, felt himself in high spirits, as he attributed her speedy compliance with this request to a prepossession in his favour, which no reports against him had been able to diminish: he, therefore, received her with a profusion of affectionate, of grateful expressions, which quite destroyed the validity of Miss Gatton's narrative to his discredit. She gave herself up to the felicity of the instant, and when he, in order to heighten the emotions which she evidently felt in his behalf, entered into an apology for his conduct with regard to Sally Gatton, he had the excessive pleasure to see her swallow his artful defence with a greediness not to be described. When he had softened her to his utmost wishes, he pulled out of his pocket a licence and a ring. "Now, my dearest Bell," cried he, in rapturous accents, "we have nothing to do but to get married as fast as we can. A very amiable clergyman, a near relation of mine, in Westminster, uncommonly happy with an exemplary wife, has often desired me to let him officiate at my wedding. I shall give him great satisfaction,

satisfaction, I am sure, by requesting his assistance in his religious character: to *his* house, I will, with your approbation, carry you, some friends of mine will meet me there. As soon as the ceremony is over, we will return to Mrs. Bynford: we shall very agreeably surprize her, I I imagine, by making our appearance before her inseparably united."

George, finding by Bell's looks that her reply when she could articulate it, would not prevent the execution of his designs, turned round to his intelligent servant, whom he had summoned with his foot from an adjoining apartment, and with a significant look sufficiently informed him how he was to act.

Bell, credulous Bell, was indeed absolutely overpowered by the concluding words of the above ensnaring speech. To Westminster she went with her seducing lover, almost delirious with expectation: she was quite so before the next morning, in consequence of the severity of her disappointment. The marriage on which she had raised a flattering superstructure of durable happiness was an invalid one, as it was impiously conducted by a man unordained, the most abandoned of his species, in a house devoted to iniquity.

THE SINCERE CONFESSION.

VANITY first guided my steps towards the temple of Cnidos. I requested of Love such a mistress as Ninon de L'Enclos wished the Marquis de Sevigny, who, like an amiable child, might divert me with her agreeable follies, slight caprices, and all those lovely imperfections which form the charms of an intrigue. I would fain have engaged myself sufficiently for my amusement, but not deeply enough, to render the engagement serious: The idea alone of such a matter would have made me tremble. The graces offered me Calista: She was their master-piece: Gods! how beautiful she was!—My eyes were intoxicated with pleasure at the sight of this charming object, while my heart experienced the ravishing transports that characterize a first flame. In one of those exquisite moments when wholly devoted to my passion, I mentioned to her my love, and her charms; I observed tears to flow from her eyes, which I considered as a mark of her

her relenting, and judged this the critical moment of her defeat and my victory. But far different sentiments agitated her breast.

Calista felt an inclination for me; and she blushed to think that she loved a man unworthy of her, a man who wished to seduce her. "No," says she, "you are unacquainted with love: You do not deserve to be taught it by me, you follow the allurements of the senses: Love has pleasures of another kind; I would fain love you; but you force me to hate you." Her tears now began to flow more abundantly. I was moved: This language, new to me, was like a flash of lightning, which purifying my soul, consumed in an instant every terrestrial particle. From this moment I burnt with a flame pure as the sun itself.

Calista has inspired me with all the delicacy which she possessed herself. This delicacy, which is the ingenuous expression of her innocence, embellishes her in my eyes: She adds also to my happiness, by rendering our connection the more charming as it is more virtuous, and by removing far from us the fears and remorse which might poison our joys.

How did my love increase, when I discovered the immense treasures of Calista's soul, whose external charms were only a slight model of her internal graces! Her least favours are precious: I owe them to love. 'Tis this innocent God who so skilfully manages our pleasures, that they

seem to increase every moment: He it is who showers down on us each day of our lives fresh streams of delight. Oh how sweet to love, and be beloved!

Love! love! discreet witness of the raptures you inspire, purify my tongue, and I will declare thy mysteries; or rather, come thyself and paint in true colours the exquisite transports, where two virtuous hearts taste in conjunction all the delights of which human nature is capable, tender ecstasies, where the soul is dissolved in bliss, the marvellous unanimity of sentiments, the harmony of desires, which induces a lover, regardless of himself, to wish only to please the beloved object, the mutual respect, the reciprocal regard and attention, the delicious uneasiness of absence, the charm of meeting after a separation, the rapture still greater of seeing each other always with fresh satisfaction; and above all, the delicate pleasure of being sensible that one is loved only for one's self, a pleasure unknown to those who follow the standards of licentious love.

THE MARRIED MAN.

BEHOLD the thrice happy Philander ! the affectionate husband, the tender father, the virtuous citizen, the prudent man. No scenes of midnight riot break his rest, no fumes of the inebriating grape distract his head, no fears of impure contamination embitter his joys, no corroding reflections destroy his peace. But, cheerful and serene, he passes through life, making the most of its blessings, and disarming its evils of their stings, a comfort to himself, an ornament to his family, and a benefit to society.

Philander succeeded his father at an early age in his estate and his virtues. Though exposed to the fascinating allurements by which young men, possessed of a genteel independency, are usually surrounded, his good sense enabled him to shun every dangerous extreme ; and though he may sometimes have made such sacrifices to his passions or to fashion as the rigid stoic, notwithstanding he condemns, does not always avoid, he never wandered far from the path of virtue and prudence.

To preserve this rectitude, and to put it out of the power of the genius of dissipation to seduce

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him

him into her toils, he had no sooner attained the age of twenty-one, and had celebrated that æra by an hospitable day, dedicated to his acquaintance and his tenants, than he formed a resolution of resorting to the temple of Hymen, and paying his devoirs to the saffron-robed God.

And in conducting this important step, he did not lose sight of that discretion which had hitherto directed all his actions. He was not guided solely by passion, nor by interest; they each shared in his attention. The most angelic form, without the other needful requisites to connubial happiness, would not have outweighed his prudence; neither would the most ample fortune have availed, unless his heart had been a partner in the union.

Philander had frequently seen the fair and amiable daughter of his neighbour, Sir William Maple; and could not be insensible to her charms and accomplishments. A particular description of the person of the lovely *Matilda*, will here be needless. She is, in her maternal state, when the vivacity and ruddiness of youth have been mellowed by the revolution of a few years, such as will convince us how lovely she was when encircled in her maiden cestus. Her mental charms are truly pourtrayed in her countenance. From her eyes beam ineffable affection and tenderness for the dear partner of her heart, and the lovely fruits of that affection; and her gesture lends

lends its aid to display at once the most honourable of characters, the affectionately dutiful wife and the fond mother. In these *traits*, the natural goodness of *Matilda's* heart, from her earliest years, may be traced.

As often as *Philander* fell into her company, he was impelled by that internal impulse "which makes all our moves," to endeavour to render himself as agreeable to her as possible; and he had the happiness to find that his assiduities were not unnoticed. To his inexpressible satisfaction, he perceived, the flame which had been lighted up in his bosom had communicated itself to her's. The indications of *true love* are neither to be concealed nor suppressed. *Matilda's* eyes spoke a language, which *Philander* thought he might interpret, without much perversion, into that most pathetic and unaffected declaration of the tender *Juliet*. "If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy feet I'll lay,
And follow thee, my lord, throughout the world."

Thus agreeably situated, it was not long before he grew more particular in his attentions; and one day, finding a favourable opportunity, he disclosed to her the state of his heart. This he did in terms so full of unaffected fervour and becoming humility, as to leave no doubt of the sincerity of his vows.

Matilda heard him urge his suit with great complacency. Above all reserve, and disdaining that affected surprise, with which the first declaration of love is generally received by many of her sex, she returned him such an answer, as the susceptibility, the good sense, and the delicacy of a *Juliet* would have dictated.

Transported with the progress he had made, *Philander* now, with *Matilda's* permission, solicited the sanction of her parents. It was not refused. For, the sentiments of the young folks according, no reasonable objection could be made to the proposal; and the enraptured *Philander* led the blushing fair one "nothing loth" to the altar. Their gentle stars thus blended in one fate, their hearts, their fortunes, and their very beings.

Passing over the sweet attentions of the honeymoon, that spring-time of love, let us view this happy pair in their present situation. And how can I do this better than in the following sweet descriptive lines of *Thomson*, which seem to have excited in the imagination of the poet the idea he has here so pleasingly represented;

" 'Tis not the coarser tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds *their* peace, but harmony itself,
Attuning all their passions into love:
Where friendship full exerts her softest power,
Perfect esteem enliven'd by desire

Ineffable,

Ineffable, and sympathy of soul;
 Thought meeting thought, and will preventing
 will,

With boundless confidence: for nought but love
 Can answer love, and render bliss secure."

What a contrast this to the casual connections
 of a *Lothario*! to the purchased smile of the false
 harlot, loveless, joyless, unendeared! Contem-
 plate, ye *Lotharios*, the two contrasted drawings
 here referred to; and if you can command a mo-
 mentary gleam of reason, listen to its dictates,
 and tell me which state appears to be most pro-
 ductive of genuine happiness, to be most com-
 mendable in itself, and most beneficial to society?
 Hope not to find *unalloyed* happiness in this ever
 varying life, but be assured that the nearest ap-
 proach to it is the state of this wedded pair;
 whom love, the purest love, has cemented in
 holy faith.

To crown their felicity, see! a smiling off-
 spring rises round, and mingles both their graces.
 This furnishes an opportunity for a further ex-
 ertion of the benign passions. As the infant
 reason buds, it calls for their assiduous care. How
 beautifully is the parental duty described by the
 poet!

"Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
 To teach the young idea how to shoot,
 To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,

T 3

To

To breath th' enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast."

Enjoying the sure rewards of honour, truth, goodness, and a prudent choice, thus superlatively happy live *Philander* and his *Matilda*. In a mansion, delightfully situated on the banks of the Severn, but more valued for its convenience than for the style of the architecture, they keep up that English hospitality, which procured for our forefathers so much respect and veneration. An elegant sufficiency enables them to do this, and at the same time to partake of all the luxury and amusements of life, that prudence allows of.

A small, but well chosen circle of friends, give a pleasing variation to their other enjoyments. And though they sometimes enter into the great world, they continue in it no longer than serves to give a relish to their other enjoyments. They then return to themselves and to happiness. That portion of their time which is not applied to useful concerns, among which they consider an attention to the general welfare of the neighbourhood, they devote to natural relaxations. Reading, music, and the polite arts, add roseate wings to the speeding hours.

Heaven seems to smile with more than common benignity on them. Every season finds them happy. And from the unclouded sunshine with which the earlier stages of their union is gilded, there

there is little reason to doubt, but that the evening of their days will prove serene and mild :

“ When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour’d more, as more remembrance swells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they sink in social sleep ;
Together freed, their gentle spirits fly
To scenes where love and bliss immortal reign.”

THE EFFECTS OF A VIOLENT PASSION :

A FRENCH TALE.

A Violent passion often occasions death. The following story, which I shall relate in as concise a manner as possible, is an undeniable proof of the truth of this assertion.

A young cavalier, handsome, gallant, witty, and dangerous to the fair sex, found means to make himself beloved by a young lady of quality. She was beautiful, and had sufficient wealth to make her happy; her parents were hard to be wrought on, and there was need of great precau-

tion to keep the amour a secret till a proper opportunity presented itself of divulging it. The utmost privacy was observed in their meetings, and the assiduities used by the cavalier towards his charmer, were so artfully contrived, as to seem the pure effect of that complaisance, which we owe to the more charming part of the creation.

He in the mean time gained so great an ascendancy over her heart, that nothing could detach it from its object. Even absence, which damps the most ardent flame, served only as an incitement to the passion of the lady, and during the course of five years, which she passed without seeing him, she preserved the most inviolable attachment towards him. The frequent intercourse of letters between them alleviated their griefs, and they cheered each others weeping hearts, by the relation of their most secret thoughts. The lovely maid sometimes accused the cavalier in her letters of not corresponding to the ardour of her passion, by an equal return of love. Although this might be esteemed an obliging, yet it was, nevertheless, an unjust reproach. However, when women are sincere in their love, they have a certain mode of testifying their passion, which is proof against the strongest protestations of love which they can receive from the men, and their hearts seem to love with the greater ardour, because they more artfully display the sentiments with which love has inspired them.

The

The beauteous maid's father died during the time of her absence from her lover, and as her mother had always treated her with the most tender affection, she apprehended no danger in desiring the cavalier to gratify her longing desire to see him again. He flew to her, and availing himself of the excuse, concerted between him and his mistress, he waited on her at a country villa, where her mother gave him a most cordial reception. He passed four days there, during which time the lady's passion increased with so much violence, that she could not think of ever being separated from him again. There was, however, an absolute necessity for her taking this step. Besides the affairs which obliged the cavalier to return to the place he had quitted, politeness would not suffer him to prolong his visit: this would have tended to a discovery of the motive of his going thither, and, in their present circumstances, the success of their amour rested entirely on their keeping it secret. The cavalier, therefore, took his leave of the young lady's mother. His charmer refused to receive his complimentary parting, in hopes, as he was not to set out till the next morning, that her couch would suggest to her some pretext for delaying his journey some days.

The cavalier, who already felt how much he should suffer at parting with her, thought proper to save himself that uneasiness. He accordingly

set out early in the morning, before the fair one was risen. His abrupt departure had such an effect on her, that she was seized with a trembling which deprived her of speech. She imagined that by refusing to take leave of him, she had stopped his journey, and the little complaisance which he seemed to have for her filled her mind with a thousand perplexing ideas, which ought not to have been admitted. She reflected on the reproaches she had made him of not having testified sufficient love for her in his letters, and having persuaded herself that his only motive for leaving her was because the ardor of his passion was cooled, she fell into a swoon. Every body ran to her assistance. Her mother, who loved her tenderly, was under the most fearful apprehensions for her life. Every remedy was applied to recover her, and they at length succeeded.

A fever seized her, which at night threw her into a delirium.——She raved, and a thousand times repeated the name of the cavalier. She often asked why he had so cruelly abandoned her, and she listened to no other discourse, than the assurances the bye-standers gave her of his speedy return. There was reason to believe he would not be long absent. The mother of the fair maid, who would have done any thing for the recovery of her daughter, was no sooner informed that her illness was occasioned by the cavalier's
absence,

absence, than she dispatched messengers to fetch him back again with all speed.

The young lady recovered her senses. She was astonished when she heard what discourse had escaped her. Her mother comforted her, promised her consent to the marriage, notwithstanding the disparity of his fortune, and acquainted her with the orders she had given to make the cavalier return. But all her endeavours were in vain. The fever did not decrease, and the violent agitation which had caused it, put a period to the life of the charming young lady, before her lover's arrival.

Judge what was his grief on being acquainted with the loss he had sustained. It was so great, that the mother, notwithstanding her intense sorrow, was forced to administer comfort to him. She retained him at her house, and looking on him as her daughter's husband, she found no alleviation to her own grief, but in discoursing with him on the cause of their affliction.—He remains still with her, as that lady will not suffer him to go away. She regards him as her son, and has even extorted a promise from him of receiving a wife from her hands, if ever he should be inclined to marry. Many beautiful ladies would willingly make him forget his first flame; but length of time only can obliterate those reflections from his mind, and the remembrance of the treasure he has lost, is too dear to permit him to enter so soon into a new engagement.

THE SCHOOL OF ADVERSITY; OR, THE FAIR
ONE REFORMED.

SOME years ago, I was acquainted with a gentleman, who was in a post that brought him in a yearly revenue, upon which he could live very handsomely. He had a wife, and no child but a daughter, whom he bred up, as I thought, too high for one that could expect no other fortune than such a one as her father could raise out of the income of his place; which, as they managed, it was scarce sufficient for their ordinary expences. Miss Betsey had always the best sort of clothes, and was hardly allowed to keep company but with those above her rank; so that it was no wonder she grew proud and haughty towards those she looked upon as her inferiors. There lived by them a barber, who had a daughter about Miss's age, that could speak French, had read several books at her leisure hours, and was a perfect mistress of her needle, and all kinds of female manufacture. She was at the same time a pretty, modest, witty girl. She was hired to come to Miss an hour or two every day, to talk French with her, and teach her to work; but Miss always treated her with great contempt; and
when

when Molly gave her any advice, she rejected it with scorn.

About the same time several young fellows made their addresses to Miss Betsey, who had indeed, a great deal of wit and beauty, had they not been infected with so much vanity and self-conceit. Among the rest was a plain sober young man, who loved her almost to distraction. His passion was the common talk of the neighbourhood, who used to be often talking of Mr. T——'s angel, for that was the name he always gave her in ordinary conversation. As his circumstances were very indifferent, he being a younger brother, Miss Betsey rejected him with disdain; insomuch that the young man, as is usual among those who are crossed in love, put himself on board the fleet, with a resolution to seek his fortune, and forget his mistress. This was very happy for him, for in a very few years, being concerned in several captures, he brought home with him an estate of about twelve thousand pounds.

Mean while days and years went on, Miss lived high, and learnt but little, most of her time being employed in reading plays, and practising to dance, in which she arrived at great perfection; when of a sudden, on a change of ministry, her father lost his place, and was forced to leave London, where he could no longer live upon the footing he had formerly done. Not many years after I was told the poor gentleman was dead, and had left

left his widow and daughter in a very desolate condition ; but I could not learn where to find them, though I made what enquiry I could ; and I must own, I immediately suspected their pride would not suffer them to be seen or relieved by any of their former acquaintance. I had left inquiring after them for some years, when I happened, not long ago, as I was asking at a house for a gentleman I had some business with, to be led into a parlour by a handsome young woman, who I presently fancied was that very daughter I had so long sought in vain. My suspicion increased, when I observed her to blush at the sight of me, and to avoid, as much as possible, looking upon, or speaking to me : Madam, said I, are not you Mrs. such-a-one ? At which words the tears ran down her cheeks, and she would fain have retired without giving me an answer ; but I stopped her, and being to wait a while for the gentleman I was to speak to, I resolved not to lose this opportunity of satisfying my curiosity. I could not well discern by her dress, which was genteel, though not fine, whether she was the mistress of the house, or only a servant : but supposing her to be the first, I am glad, Madam, said I, after having long enquired after you, to have so happily met with you, and to find you mistress of so fine a place. These words were like to have spoiled all, and threw her into such a disorder, that it was some time before she could recover herself ;
but

but as soon as she was able to speak, Sir, said she, you are mistaken; I am but a servant. Her voice fell in these last words, and she burst again into tears. I was sorry to have occasioned in her so much grief and confusion, and said what I could to comfort her. Alas! Sir, said she, my condition is much better than I deserve. I have the kindest and best of women for my mistress. She is wife to the gentleman you come to speak with. You know her very well, and have often seen her with me. To make a story short, I found that my late friend's daughter was now a servant to the barber's daughter, whom she had formerly treated so disdainfully. The gentleman at whose house I now was, fell in love with Moll, and being master of a great fortune, married her, and lives with her as happily, and as much to his satisfaction as he could desire. He treats her with all the friendship and respect possible, but not with more than her behaviour and good qualities deserve; and it was with a great deal of pleasure I heard her maid dwell so long upon her commendation. She informed me, that after her father's death, her mother and she lived for a while together in great poverty. But her mother's spirit could not bear the thoughts of asking relief of any of her own, or husband's acquaintance; so they retired from all their friends, until they were providentially discovered by this new married woman, who heaped on them favours upon

upon favours. Her mother died shortly after, who, while she lived, was better pleased to see her daughter a beggar, than a servant; but being freed by her death, she was taken into this gentlewoman's family, where she now lived, though much more like a friend or companion, than like a servant.

I went home full of this strange adventure; and about a week after chancing to be in company with Mr. T. the rejected lover, whom I mentioned in the beginning of my letter, I told him the whole story of his angel, not questioning but he would feel, on this occasion, the usual pleasures of a resenting lover, when he hears that fortune has avenged him of the cruelty of his mistress. As I was recounting to him at large these several particulars, I observed that he covered his face with his hand, and that his breast heaved as though it would have burst, which I took at first to have been a fit of laughter; but upon lifting up his head, I saw his eyes all red with weeping. He forced a smile at the end of my story, and we parted.

About a fortnight after I received from him the following letter.

“ Dear Sir,

“ I am infinitely obliged to you for bringing me news of my angel. I have since married her, and think the low circumstances she was reduced

to

to a piece of good luck to both of us, since it has quite removed that little pride and vanity, which was the only part of her character that I disliked, and given me an opportunity of shewing her the constant and sincere affection which I professed to her in the time of her prosperity.

“ Yours, R. T.”

THE DISAPPOINTED HUSBAND.
A DRAMATIC TALE.

WHEN a man marries a woman merely for her money, without having the least regard for her, he is scarce to be pitied, if she makes his life miserable, after having discovered that he was influenced only by mercenary motives.

Mr. Northton, a whimsical old widower, who had considerably improved his fortune by matrimony, was the less entitled to compassion for the domestic unhappiness which he endured with his third wife, because he had fair warning, as well as wholesome advice, before he tied the indissoluble knot with her.

A very particular friend of his having heard of his visits to Mrs. Waddely, in the character of a
lover,

lover, waited on him, in the benevolence of his heart, and the following conversation ensued between them.

Mr. Drymore. My dear friend, I am come to talk with you about an affair in which you are very much interested.

Mr. Northton. Say you so, Mr. Drymore? Why then, prythee take a chair, and without any ceremony open your budget. Come, what have you to break?

Mr. Drymore. I have heard a piece of news relating to you, which I hope wants confirmation.

Mr. Northton. Well, what is it? What is it?—You are a long while in bringing it out.

Mr. Drymore. You should not be in a hurry—

Mr. Northton. But I will, though—How you talk—Not be in a hurry—to hear news, in which I am myself concerned, if you don't put a hum upon me.

Mr. Drymore. I do not indeed—I have heard that you are making your addresses to Mrs. Wadely.

Mr. Northton. So I am; and why not?

Mr. Drymore. Nay, I have nothing to do with your amours to be sure; but I cannot help telling you, as a friend, that if you marry Mrs. Wadely, you will find yourself in a disagreeable condition: She has a very bad temper.

Mr. Northton. A fig for her temper; if I marry the ugly toad I shall only marry her for her money;

money; and as for her temper, I believe I shall be able to match her whenever she gets upon the high ropes.

Mr. Drymore. She is a termagant.

Mr. Northton. With all my soul: My tongue is as long as hers, and she will have good luck to have the last word; and so, Mr. Drymore, you have been wasting your breath to no purpose, for I shall marry the old lady as fast as I can. Her money will make amends for all her noise and ill humour."

Mr. Drymore, finding all his efforts ineffectual to dissuade his friend from a connection, of which he thought he would severely repent, withdrew. Just before he quitted the room, he turned back and said, "Well, my old friend, remember that you have had not only advice, but warning, that is all."

"Ay, ay," replied Mr. Northton, "I hear you, but shall go my own way to work."

Pretty much about the same time Mrs. Waddely had a similar conversation with an officious lady of her acquaintance, who imagined that she should act in the most friendly manner by trying to set her against a man who had almost driven two wives out of the world by his brutal behaviour to them.

Mrs. Saunders hurrying into her friend's dressing room one morning, cried, "My dear Mrs. Waddely, I hope you do not think seriously of the
filthy

filthy fellow whose visits you have lately very much encouraged. He is quite a beast. I would by no means have you receive his odious addresses. He has no more manners than a bear, his conversation is vulgar to a degree, and his ill-breeding can be only equalled by his ill-nature."

Mrs. Saunders having uttered the above words with her usual volubility, Mrs. Waddely, laying down her spectacles, and taking up her snuff-box, gravely replied, with great deliberation, "Pray, Mrs. Saunders, have you any design upon Mr. Northton?"

"Design upon him! Not I—the wretch! I would not have any connection with him upon any account."

"You have no thoughts then of being his wife?"

"His wife! If there was not another man in the world I would not be married to him. I would die first."

"I am of a different opinion, and shall therefore encourage Mr. Northton's addresses."

"If you knew his motives, you would reject them with a proper disdain; he only makes his addresses to your fortune."

"Why then we are even, as I only receive them for the sake of his."

By this cool way of proceeding Mrs. Waddely rendered all Mrs. Saunders's attempts to divert her from an alliance with Mr. Northton fruitless. Mrs. Saunders, indeed, was so much mortified
at

at her friend's calm behaviour upon the occasion, that she could not help saying, with tones which sufficiently declared her chagrin, "Well, madam, you must do as you please; but I fancy you will have reason to be sorry for your precipitation, and wish you had followed my advice when it is too late."

With these words, fretfully delivered, she left Mrs. Waddely very sedately opening her snuff-box, and muttered all the way she went down stairs, "I never met with so obstinate a woman in my life: The next time I give her good advice she shall take it."

In a short time after the above-mentioned conversations, Mr. Northton and Mrs. Waddely were married; and, agreeably to the opinions of their advisers, as miserable a couple in a short time as ever existed. They were both so inflexible in adhering to their respective sentiments, that neither of them would give up the most trifling point to the other. They lived consequently in a very discordant state: Mrs. Northton, however, being of a more composed disposition, pointed her sarcastical speeches at her husband with a severe tranquillity, which made a deeper impression upon him than all his fire and fury did on her. She was actually an overmatch for him in the satirical strain, and without ever putting herself into a passion with him. Whenever, provoked by the steadiness of her countenance, when he expected it to be convulsed with anger and re-
sentment,

sentment, he loaded her with a double quantity of abuse for her cursed quakerly carriage, she always doubled her serenity, and her demureness ever increased in proportion to his vehemence; so that she generally sent him out of the room foaming with rage, and swearing loudly that she was the most provoking devil in the universe.

While he was one day almost distracted, after having had a sharp dispute with Mrs. Northton, in which she made him quit the field of altercation as usual, by dint of superior keenness, and stoical composure, Mr. Drymore, the friend who had strenuously advised him against a connection with Mrs. Waddely, came to pay him a visit, being just arrived from his country-house, at which he had resided for several months.

"Well, my good friend, how do you like your matrimonial bargain?"

Mr. Drymore had not seen Mr. Northton since his marriage.

"Not at all, I assure you; I have suffered enough for marrying an old hag for the sake of her money. One may buy gold too dear, I find.—Ah, friend Drymore, if I had taken your advice!—But come, what is done cannot be undone, and so there's an end of the affair: However, between you and I, if my wife should tip to-morrow, I shall not shed a single tear. You understand me."

"Perfectly well: But you would not take warning."

"I know

"I know I would not, I know I would not; but prythee do not twit me with my folly. Shall you be at the Alderman to-night?"

"Certainly."

"Enough; I will meet you there, and bury all my vexations in a brimming bowl. I must think less and less about my wife, for she is the greatest plague that ever fell to a man's lot."

Mr. Northton was punctual to his appointment, and Drymore met him at the Alderman. The room was soon full, and several of the members belonging to the club, being merry fellows, contrived to keep the table in a roar. Among those who chiefly contributed to the mirth of the evening, there were two or three who sung ballads with humour and spirit. During the sonorous delivery of one of the anti-matrimonial songs, Mr. Northton sat quite *a la mort*: It happened to contain truths rather too strong for him, as he felt every syllable which he heard. Mr. Drymore, however, soon set his spirits afloat, and he became, in a few minutes, as facetious as he was before the little cessation of his cheerfulness.

While he was in the height of his festivity, he was called out by a waiter.

One of his own servants was the person who wanted him.

"My mistress, Sir," said John, in a flutter, "is taken speechless."

"Is she indeed! Well, run away for a doctor, John, I will give her a chance for her life."

With

With these words he turned upon his heel, went back to the club-room, and almost deafened every man in it with his joy. His joy operated upon him so powerfully, with its accompaniments, that he was carried home dead drunk.

When he waked in the morning, sobered by sleep, he enquired immediately how his wife did.

"A great deal better, Sir, replied Sally: "She speaks as well as ever," and left him in a hurry, as she heard her mistress's bell.

Sally's unexpected reply was a shock which Mr. Northton was hardly able to sustain. It made such an impression upon him that he never held up his head afterwards: He did not indeed long survive it; for as the recovery of Mrs. Northton inflamed him more strongly against her, and as he grew every day more pained by disappointment, he resolved to remove himself out of a world in which he had been doomed by matrimony to perpetual wretchedness. He had particular objections to a pistol or a halter: He had, indeed, though not overburdened with religion, some idea of the criminality of suicide; but he flattered himself that he should not be a *felo de se* by making his bottle his executioner: He, therefore, repeated his visits to the Alderman, till he had effectually completed his design.

THE FRIENDLY ADVICE.

IN A LETTER TO A LADY.

Dear Millamont,

I AM sorry to say I find a pain in any thing that gives you pleasure, yet will not the sincere friendship I have for you permit me to be silent, while I see you hurried by a youthful vanity into a conduct which must in time be fatal to your peace of mind and reputation:—Consider, my dear, the incongruity of your behaviour:—You affect to laugh at the woes of love, and to be above all susceptibility of that passion, whilst you take all imaginable pains to inspire it in others. Nothing delights you more than a new conquest, and how many soever you make, you cannot support the loss of one with any tolerable degree of patience:—How many arts do you put in practice to secure the heart you despise! For heaven's sake, ask yourself what you propose by all this, and what will be the consequence?—When your lovers swear they die for you, you either do, or do not give credit to their oaths; if the former,

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your

your manner of acting is the height of ill-nature and cruelty ; if the latter, you should, methinks, instead of being proud, rather be ashamed to reflect you gave any encouragement for so gross an attempt, to impose on our understanding.—It is ungrateful and unjust to sport with the pains of a worthy man. It is mean to flatter the vain views of an insincere and empty coxcomb.—But it is not either for the one, or the other, but for yourself I am chiefly concerned :—Remember the fate of *Melinda*, as described by good old *Drayton*.

*Melinda spread her splendid train,
And swept the youths along the plain.
By turns she smil'd, by turns she frown'd on every
slave,
Hope and despair alternate gave ;
But, ah ! how humbled was her pride,
They found her aim was only to give pain,
Sobroke at once the servile chain,
And all her arts defy'd.
Or on the walks, or on the green,
No more she seems the woodland queen !
No more her breast the glow of triumph warms,
While in their bloom neglected are her charms.
Her votaries once, indignant now,
Pass scornful by, and scarce vouchsafe a bow :
Requital just ! the nymphs and swains proclaim,
And to the slighted fair impute the blame.*

Believe

Believe me, dear *Millamont*, the conduct you at present pursue, will in a short time deprive you of all that admiration and esteem, you are so desirous of preserving.—A man of sense can ill brook a competitor in love, who is treated with the same regard as himself, much less to be put on a level with a coxcomb.—The encouragement you give to all will lose you all, and if so, you will be as unpitied as the poet's heroine.

I cannot suppose, that, in your serious hours, you have made any resolution against marriage:—Permit me therefore, to remind you, that it is high time for you to fix your choice, if you find any one among the number of those, who make their addresses, worthy of it.—If not, for heaven's sake, discard them all, and wait till some offer is made, to which you will have no objection. You know not but you may have some secret lover endued with every qualification, to render you as happy as a wife can be, who may be deterred from making you an offering of his heart, while he sees you encompassed with a herd among whom he does not chuse to rank himself.

But, however that may be, reflect I beseech you, how much your reputation, suffers amidst these pretenders to your heart. You will perhaps think it sufficient, that you are guilty of no attachment to any of them, in breach of innocence and virtue; that you allow no liberties in

prejudice to your character, or which should embolden any man to hope you might be brought to pardon the greatest he could take. Far be it from me to imagine you can forget yourself in this point; yet, my dear, I would have you remember, that we ought to behave so as to avoid all suspicion in the most censorious.—But put the case that none should presume to call your conduct so far in question. Supposing the world in general should allow you as innocent as I sincerely do, yet vanity and levity are of themselves sufficient blemishes in reputation, and such as I before observed, will infallibly lose you the esteem of all men of true understanding:—Forfeit not then those expectations of solid happiness, which your birth, beauty, fortune, and a thousand amiable qualities, give you a just pretence to, for the poor, empty, transient pleasure of shewing your power over the hearts that either are, or feign themselves devoted to you. Cease to take pains to captivate. Reserve all your cares to secure the affection of him you shall find worthy of yours, and till you are convinced there is such a one in the world, forbear wishing to be loved by any other.

I shall make no apology for the liberty I take in giving you this advice. I am confident you will believe it, what it really is, the effects of a friendship always warm and sincere in your interest, and which I hope no misunderstanding will
ever

ever break off between you and her, who is, my dear *Millamont*,

Yours, &c.

BELLIZA.

THE FORCE OF NATURAL AFFECTION.

THE power of natural affection is so well known, that it is unnecessary to introduce the following story with any general reflections upon it, as the events which it contains are of so interesting a nature, that they cannot fail to engage the attention of every reader that is not destitute of humanity.

An old gentleman of an antient family, and possessed of a large estate, whom I shall for the present call *Gloriosus*, as his greatest foible consisted in valuing himself too much upon the nobility of his ancestors, an extravagant notion which he had improved by a long residence in Spain, had a son possessed of every amiable quality, whom I shall beg leave to call by the name

of Theodosius. As Gloriosus was rather intent upon increasing the honour of his family than amassing wealth, he resolved to marry his son to the daughter of a neighbouring gentleman, whose pedigree could bear the strictest inquiry, though the portion of the young lady was but small. In this he was seconded by his wife, who had imbibed all the extravagant notions of her husband. But they were both equally mortified and disappointed to find, that Theodosius was obstinately bent against the match. His mother hereupon formed a suspicion that his heart was pre-engaged; and this was soon after turned into certainty, by her intercepting a letter addressed by Theodosius to Sylvia, a young woman of extraordinary beauty and great accomplishments, who, being the daughter of a merchant to whom Gloriosus had particular obligations, had been by him entertained, when her father, on account of the perplexed state of his affairs, was obliged to quit the kingdom. It appeared from this letter, that Theodosius had been for some time past privately married to Sylvia, and that his rejecting the match proposed by his parents took rise from his affection to her.

This discovery threw Gloriosus into the most violent rage imaginable; and he immediately resolved to disinherit his son, and never see him more, if he did not consent to have his clandestine marriage annulled.

Sylvia,

Sylvia, being informed of this rigorous determination, begged to be heard in her own defence; and the old gentleman agreed to the interview, flattering himself that he should be able to persuade her to consent to the separation. The young lady, however, pleaded her cause in terms so pathetic, that, seeing Gloriosus begin to melt, she produced the two children whom she had by his son; which affecting circumstance so powerfully moved the passions of the old man, that he immediately embraced them as his grand-children, notwithstanding all the remonstrances of his wife; and, sending for Theodosius, declared that he consented to his marriage with Sylvia, and wished that their union might prove both lasting and happy.

The joy of the young couple, upon this occasion, may be more easily conceived than expressed: it was indeed so great, that it received no considerable accession when the father of Sylvia having settled his affairs, returned from abroad, and made her fortune much greater than that which Theodosius was to have had with the lady whom his parents urged him to marry. This circumstance, however, contributed not a little to their satisfaction, as interest has always great influence over the old.

THE STORY OF FLAVILLA.

FLAVILLA, just as she had entered her fourteenth year, was left an orphan to the care of her mother, in such circumstances as disappointed all the hopes which her education had encouraged. Her father, who lived in great elegance upon the salary of a place at court, died suddenly, without having made any provision for his family, except an annuity of one hundred pounds, which he had purchased for his wife with part of her marriage portion, nor was he possessed of any property, except the furniture of a large house in one of the new squares, an equipage, a few jewels, and some plate.

The greatest part of the furniture and the equipage were sold to pay his debts; the jewels which were not of great value, and some useful pieces of the plate, were reserved, and Flavilla removed with her mother into lodgings.

But notwithstanding this change in their circumstances, they did not immediately lose their rank. They were still visited by a numerous
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and polite acquaintance; and though some gratified their pride by assuming an appearance of pity, and rather insulted than alleviated their distress by the whine of condolence, and a minute comparison of what they had lost with what they once possessed; yet from others they were continually receiving presents, which still enabled them to live with a genteel frugality; they were still considered as people of fashion, and treated by those of a lower class with distant respect.

Flavilla thus continued to move in a sphere to which she had no claim; she was perpetually surrounded with elegance and splendour, which the caprice of others, like the rod of an enchanter, could dissipate in a moment, and leave her to regret the loss of enjoyments, which she could neither hope to obtain nor cease to desire. Of this, however, Flavilla had no dread. She was remarkably tall for her age, and was celebrated, not only for her beauty, but her wit: these qualifications she considered, not only as securing whatever she enjoyed by the favour of others, but as a pledge of possessing them in her own right, by an advantageous marriage. Thus the vision that danced before her, derived stability from the very vanity which it flattered; and she had as little apprehension of distress, as diffidence of her own power to please.

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There was a fashionable levity in her carriage and discourse, which her mother, who knew the danger of her situation, laboured to restrain sometimes with anger, and sometimes with tears, but always without success. Flavilla was ever ready to answer, that she neither did or said any thing of which she had reason to be ashamed; and therefore did not know why she should be restrained, except in mere courtesy to envy whom it was an honour to provoke, or to slander whom it was a disgrace to fear. In proportion as Flavilla was more flattered and caressed, the influence of her mother became less; and though she always treated her with respect, from a point of good breeding, yet she secretly despised her maxims, and applauded her own conduct.

Flavilla, at eighteen, was a celebrated toast; and among other gay visitants who frequented her tea-table, was Clodio, a young baronet, who had just taken possession of his title and estate. There were many particulars in Clodio's behaviour, which encouraged Flavilla to hope that she should obtain him for a husband: but she suffered his assiduities with such apparent pleasure, and his familiarities with so little reserve, that he soon ventured to disclose his intention, and make her, what he thought, a very genteel proposal of another kind: but whatever were the artifices

artifices with which it was introduced, or the terms in which it was made, Flavilla rejected it with the utmost indignation and disdain. Clodio, who, notwithstanding his youth, had long known and often practised the arts of seduction, gave way to the storm, threw himself at her feet, imputed his offence to the phrenzy of his passion, flattered her pride by the most abject submission and extravagant praise, intreated her pardon, aggravated his crime, but made no mention of atonement by marriage. This particular, which Flavilla did not fail to remark, ought to have determined her to admit him no more: but her vanity and ambition were still predominant, she still hoped to succeed in her project. Clodio's offence was tacitly forgiven, his visits were permitted, his familiarities were again suffered, and his hopes revived. He had long entertained an opinion that she loved him, in which, however, it is probable that his own vanity and her indiscretion concurred to deceive him; but this opinion, though it implied the strongest obligation to treat her with generosity and tenderness, only determined him again to attempt her ruin, as it encouraged him with a probability of success. Having, therefore, resolved to obtain her as a mistress, or at once to give her up, he thought he had little more to do, than to convince her that he had taken such a resolution, justify it by some plausible sophistry, and give

her some time to deliberate upon a final determination. With this view he went a short journey into the country; having put a letter into her hand at parting, in which he acquainted her, that he had often reflected, with inexpressible regret, upon her resentment of his conduct in a late instance; but that the delicacy and the ardour of his affection were insuperable obstacles to his marriage; that where there was no liberty there could be no happiness; that he should become indifferent to the endearments of love, when they could no longer be distinguished from the officiousness of duty; that while they were happy in the possession of each other, it would be absurd to suppose they would part; and, that if this happiness should cease, it would not only ensure but aggravate their misery to be inseparably united: that this event was less probable, in proportion as their cohabitation was voluntary; but that he would make such provision for her upon the contingency as a wife would expect upon his death. He conjured her not to determine under the influence of prejudice and custom, but according to the laws of reason and nature. After mature deliberation, said he, remember that the whole value of my life depends upon your will. I do not request an explicit consent, with whatever transport I might behold the lovely confusion which it might produce. I shall attend you in a few days, with the anxiety,
though

though not with the guilt of a criminal, who waits for the decision of his judge. If my visit is admitted, we will never part; if it is rejected, I can see you no more.

Flavilla had too much understanding as well as virtue, to deliberate a moment upon this proposal. She gave immediate orders that Clodio should be admitted no more. But his letter was a temptation to gratify her vanity, which she could not resist; she shewed it first to her mother, and then to the whole circle of her female acquaintance with all the exultation of a hero who exposes a vanquished enemy at the wheels of his chariot in a triumph; she considered it as an indisputable evidence of her virtue, as a reproof of all who had dared to censure the levity of her conduct, and a licence to continue it without apology or restraint.

It happened that Flavilla, soon after this accident, was seen in one of the boxes at the play-house by Mercator, a young gentleman who had just returned from his first voyage as captain of a large ship in the Levant trade, which had been purchased for him by his father, whose fortune enabled him to make a genteel provision for five sons, of whom Mercator was the youngest, and who expected to share his estate, which was personal, in equal proportions at his death.

Mercator was captivated with her beauty, but discouraged by the splendor of her appearance,
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and the rank of her company. He was urged rather by curiosity than hope, to enquire who she was ; and he soon gained such a knowledge of her circumstances, as relieved him from despair. As he knew not how to get admission to her company, and had no design upon her virtue, he wrote in the first ardor of his passion to her mother ; giving a faithful account of his fortune and dependance, and entreating that he might be permitted to visit Flavilla as a candidate for her affection. The old lady, after having made some enquiries, by which the account that Mercator had given her was confirmed, sent him an invitation, and received his first visit alone. She told him, that as Flavilla had no fortune, and as a considerable part of his own was dependant upon his father's will, it would be extremely imprudent to endanger the disappointment of his expectations, by a marriage, which would make it more necessary that they should be fulfilled ; that he ought, therefore, to obtain his father's consent, before any other step was taken, lest he should be embarrassed by engagements which young persons almost insensibly contract, whose complacency in each other is continually gaining strength by frequent visits and conversation. To this counsel, so salutary and perplexing, Mercator was hesitating what to reply, when Flavilla came in, an accident which he was now only solicitous to improve. Flavilla was not displeased
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either with his person or his address; the frankness and gaiety of her disposition soon made him forget that he was a stranger; a conversation commenced, during which they became yet more pleased with each other; and having thus surmounted the difficulty of a first visit, he thought no more of the old lady, as he believed her auspices were not necessary to his success.

His visits were often repeated, and he became every hour more impatient of delay: he pressed his suit with that contagious ardour, which is caught at every glance, and produces the consent which it solicits. At the same time, indeed, a thought of his father would intervene; but being determined to gratify his wishes at all events, he concluded with a sagacity almost universal on these occasions, that, of two evils, to marry without his consent was less, than to marry against it; and one evening, after the lovers had spent the afternoon by themselves, they went out in a kind of frolic, which Mercator had proposed in the vehemence of his passion, and to which Flavilla had consented in the giddiness of her indiscretion, and were married at May-fair.

In the first interval of recollection after this precipitate step, Mercator considered, that he ought to be the first who acquainted his father of the new alliance which had been made in his family: but as he had not fortitude enough to do
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it in person he expressed it in the best terms he could conceive by a letter ; and after such an apology for his conduct as he had been used to make to himself, he requested he might be permitted to present his wife for the parental benediction, which alone was wanting to complete his felicity.

The old gentleman, whose character I cannot better express than in the fashionable phrase which has been contrived to palliate false principles and dissolute manners, had been a gay man, and was well acquainted with the town. He had often heard Flavilla toasted by rakes of quality, and often seen her at public places. Her beauty and her dependance, the gaiety of her dress, the multitude of her admirers, the levity of her conduct, and all the circumstances of her situation, had concurred to render her character suspected ; and he was disposed to judge of it with yet less charity, when she had offended him by marrying his son, whom he considered as disgraced and impoverished, and whose misfortune, as it was irretrievable, he resolved not to alleviate, but to encrease ; a resolution, by which fathers, who have foolish and disobedient sons, usually display their own kindness and wisdom. As soon as he had read Mercator's letter, he cursed him for a fool, who had been gulled by the artifices of a strumpet to screen her from public

public infamy by fathering her children, and secure her from a prison by appropriating her debts. In an answer to his letter, which he wrote only to gratify his resentment, he told him, that if he had taken Flavilla into keeping, he would have overlooked it; and if her extravagance had distressed him, he would have satisfied his creditors; but that his marriage was not to be forgiven; that he never should have another shilling of his money; and that he was determined to see him no more. Mercator, who was more provoked by this outrage than grieved at his loss, disdained to reply; and believing that he had now most reason to be offended, could not be persuaded to solicit a reconciliation.

He hired a genteel apartment for his wife of an upholsterer; who, with a view to let lodgings, had taken and furnished a large house near *Leicester-Fields*, and in about two months left her to make another voyage.

He had received visits of congratulation from her numerous acquaintance, and had returned them as a pledge of his desire that they should be repeated. But a remembrance of the gay multitude, which while he was at home had flattered his vanity, as soon as he was absent alarmed his suspicion: he had, indeed, no particular cause of jealousy; but his anxiety arose merely from a sense of the temptation to which she was exposed, and the impossibility of his superintending her conduct.

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In the mean time Flavilla continued to flutter round the same giddy circle, in which she had shone so long; the number of her visitants was rather increased than diminished, the gentlemen attended with yet greater assiduity, and she continued to encourage their civilities by the same indiscreet familiarity; she was one night at the masquerade, and another at an opera; sometimes at a rout, and sometimes rambling with a party of pleasure, in short excursions from town; she came home sometimes at midnight, sometimes in the morning, and sometimes she was absent several nights together.

This conduct was the cause of much speculation and uneasiness to the good man and woman of the house. At first they suspected that Flavilla was no better than a woman of pleasure; and that the person who had hired the lodging for her as his wife, and had disappeared upon pretence of a voyage to sea, had been employed to impose upon them, by concealing her character, in order to obtain such accomodation for her as she could not so easily have procured if it had been known; but as these suspicions made them watchful and inquisitive, they soon discovered that many ladies by whom she was visited were of good character and fashion. Her conduct, however, supposing her to be a wife, was still inexcusable, and still endangered their credit and subsistence; hints were often dropped to the disadvantage

vantage of her character ; and an elderly maiden lady, who lodged in the second floor had given warning ; the family was disturbed at all hours in the night, and the door was crowded all day with messages to Flavilla.

One day, therefore, the good woman took an opportunity to remonstrate, though in the most distant and respectful terms, and with the utmost diffidence and caution. She told Flavilla, that she was a fine young lady, that her husband was abroad, that she kept a great deal of company, and that the world was censorious ; she wished that less occasion for scandal was given ; and hoped to be excused the liberty she had taken, as she might be ruined by those slanders which could have no influence upon the great, and which, therefore, they were not solicitous to avoid. This address, however ambiguous, and however gentle, was easily understood, and fiercely resented. Flavilla, proud of her virtue, and impatient of controul, would have despised the counsel of a philosopher, if it had implied an impeachment of her conduct ; before a person so much her inferior, therefore, she was under no restraint ; she answered with a mixture of contempt and indignation, that those only who did not know her, would dare to take any liberty with her character ; and warned her to propagate no scandalous report at her peril. Flavilla immediately rose from her seat, and the woman departed without
reply,

reply, though she was scarce less offended than her lodger, and from that moment she determined when Mercator returned to give him warning.

Mercator's voyage was prosperous; and after an absence of about ten months he came back. The woman, to whom her husband left the whole management of the lodgings, and who persisted in her purpose, soon found an opportunity to put it in execution. Mercator, as his part of the contract had been punctually fulfilled, thought he had some cause to be offended, and insisted to know her reasons for compelling him to leave her house. These, his hostess, who was indeed a friendly woman, was very unwilling to give; and as he perceived that she evaded his question, he became more solicitous to obtain an answer. After much hesitation, which perhaps had a worse effect than any tale which malice could have invented, she told him, that Madam kept a great deal of company, and often staid out very late; that she had always been used to quiet and regularity, and was determined to let her apartments to some person in a more private station.

At this account Mercator changed countenance, for he inferred from it just as much more than truth, as he believed it to be less. After some moments of suspense, he conjured her to conceal nothing from him, with an emotion that convinced her that she had already said too much. She then assured him, that he had no reason to be
alarmed;

alarmed; for that she had no exception to his Lady, but those gaities which her station, and the fashion sufficiently authorised. Mercator's suspicions, however were not wholly removed; and he began to think he had found a confidante whom it would be his interest to trust: he therefore, in the folly of his jealousy, confessed, that he had some doubts concerning his wife, which it was of the utmost importance to his honour and his peace to resolve: he intreated that he might continue in the apartment another year, that, as he should again leave the kingdom in a short time, she would suffer no incident, which might confirm either his hopes or his fears, to escape her notice in his absence; and that at his return she would give him such an account as would at least deliver him from the torment of suspense, and determine his future conduct.

There is no sophistry more general, than that by which we justify a busy and scrupulous enquiry after secrets, which to discover is to be wretched, without hope of redress; and no service to which others are so easily engaged as to assist in the search. To communicate suspicions of matrimonial infidelity, especially to a husband, is, by a strange mixture of folly and malignity, deemed not only an act of justice, but of friendship; though it is too late to prevent an evil, which, whatever be its guilt, can diffuse wretchedness only in proportion as it is known. It is no wonder, therefore, that the
general

general kindness of Mercator's confidante was on this occasion overborne; she was flattered by the trust that had been placed in her, and the power with which she was invested; she consented to Mercator's proposal; and promised, that she would with the utmost fidelity execute her commission.

Mercator, however, concealed his suspicions from his wife; and, indeed, in her presence they were forgotten. Her manner of life he began seriously to disapprove; but being well acquainted with her temper, in which great sweetness was blended with a high spirit, he would not embitter the pleasure of a short stay by altercation, chiding and tears: but when her mind was melted into tenderness at his departure, he clasped her in an ecstacy of fondness to his bosom, and intreated her to behave with reserve and circumspection; because, said he, I know that my father keeps a watchful eye upon your conduct, which may, therefore, confirm or remove, his displeasure, and either intercept or bestow such an increase of my fortune as will prevent the pangs of separation which must otherwise so often return, and in a short time unite us to part no more. To this caution she had then no power to reply; and they parted with mutual protestations of unalterable love.

Flavilla, soon after she was thus left in a kind of widowhood a second time, found herself with child; and within somewhat less than eight months

months after Mercator's return from his first voyage, she happened to stumble as she was going up stairs, and being immediately taken ill, was brought to bed before the next morning. The child, though its birth had been precipitated more than a month, was not remarkably small, nor had any infirmity which endangered its life.

It was now necessary that the vigils of whist, and the tumults of balls and visits should, for a while, be suspended; and in this interval of languor and retirement Flavilla first became thoughtful. She often reflected upon Mercator's caution when they last parted, which had made an indelible impression upon her mind, though it had produced no alteration in her conduct: notwithstanding the manner in which it was expressed, and the reason upon which it was founded, she began to fear that it might have been secretly prompted by jealousy. The birth, therefore, of her first child in his absence, at a time when, if it had not been premature, it could not possibly have been his, was an accident which greatly alarmed her: but there was yet another, for which it was still less in her power to account, and which, therefore, alarmed her still more.

It happened that some civilities which she received from a Lady who sat next her at an opera, and whom she had never seen before, introduced a conversation, which so much delighted her, that she gave her a pressing invitation to visit her:
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this invitation was accepted, and in a few days the visit was paid, Flavilla was not less pleased at the second interview than she had been at the first; and without making any other enquiry concerning the Lady than where she lived, took the first opportunity to wait on her. The apartment in which she was received was the ground floor of an elegant house, at a small distance from St. James's. It happened that Flavilla was placed near the window; and a party of the horse-guards riding through the street, she expected to see some of the royal family, and hastily threw up the sash. A gentleman who was passing by at the same instant, turned about at the noise of the window, and Flavilla no sooner saw his face than she knew him to be the father of Mercator. After looking first stedfastly at her, and then glancing his eye at the lady whom she was visiting, he affected a contemptuous sneer, and went on. Flavilla, who had been thrown into some confusion by the sudden and unexpected sight of a person whom she knew considered her as the disgrace of his family and the ruin of his child, now changed countenance, and hastily retired to another part of the room: she was touched both with grief and anger at this silent insult, of which, however, she did not then suspect the cause. It is, indeed, probable, that the father of Mercator would nowhere have looked upon her with complacency; but as soon as he saw her companion, he recollected

lected that she was the favourite mistress of an old courtier, and that this was the house in which he kept her in great splendour, though she had been by turns a prostitute to many others. It happened that Flavilla, soon after this accident, discovered the character of her new acquaintance, and never remembered by whom she had been seen in her company, without the utmost regret and apprehension.

She now resolved to move in a less circle, and with more circumspection. In the mean time her little boy, whom she suckled, grew very fast; and it could no longer be known by his appearance, that he had been born too soon. His mother frequently gazed at him till her eyes overflowed with tears; and though her pleasures were now become domestic, yet she feared lest that which had produced should destroy them. After much deliberation, she determined that she would conceal the child's age from its father, believing it prudent to prevent a suspicion, which, however ill founded, it might be difficult to remove, as her justification would depend wholly upon the testimony of her dependants; and her mother's and her own would necessarily become doubtful, when every one would have reason to conclude, that it would still have been the same, supposing the contrary to have been true.

Such was the state of Flavilla's mind, and her little boy was six months old when Mercator returned.

turned. She received him with joy indeed, but it was mixed with a visible confusion; their meeting was more tender, but on her part it was less cheerful; she smiled with inexpressible complacency, but at the same time the tears gushed from her eyes, and she was seized with an universal tremor. Mercator caught the infection, and caressed first his Flavilla, and then his boy, with an excess of fondness and delight that before he had never expressed. The sight of the child made him more than ever wish a reconciliation with his father; and having heard at his first landing, that he was dangerously ill, he determined to go immediately and attempt to see him, promising to return to supper. He had in the midst of his caresses, more than once enquired the age of his son, but the question had been always evaded, of which, however, he took no notice, nor did it produce any suspicion.

He was now hastening to enquire after his father; but as he passed through the hall, he was officiously laid hold of by his landlady. He was not much disposed to enquire how she had fulfilled his charge; but perceiving by her looks that she had something to communicate, which was, at least in her own opinion, of importance, he suffered her to take him into the parlour. She immediately shut the door, and reminded him, that she had undertaken an office with reluctance which he had pressed upon her; and that she had done nothing

thing in it to which he had not bound her by a promise; that she was extremely sorry to communicate her discoveries; but that he was a worthy gentleman, and indeed, ought to know them. She then told him, that the child was born within less than eight months after his last return from abroad; that it was said to have come before its time, but that having pressed to see it, she was refused. This, indeed, was true, and confirmed the good woman in her suspicions; for Flavilla, who had still resented the freedom which she had taken in her remonstrance, had kept her at a great distance; and the servants, to gratify the mistress, treated her with the utmost insolence and contempt.

At this relation Mercator turned pale. He now recollected, that his question concerning the child's birth had been evaded; and concluded, that he had been shedding tears of tenderness and joy over a strumpet and a bastard, who had robbed him of his patrimony, his honour and his peace. He started up with the furious wildness of sudden phrenzy; but she with great difficulty prevailed upon him not to leave the room. He sat down and remained some time motionless, with his eyes fixed on the ground, and his hands locked in each other. In proportion as he believed his wife to be guilty, his tenderness for his father revived; and he resolved, with yet greater zeal, to prosecute his purpose of immediately attempting a reconciliation.

ciliation. In this state of confusion and distress, he went to the house; where he learned that his father had died early in the morning, and that his relations were then assembled to read his will. Fulvius, a brother of Mercator's mother, with whom he had always been a favorite, happening to pass from one room to another, heard his voice. He accosted him with great ardour of friendship; and, soothing him with expressions of condolence and affection, insisted on introducing him to the company. Mercator tacitly consented: he was received at least with civility by his brothers, and, sitting down among them, the will was read. He seemed to listen like the rest; but was indeed musing over the story which he had just heard, and lost in the contemplation of his own wretchedness. He waked as from a dream, when the voice of the person who had been reading was suspended; and finding that he could no longer contain himself, he started up, and would have left the company.

Of the will which had been read before him he knew nothing: but his uncle, believing that he was moved with grief and resentment at the manner in which he had been mentioned in it, and the bequest only of a shilling, took him into another room; and, to apologize for his father's unkindness, told him, that the resentment which he expressed at his marriage, was every day increased by the conduct of his wife, whose character

rafter was now become notoriously infamous; for that she had been seen at the lodgings of a known prostitute, with whom she appeared to be well acquainted. This account threw Mercator into another agony; from which he was, however, at length recovered by his uncle, who, as the only expedient by which he could retrieve his misfortune and sooth his distress, proposed that he should no more return to his lodgings, but go home with him; and that he would himself take such measures with his wife, as could scarce fail of inducing her to accept a separate maintenance, assume another name, and trouble him no more. Mercator, in the bitterness of his affliction, consented to this proposal, and they went away together.

Mercator in the mean time, was expected by Flavilla with the most tender impatience. She had put her little boy to bed, and decorated a small room in which they had been used to sup by themselves, and which she had shut up in his absence; she counted the moments as they passed, and listened to every carriage and every step that she heard. Supper was now ready: her impatience was increased; terror was at length mingled with regret, and her fondness was only busied to afflict her; she wished, she feared, she accused, she apologized, and she wept. In the height of these eager expectations and this tender distress, she received a billet which Mercator had

been persuaded by his uncle to write, in which he upbraided her in the strongest terms with abusing his confidence and dishonouring his bed; "of this," he said, "he had now obtained sufficient proof to do justice to himself, and that he was determined to see her no more."

To those whose hearts have not already acquainted them with the agony which seized Flavilla upon the sight of this billet, all attempts to describe it would be not only ineffectual but absurd. Having passed the night without sleep, and the next day without food, disappointed in every attempt to discover what was become of Mercator, and doubting, if she should have found him, whether it would be possible to convince him of her innocence; the violent agitation of her mind produced a slow fever, which, before she considered it as a disease, she communicated to the child, while she cherished it at her bosom, and wept over it as an orphan, whose life she was sustaining with her own.

After Mercator had been absent about ten days, his uncle, having persuaded him to accompany some friends to a country seat at the distance of near sixty miles, went to his lodgings in order to discharge the rent, and try what terms he could make with Flavilla, whom he hoped to intimidate with threats of a prosecution and divorce; but when he came he found that Flavilla was sinking very fast under her disease, and that the child was
dead

dead already. The woman of the house, into whose hands she had just put her repeating watch and some other ornaments, as a security for her rent, was so touched with her distress, and so firmly persuaded of her innocence, by the manner in which she had addressed her, and the calm solemnity with which she absolved those by whom she had been traduced, that as soon as she discovered Fulvius's business, she threw herself on her knees, and intreated, that if he knew where Mercator was to be found, he would urge him to return, that if possible the life of Flavilla might be preserved, and the happiness of both be restored by her justification. Fulvius, who still suspected appearances, or at least was in doubt of the cause that had produced them, would not discover his nephew; but after much entreaty and expostulation at last engaged upon his honour for the conveyance of a letter. The woman, as soon as she had obtained this promise, ran up and communicated it to Flavilla; who, when she had recovered from the surprize and tumult which it occasioned, was supported in her bed, and in about half an hour, after many efforts and many intervals, wrote a short billet, which was sealed and put into the hands of Fulvius.

Fulvius immediately inclosed and dispatched it by the post, resolving that, in a question so doubtful and of such importance, he would no farther interpose. Mercator, who, the moment

he cast his eye upon the letter, knew both the hand and seal, after pausing a few moments in suspense, at length tore it open, and read these words,

“ Such has been my folly, that, perhaps, I should not be acquitted of guilt in any circumstances but those in which I write. I do not, therefore, but for your sake, wish them other than they are. The dear infant, whose birth has undone me, now lies dead at my side, a victim to my indiscretion and your resentment. I am scarce able to guide my pen. But I most earnestly entreat to see you, that you may at least have the satisfaction to hear me attest my innocence with the last sigh, and seal our reconciliation on my lips while they are yet sensible of the impression.”

Mercator, whom an earthquake would less have affected than this letter, felt all his tenderness revive in a moment, and reflected with unutterable anguish upon the rashness of his resentment. At the thought of his distance from London he started as if he had felt a dagger in his heart: he lifted up his eyes to heaven, with a look that expressed at once an accusation of himself and a petition for her; and then rushing out of the house, without taking leave of any, or ordering a servant to attend him, he took post-horses at the neighbouring inn, and in less than six hours was in Leicester-fields. But, notwithstanding his

his speed, he arrived too late; Flavilla had suffered the last agony, and her eyes could behold him no more. Grief and disappointment, remorse, and despair now totally subverted his reason. It became necessary to remove him by force from the body, and after a confinement of two years in a mad-house, he died.

May every lady, on whose memory compassion shall record these events, tremble to assume the levity of Flavilla; for, perhaps, it is in the power of no man in Mercator's circumstances, to be less jealous than Mercator.

AVARICE AND GLORY.

A TALE, ATTRIBUTED TO THE LATE KING
OF PRUSSIA.

THE Miser is chiefly his own enemy, but the ambitious man is the enemy of the human race.—He strides forward to vice with impunity, and even his virtues degenerate into faults.—The miser and the ambitious are both equally self-interested; but, while one destroys only a cottage, the other, perhaps, overturns an empire.

Avarice and Glory once made a journey together to this world, in order to try how mankind were disposed to receive them.—Heroes, citizens, priests, and lords, immediately listed beneath

their banners, and received their favours with gratitude and rapture.—Travelling, however, into a most remote part of the country, they, by accident, set up at the cottage of a simple shepherd,† whose whole possessions were his flock, and all his sollicitude his next day's subsistence. His birth was but humble, yet his natural endowments were great.—His sense was refined, his heart sensible of love and piety; and, poor as he was, he still preserved an honest ardour for liberty and repose.—Here, with his favourite Sylvana, his flock, his crook, and his cottage, he lived unknown and unknowing a world, that could only instruct him in deceit and falsehood.

Our two travellers no sooner beheld him, than they were struck with his felicity.—“How insupportable is *it*,” cried Glory, “thus to be a spectator of pleasures which we have no share in producing!—Shall we, who are adored here below, tamely continue spectators of a man, who thus flights our favours, because as yet unexperienced in their delights? No, rather let us attempt to seduce him from his wise pursuit of tranquillity, and teach him to reverence our power.”—Thus saying, they both, the better to disguise themselves, assumed the dress of shepherds, and accosted the rustic in terms the most inviting: “Dear shepherd, how do I pity,” cries Glory, “your poor simplicity! To see such talents buried

† By SHEPHERD his Majesty means himself.

in unambitious retirement, might certainly create even the compassion of the Gods. Leave, prythee, leave a solitude destined only for ignorance and stupidity: It is doubly to die, to die without applause.—You have virtues, and those ought to appear, and not thus lie concealed by ungrateful Obstinacy.—Fortune calls, and Glory invites thee.—I promise you a certainty of success:—You have only to chuse, whether to become an author, a minister of state, or a general; in either capacity be assured of finding respect, riches, and immortality.”

At so unaccustomed an invitation the shepherd seemed incapable of determining.—He hesitated for some time between Ambition and Content, ’till at length the former prevailed, and he became, in some measure, a convert.—Avarice now came in to fix him intirely, and willing to make him completely the slave of both, thus continued the conversation: “Yes, simple swain, be convinced of your ignorance; learn from me in what true happiness consists.—You are in indigence, and you miscall your poverty temperance. What! shall a man formed for the most important concerns, like you, exhaust a precious life only in ogling his mistress, playing upon his pipe, or shearing his sheep? While the rest of mankind, blessed with affluence, consecrate all their hours to rapture: improved with art, shall you remain in a cottage, perhaps, shuddering at the winter’s breeze! Alas! little dost thou know of the pleasures

fures attending the great ! What sumptuous palaces they live in ; how, every time they leave them, seems a triumphal procession ; how every word they pronounce is echoed with applause. Without fortune, what is life but misery ? What is virtue but fullen satisfaction ? Money, money is the grand mover of the universe ; without it life is insipid, and talents contemptible.”

The unhappy shepherd was no longer able to resist such powerful persuasions : His mistress, his flock are at once banished from his thoughts, or contemptible in his eye.—His rural retreat becomes tasteless, and ambition fills up every chasm in his breast.—In vain did the faithful partner of all his pleasures and cares solicit his stay ; in vain expose the numberless dangers he must necessarily encounter ; nothing could persuade a youth bent on glory, and whose heart felt every passion in extreme.—However, uncertain what course to follow, by chance he fixed upon the muses, and began by shewing the world some amazing instances of the sublimity of his genius.—He instantly found admittance among the men of wit, and gave lessons to those who were candidates for the public favour.—He published criticisms, to shew that some were not born poets, and apologies in vindication of himself.—But soon satire attacked him with all its virulence ; he found in every brother-wit a rival, and in every rival, one ready to depreciate what he had written.—Soon, therefore, he thought proper to quit this seducing
train

train that offer beds of roses, but supply only a couch of thorns. He next took the field in quality of a soldier; he was foremost in revenging the affronts of his country, and fixing his monarch on the throne; he was foremost in braving every danger, and in mounting every breach. With a few successes more, and a few limbs less, our shepherd would have equalled Cæsar himself; but soon envy began to pluck the hardened laurel from his brow. His conquests were attributed, not to his superior skill, but the ignorance of his rivals; his patriotism was judged to proceed from avarice, and his fortitude from unfeeling assurance.

Again, therefore, the shepherd changes, and in his own defence, retired from the field to the cabinet.—Here he became a thorough-bred minister of state; he copies out conventions, concludes, treaties, raises subsidies, levies, disposes, sells, buys, and loses his own peace in procuring the peace of Europe; he even, with the industry of a minister, adopts his vices, and becomes slow, timid, suspicious, and austere.—Intoxicated with power, and involved in system, he sees, consults, and likes none but himself.—He is no longer the simple shepherd, whose thoughts were all honest, and who spoke nothing but what he thought; he now is taught to speak what he never intends to perform.—His faults disgusted some, his few remaining virtues more.

At length, however, his system fails, and his projects are blown up. What was the cause of

misfortune

misfortune was attributed to corruption and ignorance. He is arraigned by the people, and scarcely escapes being condemned to suffer an ignominious death. Now, too late, he finds the folly of having attended to the voice of Avarice, or the call of Ambition. He flies back to his long-forsaken cottage. He assumes the rustic-robe of innocence and simplicity, and in the arms of his faithful Sylvana passes the remainder of his life in happiness, and undisturbed repose.

THE UNFORTUNATE LOVERS.

A MORAL TALE.

LORD Welbroke was a native of London; and having had the misfortune to lose his noble parents in his infancy, the care of his education devolved upon strangers, who strove rather to cherish his passions than to subdue them. Naturally virtuous, however, as he grew up, study, and the culture of the fine arts, became his favourite amusement; and to indulge these with the greater freedom, he spent the most part of his time at his estate, which was not distant many miles from the capital.

One day, as his lordship took a solitary walk, absorbed in thought, he found himself in the heart of a little forest, and heard two female
2 voices.

voices. On turning to one side, he beheld—with transport beheld—a young lady of angelic form, and an elderly one, who seemed to be her mother.

He accosted them with respect, and presently learned their names and their station. Mrs. Bruce, the mother, further added, that she was a widow of a Scotch gentleman, whose estate had been forfeited on account of his activity on the rebel side in the year 1745; that she and her daughter Sophia, rented a little farm about two miles off; and that it was owing to the fineness of the evening they had strayed so far.

The young lord begged of the ladies, that they would permit him to wait on them home; and on their arrival at their homely asylum, he beheld the temple of Virtue and of Innocence.—It appeared to him the work of enchantment; and with difficulty could he prevail with himself to quit it.—His whole soul was now engrossed with the idea of Sophia. He frequently renewed his visits; and in a little time, charmed with her beauty, her virtue, and her sensibility, and regardless of her want of fortune, he determined to marry her. During the eve of his nuptials, as he was on the road to wait upon his bride, he met a servant in tears, who informed him, that two men in masks, with a number of attendants, had by force taken possession of the house, and that they had carried off, they knew not whither, Mrs. and Miss Bruce.

Distracted

Distracted at the news, Welbroke clapped spurs to his horse, returned to Welbroke castle, and ordered his servants to search through every different road. But every effort to procure tidings of the ravishers was vain.—Three days had elapsed when he received an anonymous letter, informing him that Mrs. Bruce and her daughter were no more.—Had death instantly followed upon this intelligence, it had been well. A fever was the consequence of it; and for near a year he remained in a state of the most excruciating uncertainty, and almost bereft of reason. At the end of that period, he seemed to have regained his former tranquillity; and, tired of a country which had no longer any charms for him, since it contained the grave of his Sophia, he determined to make the tour of Europe.

Thus were the affairs of lord Welbroke situated, when, on his arrival at Rome, he met with, and contracted a peculiar friendship for, Farelli one of the youngest, but, at the same time, one of the most distinguished, painters of Italy.

Though fortune smiled not at the birth of this Italian, yet Nature had been lavish to him of her gifts.—His education had been excellent; and the beauties of Homer and Virgil were not more familiar to him than those of Raphaël and Correggio.—He was susceptible of violent passion; but his soul, though elevated and benevolent, was naturally melancholic and gloomy;
a cir-

a circumstance, which, perhaps, rendered him the more endearing to the disconsolate Welbroke. The generosity of his lordship, and the gratitude of the painter, kept equal pace:—The union was so firmly linked, that, in Rome, they received the appellation of the two brothers.

His lordship continued about two years in the unreserved indulgence of his melancholy, and of his passion for the fine arts. Farelli and he could no longer live asunder. At the expiration of this period, Welbroke received a letter from the hand of Mrs. Bruce herself, informing him, that her daughter was still alive; that her heart was invariably his; that, having escaped from the villains who had carried them off, they had recovered possession of their house; but that, till they had the happiness of meeting in England, she would delay all mention of particulars. The surprise, the ecstasy of his lordship are not to be described. He instantly began to prepare for his return into England; and Farelli, the friend of his heart, having, with pleasure embraced the offer of accompanying him, they set off in a carriage and four, and, at length arrived in London.

No sooner did they reach Grosvenor-street, than his lordship calling to the coachman to stop, alighted; and having ushered the Italian into an elegant house, he left him, begging him to consider every thing around him as his own till he should return.

There are secrets in love, which are not, at all times, to be revealed even to a friend. Farelli was

was still a stranger to the passion of his noble benefactor; and for some days he hardly once saw him or knew what conjecture to make. At length Welbroke proposed a trip to his estate in the country, which was about twenty miles distant; and on their arrival, having previously revealed to him the story of his love, he introduced him to Mrs. Bruce, and to the mistress of his heart. Lost in ecstatic admiration of the heavenly graces of Sophia, the painter stood without speech and without motion. In vain did he attempt to conceal his confusion. The whole company perceived it, but never dreamt the cause of it. Day after day did this unhappy passion triumph with redoubled sway in the breast of Farrelli:—every consideration gave place to it. The caresses of his friend, hitherto the pleasure of his life, yet heightened a flame which gradually preyed upon his life—his life, which was one continued, but fruitless, struggle to banish Sophia from his heart, to banish himself for ever from her presence.

The absence of the duke of Velmont, lord Welbroke's uncle, whom affairs of state had called for a few weeks to the Continent, was now the only obstacle to his lordship's marriage. Every hour he was expected, and every hour planted a fresh dagger into the heart of the Italian. At length his Grace arrived; and Welbroke and his dear Sophia were within a few minutes of being solemnly united in the bands of wedlock.

Great

Great God ! support me while, with quivering hand, I write the rest.—Just, though impervious, are the motives of all thy actions.

Almost in the very instant that Sophia had prepared to come forth from her apartment, dressed in all her bridal ornaments, to meet her beloved lord, and to proceed with him to the altar, the frantic Italian rushed into her presence, and with one plunge of his sword, sent her into the regions of immortality.

The shriek of death was heard by the servants of the family.—They flew to the chamber of Sophia, who was already breathless, and extended upon the ground. “ ’Tis I, ’tis I, cried the Italian, who have slain your mistress—behold my bloody sword.—Suffer me this instant to expire upon her body, and I will bless you.”

It is not in language to express the situation of the young lord, or of the hapless mother, when the fatal tidings reached their ears. The murderer was immediately conveyed to London under a strong guard ; and when brought to his trial he attempted not to extenuate his crime ; he freely confessed, that it was in the madness of disappointed love, he had committed the horrid deed ; and, as the only favour, he begged that his punishment might be instantly enforced. Within two days the wretched culprit was brought from his horrid dungeon ; and, amidst the execrations of a multitude of spectators, he received the reward of his bloody perfidy.—Let his example teach us to be doubly diligent in the correction of our passions,

sons, and in permitting them not to trample upon the laws of Reason and Virtue!

THE SOLILOQUY. A MORAL TALE.

MISS Maria Malton, the second daughter of a worthy clergyman in Gloucestershire, walking one fine morning in July through a field not far from her father's house with a female friend, perceived a young gentleman (apparently so by his dress and air) sitting upon a stile at a little distance from her: the stile indeed over which she was to go, in order to get at the road leading to the place she had in view. The young gentleman sat with his eyes fixed upon a book, and he seemed to read it with the deepest attention. He was, in truth, so attached to the contents of it, that he did not see her till he heard her very near him.

"I believe, Patty," said she to her companion, "that we must turn back, and go another way, it will be a thousand pities to disturb this gentleman in his meditations."

That speech, delivered in a melodious voice, and with an archness of utterance, roused him from his studious attitude, and he immediately quitting the stile, gave her encouragement enough to imagine, by the mode of his address to her, that he had not been poring over the production of a "budge doctor of the stoic fur." He accosted her in a manner which sufficiently convinced her that gallantry was his forte, and before he accompanied her to the end
of

of the next field, he talked himself so much into her favour, that she began to look upon him as

A youth adorn'd with ev'ry art,
To warm, and win the coldest heart.

Maria was going to make a visit to an aunt of her's, by the mother's side, a widow lady of fortune, who had taken a house for the summer season near Mrs. Morton's, that she might often have it in her power to be with her sister, for whom she had the sincerest regard.

Maria, though she loved her aunt extremely well, felt no inclination that morning to hurry to her in her usual way: she rather felt a strong propensity to loiter along with her new admirer, for she was a very pretty girl, and had several admirers, sauntering by her side, whose conversation charmed, and whose behaviour bewitched her. However, as soon as she came within sight of her aunt's house, she dropped a graceful curtesy to her polite innamorato, wished him a good morning, and putting her hand through Patty's arm, tripped briskly forward; but not without frequently turning her head to see if her smart fellow followed her with his eyes, or whether he was again busied in his book. Every time she turned her head she was highly pleased to see him in the attitude she left him in. When she had given him a last look, though she was hardly able to distinguish his features, she proceeded with additional velocity, and soon arrived at Mrs. Leigh's.

Mrs. Leigh received her niece with the affectionate smile upon her countenance which always brightened

brightened it when she came to see her ; and Maria seemed to be as happy as ever, with her aunt's behaviour to her ; but she grew so thoughtful in a short time after her arrival, and made so many blunders, by returning answers which had no relation to the questions directed to her, that Mrs. Leigh could not help taking notice of her musings, and her mistakes. " I suppose now, continued she, with significant looks, " if the truth was known, you have met with one of our recruiting officers in your walk to-day, and are thinking upon all the fine things he said to you."

Maria coloured. Patty replied,—“ You have almost hit upon the cause of Miss Malton's reveries, Madam, but not quite. The gentleman who joined us in the fields this morning was indeed as smart in his appearance as any officer in the army, but he was not in a military dress.”

“ Well ! I am right with regard to the main point,” said Mrs. Leigh, smiling—“ Pray Maria,” continued she, addressing herself to her niece, “ had your gentleman a book in his hand when you met him ?”

Maria then, with still more colour in her cheeks, acquainted her aunt with the whole adventure of the morning. When she had closed her little narrative, Mrs. Leigh took hold of her hand, and said—“ You need not be ashamed of your new admirer, my dear, if he is the man I take him to be.”

She then communicated her conjectures to Maria, and they were, to the no small satisfaction of them both, in less than a fortnight afterwards confirmed

confirmed by a visit which Mr. Malton received from Mr. Graves.

Mr. Graves was a young gentleman with a large fortune, a very respectable understanding, an amiable disposition, and an unexceptionable character. He had been, for a few days, on a visit to an old uncle near Gloucester when Maria first saw him, in the manner above-mentioned, and, at his return from her, found himself obliged to take a journey to London in a hurry, about some particular business. When that business was finished he went back to his uncle, and after having received the most satisfactory answers to his enquiries concerning Maria Malton, determined to wait on her father, and to desire his permission to make his addresses to her.

Mr. Malton, as much flattered with the thoughts of an alliance with Mr. Graves as his daughter could possibly be, very readily complied with his request.

Maria, though she liked Mr. Graves exceedingly as a man, encouraged his addresses more on account of his fortune, than his personal merit; and as she had acquired a taste, almost a passion for all the luxuries and extravagancies of life, by keeping company with the wife of an India director, who resided in her father's parish, she secretly resolved to make a dazzling figure in the polite world, as soon as she became Mrs. Graves, and to appear in a magnificent light, well knowing that Mr. Graves's fortune was sufficient to support such an appearance.

If Maria had kept that resolution locked up closely in her own bosom, she might have, perhaps, carried her

her magnificent designs into execution, but by an unlucky soliloquy she entirely defeated them.

While she was sitting one afternoon in an arbour, covered with honeysuckles, ruminating on her golden prospects, she gave a vent to the feelings of her heart in the following words :

“ What a lucky girl am I, to get such a pretty fellow, with so large a fortune, into my power : such a good-natured creature too : I shall be able to do just what I please with him, I see plainly. Charming !——I long to have the wedding over, lest something should happen to prevent it—Till I am married I must conceal my natural disposition from Graves with the utmost care ; for, I am sure, he expects me to be quite a domestic animal, and to love, like him, a country life, because I talk to him in his own way ; but as soon as I have secured him, I shall throw off the mask, enter into all the gaiety of a town life with as much spirit as any woman in the kingdom.” Unluckily for her, Mr. Graves was behind the arbour during her unguarded moment, and having a pocket-book about him, committed her soliloquy to paper.

When he had finished it, he returned to the house without discovering himself to his imprudent Mistress ; and having closetted Mr. Malton, acquainted him with what he had heard behind the arbour. When Maria made her appearance soon afterwards, he shewed her what he had written. It is impossible to describe the confusion into which the sight of it threw her, nor the tormenting situation of her mind when her lover took his leave.



